

# PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. VIII.—AUGUST, 1856.—NO. XLIV.

## LITERARY IMITATIONS.

"There n's no new guise that it n's olde."

CHAUCER.

"Trace to their cloud those lightnings of the mind."

BYRON.

IN a late number of Frazer's Magazine there is a detection of Lytton Bulwer's pilferings from Sterne, showing that several characters in the Caxtons are imitations of those in Tristram Shandy. The baronet's attempt was rather daring, seeing that Sterne is still read and remembered. But the exposure is complete, and, in going through it, the reader cannot fail to observe in the parallel passages the contrast of the delicate and graceful style of the prebendary and the clumsy cacology of Sir Edward, whose manner of writing, in general so full of palpable effort and affectation, is among the worst to be met with anywhere.

The success of Bulwer is the most remarkable triumph of industrious mediocrity in literature. He is an author of the composite kind, owing all he has achieved less to the force of his own genius than to his voluble facility of imitating others. We can trace his high-life mode and tone to the aristocratic style of Horace Walpole and Lord Byron, his moral sentiments to the German and French schools of moralists, and his historic effects to the melodrama of Dumas and other masters of that *genre à la mode et détestable*, instead of to the true and fine-grouped characters of

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Walter Scott's romances and tales. We are anxious to know if any one, who ever felt the charm of Ivanhoe and the Talisman, has been able to read through "Harold" and the "Last of the Barons." And mark how, even in the titles of his books, the man of genius differs from the others, who blazon on their title-pages the very grandest names and styles which the historic theme affords—Philip Augustus, Field of the Cloth of Gold, Harold, Charles the Bold, William the Conqueror, and so forth. Woodstock, the Abbot, Kenilworth, present the finest and loftiest historic scenes, in the most admirable subserviency to the *trame* of the story, and the action of its persons. Scott never works beyond the circle of his genuine feelings. Others exercise their ideas in dead civilizations or dead cities. He never moves without his genius and his heart. In France he finds himself drinking, fighting, and marching with his canny Scots. In Constantinople he flushes and drinks ale with his gallant Varangians of the North Sea. But there is no need to dwell on these things, at this time of day.

We meant to talk of plagiarism—not of Bulwer, who, after all, is only one

of the plagiarists with which literature is swarming. Sterne himself caught a good deal of his humor from Rabelais and others; but we must give him due credit for Uncle Toby—in whom he has completely left the track of the antecedents, dramatic or other, which present the *miles gloriosus*, Pistol, Parolles, Bobadil, and the rest—all thrasonical and laughable men of war. We do not know whether we can call Sterne's idea, of the mimic fortress besieged, a plagiarism. But it is certainly not original. In 1674, Maestricht, with its palisades, bulwarks, bastions, half-moons, and ravelins, was again taken by the French, in a meadow near Windsor Castle, Charles II. looking on, while his brother James and his son, the Duke of Monmouth, conducted all the 'currents of the leaguer. Indeed, to any one who reads attentively, plagiarism or imitation would seem to be the law of literary progress and excellence; and we are disposed to accept it as such, instead of objugating it. It is a great fact, and we may as well make the best of it, in a philosophical way.

It is pleasant, no doubt, to our savage-minded critics, to find out the conveyances of others—"the wise call it convey"—of their contemporaries, especially; and they seem to have ample room and verge enough for their characters of disparagement. But, after all, it cannot be said plagiarism is a sign of weakness. Shakespeare and Burns are among those who have laid most determined hands on the modes and thoughts of others. In this matter the distinction is everything. When a writer improves what he appropriates, we ought to praise or absolve him. It is only when—as in the case of Bulwer—the man who catches his butterfly spoils or disfigures it, that we are disposed to turn out the rough side of our criticism. Good writers assimilate their takings; and that process of assimilation from a variety of things is one of the laws of nature. When an author transmutes a thought, so as to present it in a new light, or with a new grace, he may fairly pass it as his own, and we should receive it as such. We find, indeed, the progress of mind, in all departments of literature full of repetitions and plagiarisms, and these most palpable in the works we most admire. Perhaps the gleanings of a few curiosities of that kind, in prose and poetry,

may not be an idle amusement, if it might lead us to an idea that, in the finest and most effective kinds of literature, there is no such great need, after all, of what is original, far-fetched, flashing, or surprising, and that the mind of man, like nature herself, can produce its strongest and most graceful effects from the common feelings and thoughts, such as lie nearest our hands, or have proved their value in the course of time and changes of things.

Imitation meets us everywhere, in books, and most in those one would think most original. But what of that? The schoolboy is not troubled to think Robinson Crusoe is not perfectly original, but is an idea which, for five or six hundred years, delighted men and little boys before De Foe's time. The conception, like a great many other good things, belonged to the Arabs, whom we are apt to style robbers, and whom we have robbed of many of their inventions. In the eleventh century, Avicenna feigned a child placed on a lonely island, and arriving by degrees at a knowledge of everything. Then, over one hundred years later, another oriental, Ebn Top-hail, wrote his *Hai Eben Yokdan*, a charming story of an infant suckled on an island by a roe, growing up in a savage way, gathering ideas and coming to his sagacity, by right divine of nature, as it were. De Foe, in the happiest manner, reproduced and modified the fancy, and gave to the West the romance of the East.

Then, as to the twin-book, *Gulliver's Travels*—the fancy of it is very old. Swift got his most suggestive ideas of it from the writings of the impulsive and satiric Cyrano de Bergerac, a Frenchman, who wrote half a century before—one of those happy wits from whom people are so fond of plagiarizing. It was from him that Moliere (who pilfered his *Amphitryon* ou *l'on dine from Rotrou*) got the well-known phrase: *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* Cyrano wrote the history of the sun and moon, to ridicule the philosophies and credulities of his age, and the theories of Gassendi and others, who speculated about the spheres and their inhabitants. He treats philosophy, in fact, somewhat as Cervantes treated chivalry. Desirous of reaching the moon, he fastens round him little bottles full of dew, and, by the law of nature, the sun haled (exhaled) him up in the

morning. By means of this mounting dew (it was something, by-the-by, very like it which carried Daniel O'Rourke to the same place, on a later occasion) he got into the lunar sphere, where he found the inhabitants, people of eighteen feet high, going about on all-fours (reminding you of Swift's quadrupeds,) and living in the midst of a very beautiful creation. They show him for a kind of ridiculous monster, and a mountebank takes him about and makes him jump to amuse the lordly quadrupeds. A sensible person, a solar visitor, is kind to him, and explains that it is the habit of the vulgar everywhere to importune and worry foreigners, saying that, probably if a lunar went to the earth he would pass for an odd creature, among those who knew no better. The solar shows how the moon is preferable to the earth, and the conversation is full of a sly satire on the terrestrials. Bergerac is taken to court and put into a cage with the queen's little beast—one Gonzales, who had previously gone from earth to the moon, and was now treated as a monkey. Crowds come to stare at them, and wicked boys pelt them with nuts. Cyrano learns the language, and hears the lunars disputing, with ferocity, as to whether he has reason or not. They explain his erect head (very differently from the Latin poet) as meaning a complaint addressed to heaven for having made him so miserable—they, the lunars, holding theirs down, to contemplate and enjoy the blessings that lie about them! One of the king's daughters falls in love with him. He happens to observe that the earth is not a moon, but a world; but the philosophers downface him, make him recant and confess that the earth is only a moon. The moon-folk laugh at the earth-folk for carrying openly the weapons that destroy life, and hiding things that chiefly maintain it—a piece of criticism which Carlyle adopts in *Sartor Resartus*, where he says the man-slayer (soldier) is more honored than the pedagogue. But this is feeble compared with the gross raciness of the Frenchman, who also shows the vivacious fancy of his country, in stating that he had such a smell of moon about him when he came back to the earth, that all the dogs began to bark at him.

In the foregoing, we see the spirit and some of the points of Swift's satire, respecting Brobdignag, Laputa and

other places; and can thus estimate the false conclusions of those who think they trace the Dean's savage misanthropy in his satire. Bergerac was as bitter in his own way. Thackeray thinks Swift especially wicked, for the advice that the Irish landlords, who will not afford the children of the peasantry food enough to live, shall have the little things cooked and served up at their tables—a plan which would greatly relieve the distress of the poor population! What does he say to the Rev. Sydney Smith, who talks in the same spirit of the wretched little chimney-sweeps, and asks—what are the agonies of a climbing-boy in a flue, compared with those of a fine lady whose grand dinner has been spoiled by the soot! Thackeray cannot understand Swift.

But we come back to *Cyrano*; and do so to show that he was not the genuine original of Gulliver, after all. This is to be found in Lucian's "True History." The Greek laughs at the sublime old Atlantic theory of Plato, and at the periplus-makers. He is blown (in his history) to a fine island in the ocean, where the rivers are wine and the trees are women from the waist upward. Thence he is carried in a whirlwind, to the moon, where persons riding on vultures take him before king Endymion, then at war with Phaeton, king of the sun, for the right of colonizing the morning star. Mounted on a gallant vulture, Lucian joins the lunar army, which receives allies from *Ursa Major*, riding astride on colossal fleas. Big spiders weave the field of battle from the moon to the morning star. Phaeton comes, bringing auxiliaries from the dog star. Lucian, taken prisoner, attempts to escape, and falls into the sea, where a whale comes up (here the originality of Daniel O'Rourke is rather compromised) and swallows him. In the monster's bowels he finds forests and other wonders. Satire, with a dash of mild extravagance, has a charm for men's minds in all ages. Rabelais imitates the Greeks—fathers and examples of all literary excellence—and is imitated in turn by those who come after him.

We now consider *Don Quixote*. The idea of it is old, and will be found in the irreverent pages of Lucian and Aristophanes—which last seems to show,

"That Socrates himself is virtue's Quixote."

Homer, in his Hymn to Mercury,

turns his godship and other deities into ridicule. But somewhat nearer home we find that idea of satirizing chivalry, in the verses of the bright and manly Chaucer—long before Cervantes was born—showing that satiric humor was more of a native in England than in Spain. In Chaucer's time people began to smile at the "derring-do" and extravagant love of the romances. In the "Rime of Sire Thopas," the knight is made to say :

"An elf-queene wol I love, y wis;  
For in this world no woman is  
Worthy to be my make in town;  
All other women I forsake,  
And to an elf-queene I me take  
By dale and eke by down."

After several stanzas on this theme, the jolly host breaks in :

"No more of this, for Goddes dignitie!  
Quod our hoste," etc.

Still later, that tendency to burlesque the doings of chivalry was exhibited in the "Tournament of Tottenham Green;" doubtless to the satisfaction of Henry VIII., whose hereditary policy it was to put down or disparage the power of his nobles. It would be curious, after all, if this satiric style should have come from the East, from which also came the thing satirized—the system of errant-champions going about to slay enchanters, and redress wrongs. There is in a Persian tale a story of Leyfel Molouk, who falls in love with a portrait, and who goes daringly about the world in search of the original—the portrait, all the while, being that of one of Solomon's wives, who lived ages before. Be all this as it may, it must be fairly admitted that Don Quixote is the most original of those works that have charmed the imagination of all the world. The other famous book, which seems associated with it, somehow, in the mind—the *Gil Blas* of Le Sage—is known to be a plagiarism from the *Guzman d'Alfarache* of Aleman and the *Life of the Squire d'Obregon* of Epinel. *Gil Blas* is less a French than a Spanish book.

Coming to *Paradise Lost*, we find Milton incorrectly boasting of it as a matter unattempted till then, in prose or rhyme. The fact that the argument of it was often represented in the old acted Mysteries, seems sufficient to show that it came a popular and threadbare theme to his hands. The Saxon monk, Caedmon, sung of the Fallen An-

gels, at Whitby, in the seventh century. Vondel, the Dutchman, wrote the drama of "Lucifer," and the rebellion in Heaven. In the sixth century, St. Avitus, bishop of Vienne, in France, wrote a poem on the Creation—his subjects and style greatly resembling those of Milton. He describes the beauty of Paradise, and Satan's regret and rage to see the happiness of the pair, and makes him swear to destroy it. The resemblance is very great; but it can easily be accounted for by the fact that the book of Genesis and the Apocalypse were the guide and inspiration of both poets. Milton, like Shakespeare, seems to have had no hesitation in adopting and poetising whatever idea might have struck him in the writings of others. In Fletcher's "Nice Valour" is a song to which the *Penseroso* has a certain tone of resemblance :

"Hence all you vain delights,  
As short as are your nights  
Wherein you spend your folly," etc.

The lines in *Lycidas*,

"Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorse-  
less deep  
Closed o'er the head of your loved *Lycidas*?"

seem to have been suggested by an epitaph written by Turberville (1570), on the drowning of Arthur Brooke, a poet, asking where was Arion's dolphin then. Shelley, in *Adonais*, adopts the same expression :

"Where wast thou, mighty mother, when he lay," etc.

These imitations are due to the simple nature of the phraseology; for the question is like one which is vainly asked at ten thousand coronachs, wherever the custom of these still lingers.

Byron's lines, rebuking the complaints of men, in presence of the ruins of states, are well known :

"What are our woes and sufferance? come  
and see  
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way  
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, yea  
Whose agonies are evils of a day :  
A world is at our feet, as fragile as our clay."

These ideas were nearly expressed by Tasso :

"The lofty Carthage lieth low; and scarce  
The vestige of its ruin may be seen  
Upon the lone shore: cities die and realms;  
Earth's pomp and pride by sand and weeds  
are hid:  
Yet man deplores that he is mortal born;  
O souls, forever craving and superb!"



Du Bellay, the French poet, looking on the ruins of Rome, says, in the same spirit:

"Car tes desirs mourront, si les empires meurent."

We find Curran, the orator, expressing the same sentiment.

William Collins is a name that does not strike the sense of the general reader as remarkably connected with the poetry of the motherland. And yet this man was one of the most poetic geniuses of his time—a suffering and dreamy spirit, full of fairy ideas and gorgeous romance, and he died mad, at the age reached by Byron, Raphael, and Burns. It is strange enough that a couple of madmen and an oddity were those who changed the order of the British Parnassus of the last century, and indicated a newer and better fashion—to wit, Cowper, Collins, and Goldsmith. Respecting Collins, we were about to say that, in reading one of his poems, we recall three other great poets who seem to have taken suggestions from it. We mean the charming Ode to Evening—a piece perfectly musical without rhyme. In the first place, it must have suggested to Tennyson the idea of his sweet blank verse songs in the "Princess"—none of which surpasses the ode of Collins. In the next place, we find a suggestion of part of Gray's Elegy, in the following:

"Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,

With short, shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing,

Or where the beetle winds  
His small but sullen horn."

At the same time, the conclusion of this ode must certainly suggested to Robert Burns his own verses on "Crowning the Bust of Thompson:"

"While spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,

And bathe thy breathing tresses, mockest Eve,

While summer loves to sport  
Beneath thy lingering light.

"While fallow autumn fills thy lap with leaves,

Or winter, yelling through the troublous air,  
Affrights the shrinking train  
And rudely ronds thy robes;

"So long, regardless of thy quiet rule,  
Shall fancy, friendship, science, smiling peace,

Thy gentlest influence own,  
And love thy favorite name."

Tennyson's "Two Voices" is one of the most beautiful of his poems. It

has a certain spiritualist character, and we cannot help thinking it might have been suggested by a remarkable passage in the writings of the enthusiast, George Fox, the Quaker patriarch. The words of the latter are as follows:

"One morning, as I was sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me and temptation beset me; and I sat still. And it was said: All things come by nature; and the elements and stars came over me, so that I was, in a moment, quite clouded with it. And as I sat still under it, and let it alone, a living hope rose in me and a true voice arose in me which cried: There is a living God who made all things! And immediately the cloud and temptation vanished away and the life rose over it all, and my heart was glad, and I praised the living God!" There is a simple force and beauty in this which may stand comparison with those of the poem. Indeed the brief prose has a certain quality of sublimity which does not belong to the touching querulousness of the poetry. Tennyson's Bugle Song is, as everybody knows, an exquisite little lyric. The second stanza has a special charm in it:—

"O, hark, O hear, how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going,  
O, sweet and far, from cliff and scar,  
The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing!"

The fancy of the last line carries us over to the haunted lands and the old times, when goblins and the elle-folk of Norse descent wandered about the world with their nebel-caps and horns, and startled the pensive and poetical in their moments of reverie and wandering. The Danish ballads have given to British literature that idea of a rover from Elf-land wooing the love of human maidens, as may be seen in "The Elf Knight" and others. One of them begins thus;

"Lady Isabel sat in her bower, sewing,  
Aye as the gowans grow gay!  
She heard an Elf knight his horn blowing  
The first morning in May.  
She heard an Elf knight his horn blowing  
The first morning in May!"

It is probable Mr. Tennyson had this in his ear when he wove his own music. But the simple old stanza is far finer than his. It is much softer in its melody—having all the mellowness of a popular modulation. It will be seen that the words *sewing*, *blowing*, *morning*, are sounded on the last syllable,

as was the ancient fashion of our tongue. Our rhymes have gained in vigor what they have lost in sweetness. We have got rid of the feminine accents and other lazy lingerings of the voice—throwing, as we do, the strong, business-like stress, by a rule almost general, on the syllables coming first to mouth, and leaving the rest to shift for themselves in a hasty, huddling way. Then, the fancy of the ballad-verse is far warmer in its poetry than Tennyson's. The beautiful girl in the bower, perfumed with the breath of the gowans, on the finest morning of the year, and listening to the echoing elfin call, is romance, flushed with a very attractive human interest—and in this much beyond the clear, cold spirituality of the later fancy.

We have somewhere met with an expression—belonging to some of our poets, but so often repeated in prose and verse that we are at a loss to remember the originator—to the effect that trees are strings of the forest harp—a very fine fancy. We find something very like this in the French poet, Ronsard, where he says:

"Adieu, vieille forêt, le jouet du zéphyr  
Où j'accordai jadis les langues de ma lyre."

*Jouet* must mean something played on, since the poet tuned his lyre to the sound produced by it. 'Tis hard for any man, at times, to know where and when his good things have been said by some one else. Another instance of this is in connection with the popular song, "Begone, dull Care." Who in the world would go to look for the origin of this to Anno Domini 1413, and the Duke of Orleans taken prisoner at Azincour and writing verses in his cell, like James I. of Scotland? The following is part of the Duke's roundel, beginning with almost the words of the modern song:

"Allez-vous en, allez, allez  
Souci, soin et melancholie!  
Me cuidez-vous, toute ma vie  
Gouverner comme fait avez!  
Je vous promet que vous non ferez;  
Raison aura sur vous maistrice;  
Allez-vous en!"

The likeness is certainly a curious one. The vivacious tone of personal hostility is very striking in both.

Sir John Suckling has a much-quoted couplet:

"Her face is like the milky way in the sky,  
A meeting of gentle lights without a name!"

But Sir John has been pilfering from Lord Verulam. In Bacon's essays, where he speaks of fortune (with as much truth as fine fancy), we find: "The way of fortune is like the milky way in the sky, which is a meeting, or knot, of a number of small stars, not seen asunder, but giving light together." The writings of that great philosopher contain some of the best figures and illustrations in the language, and the poets have at all times been busy with his fancies. To express the old sentiment, that it is not philosophy to recur to the Deity, he says that "final causes, like those virgins dedicated to God, are barren." Again, speaking of nature, he says, "knowledge of her is a direct ray of light, while that concerning the Creator is a refracted one." Again, to show that God cannot be known by any process of reason or science—can only be known by what he pleases to reveal to us—he makes use of the old mythologic story, and says, that the united strength of gods and men, at one end of the chain, could not draw Jove down; but that he pulled them all up to him with ease. These things exhibit those graceful intellectual faculties which Bacon had in a remarkable degree. They may be styled the sublime, or, the sublime and beautiful, of wit. Sir Humphrey Davy, we perceive, makes use of the simile of the direct and refracted light.

The French poet, Beranger, says, the gods of Greece were born of Cyprus wine:

"His eyes in a cloud, honest Hesiod, once  
making  
His grand-sounding gods, felt his vein  
running dry;  
So, for want of ideas, to an ode was just  
taking,  
When a big jolly wine-akin from Cyprus  
came by!"

"He drinks—mounts his Pegasus—rapt in  
the nimbus  
Exhaled from that nectar so chirping and  
fine;  
The skin it was full; and out flowed all  
Olympus.  
Oh, the gods they were born in the gay  
Cyprus wine!"

In this stanza, the poet has a bit at the pompous ode-maker, Victor Hugo—against whose Gothic tastes this song is a protest. The idea of it was nearly expressed, long ago, by Broome, the English poet—his liquor being a bowl of fat Canary:

"This first got a king,  
And next the nine muses;

"Twas this made old poets so sprightly to sing.

And fill all the world with the glory and fame on't;

They Helicon called it, and Theopian spring.  
But this was the drink, tho' they knew not  
the name on't!"

Apropos of Hesiod; we find in him an idea that Burns reproduces, with a difference, in the "Vision." The Greek feigned that the muses came to him one night, as he was tending his flock, and gave him the gifts of poetry. The Scot tells how the "tight, outlandish hizzie braw" came to prevent his oath of abjuration, and mark him for her own—and for the Scottish excise. We have said Burns plagiarized a good deal. He did so chiefly in connection with his task of restoring the old melodies of his country. His "Sir John Barleycorn" is one of the greatest plagiarisms we know. The origin of the song is traced back for many centuries, in both England and Scotland. The earliest songs of both these countries were in praise of drink. This would be the case, naturally, among a simple and gross people. Then, the earliest makers of the songs were clerks—that is, monks, or priests of some kind, who loved good ale, whether they fasted or not, and who would not dare say what they thought on the other natural theme—the ladies, and so forth. Songs of the *op-see Freeze*—the over-sea or imported Friezeland ale—were all the go. The oldest drinking song is one written in Latin, in the time of Richard Cœur de Lion, by Walter Mapes, arch-deacon of Oxford. We can fancy the gay father taking a rouse with that prince, in the style of the clerk of Copmanhurst. The earliest lyric that has reached us in English, is called, "Jolly Good Ale and Old"; and, apparently, at the same period was composed the song, "Allan a Mault," which has been the original of a succession of songs, with the same idea, and partly the same words, and bearing the same name, till, at last, this was changed to the style of "Sir John Barleycorn." The idea seemed too good to be lost, and, no doubt, took the popular fancies wonderfully; it was, the growing and ripening of the grain, the drying, the malting, the drinking, the many consequences, and the moral. Before the time of Burns, this song, Sir John Barleycorn, was well-known, and his version of it is but a slight modification of the former.

The idea expressed in the farewell

song of Burns—so much admired by Scott and Byron—

"Never met, or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted,"

was that of Cicero, when he told Pompey he should never have joined Caesar nor have broken with him. In his lines to Graham of Fintry, Burns says he is his humble servant while he (Graham) remains rich; but should the latter grow poor—

"Then, sir, your hand, my friend and brother!"

Curiously enough, the sentiment occurs—where you would not go to look for it—in a letter of that intriguing man of the world, Bubb Doddington.

A great many things we suppose peculiar to Europe and our literary traditions, have come from Asia, where the principle of romantic knight-errantry had its rise in the warfare of the Devas and Peris, and where Rustum and other warriors were the originals of Arthur and the champions of Christendom. The story of Beth Geleert came from India; Sir William Jones saw it in a Persian tradition. Whittington and his Cat is also an eastern tale. In some of the old ballads of our language, we read how rose-bushes and briars, growing out of the graves of lovers buried in the same place, entwine their branches. That idea, too, is Asiatic. Ferhand, a sculptor, worked for Khosroo Purveez, who promised to reward him with Shireen, one of his odalisques. But, instead of doing so, he told the artist she was dead; whereupon, Ferhand killed himself. Shireen heard of his death, and also died; and from the earth in which they lay, side by side, a pair of rose-trees grew and mingled their boughs. The reader will remember a number of similar instances, showing how cosmopolite is the human mind, and how things, apparently the most local, are foreign, and from the other end of the world.

When the Rejected Addresses of the brothers, Smith, came out, they were considered a novelty. But the idea was as old as the Greeks, who seem to have first thought of everything. Without going back to these, however, we find Phillips, in his Splendid Shilling, imitating, feebly, the *lexis* of Milton, Colman burlesquing the solemn style of Gray, in the odes to Obscurity and Oblivion, and Isaac Browne, in his Paper of Tobacco, copying the manner of his cotemporaries. As regards the

classic metres, they were long ago introduced in English, by Stanyhurst, of whose style Butler says:—

"'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,  
Like fustian heretofore on satin"—

a tremendous, contorted style, in which the sound and the sense are jumbled together in an amazing manner. Canning's short ode, the Knife Grinder, was one of the happiest attempts in this line. But he was preceded by a son of Allan Ramsay, who, about 1740, translated Horace's *Integer Vita*, the last stanza of which runs thus:—

"Place me where tea grows, or sooty negroes  
Sheep-gate round tie them, lest the sun  
    should fry them,  
Still, while my Betty smiles and talks so  
    pretty,  
                                I will adore her."

A light, humorous style of thought, apparently, best suits the fashion; but certainly Longfellow, using the classic measure in a pathetic poem, has overcome its strangeness, and given it a grace and melody of which it was not considered capable.

Those lines of the sombre moralist,

"Earth's proudest volume ends in, here he  
    lies;  
And dust to dust concludes her noblest  
    song,"

seem to have been suggested by a paragraph of Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World: "O, eloquent, just, and mighty death! \* \* \* Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of men, and covered all men with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet*."

The reader will remember a hundred other instances in which our best books of poetry and imagination show themselves indebted to preceding works, and greatly diminish the boast of originality among the moderns. Some of our *bons mots* and best things come from Cato's time, and Pericles and Cicero have been merry over many of our jokes. Madame Du Barry said, "After us the deluge!" But that grim old fiddler, Nero, said the same,— "When I am gone, let the cataclysm come!"—meaning a fire-

deluge, with which some of the Christians were, even thus early, willing to frighten the pagans. Lady Morgan used to say dancing was the poetry of motion. But no less a man than Plutarch is apparently the father of her ladyship's idea; for he says poetry is articulate dancing. Montaigne says, "With the Ghibellines I was a Guelph, with the Guelphs a Ghibelline." Pope imitates this:—

"In moderation placing all my glory,  
The Tories call me whig, and whigs a Tory."

"He stands as straight as if he had swallowed the spit," is an Attic joke, and comes from the best days of Athens. It was Rev. Sydney Smith, we believe, who said Daniel Webster was a steam-engine in breeches. It was easy for him to say such a thing, when some one had previously called Madame de Staël "a whirlwind in petticoats," a far neater kind of *mot*.

A consideration of these facts, showing that most of our best works are most indebted to plagiaries and imitations, leads us to repeat our opinion—that originality is not rigorously necessary in our books of poetry and imagination. Poetry can produce its finest effects with what is simplest and most commonly recognised in the world. Similarity need not be monotony. Human faces in any country have a certain generic likeness one to another. But, at the same time, the differences they present are as numerous as the likenesses, and suffice for all purposes of the widest variety. It is the same with the ideas of men's minds, which may be reproduced and reiterated to the end of time, and still continue to furnish all the vitalities and graces of humorous fancy and imagination. The world, after all, satisfies its love of novelty with very little, and most of what we are apt to call new has been shared by the minds of by-gone generations. The intellect is still, in a great degree, the *orbis veteribus notus*. Pascal says, "Let no one say that I have said nothing new, if the arrangement of the matter is new;" and mother nature seems to say the same thing; both excellent authorities in their way.

## THE GENIUS OF AMERICA.

## A BROADWAY LYRIC.

[Suggested by a description of Mr. Stone's statue of "America."]

## I.

**D**ARING Sculptor, would thy hand  
 Shape the genius of the land?  
 From our country's marble hew  
 Something plainly, proudly true;  
 Such as oft my reverie meets  
 In the loud and peopled streets.  
 Where blue ocean, wandering in,  
 Adds his murmur to the din,  
 And, his strong heart gentler beating,  
 Bows the surge in kindred greeting;  
 Where, from many a distant soil—  
 Brain of hope, and thews of toil—  
 Men of races long divided,  
 Meet like brethren, freedom-guided,  
 And life's pulses quickest play  
 Round me in the sounding way,  
 As I hear, mid rush and hum,  
 Soldier's tramp and soldier's drum,  
 Till the noise of common things  
 To my inward hearing sings;  
 And the street-dream, by some charm,  
 Floats a semblance and a form,  
 O'er the concourse gleaming—so  
 From the mists and vapors grow  
 Glorious cloudland and the bow!

## II.

Sculptor of the daring hand!  
 Shape the genius of the land;  
 Shape him rough, and bold, and keen,  
 Stalwart mould and dauntless mien;  
 As when youth, his course just ended,  
 Is with mightier manhood blended;  
 Show him, like one spirit-stirred,  
 With his hand upon his sword,  
 And his vision forward glancing,  
 And his firm step half advancing;  
 And upon his form and brow,  
 With thy hand's best cunning, show,  
 Show the signature and trace  
 Of each old ancestral race,  
 Whence the living, centering forces  
 Mingle from a hundred sources;  
 As the rills their tributes blending,  
 Swell the conquering river trending,  
 Thus the spirit let us see  
 Of the pontine ancestry.\*  
 Bearing venturous, thwart the brine,  
 England's name and Alfred's line,

\* The stirps of the nether lands and river alluvions along the North Sea, whence came the tribes of the Heptarchy; showing that the Yankees and Knickerbockers are blood relations, after all. The Freizelanders and others made a confederacy, the better to enjoy liberty—and an excellent fishery—not unlike some of their later kindred. But, in the eleventh century, Pope Gregory IX. set his face against them, declared they had among them sorcerers, wizards, and others possessed of strange "notions"—as positive in this as Cotton Mather was in another



Or, at home, by mound and zee,  
 Warring 'gainst a priest's decree,  
 'Gainst the Rhineland ritter's doom  
 Round the oak of Upstalboom;  
 And that Cymric blood of old,  
 Like the torrent, tempest-rolled  
 Thro' the gorge of Snowdon boiling,  
 'Gainst the Roman ranks recoiling;  
 And the courage, rude and stark,  
 Of the Norland beresark,  
 Restless rider of the surge,  
 England's lord and Adria's scourge,  
 Breaking first the enchanted rest  
 Of old Ocean's shadowy West;\*  
 And the manly port and free  
 Of great-hearted Germany—  
 Sire of many a mighty strain,  
 Hermann's brand and Luther's brain;  
 And the Italian glance of power,  
 Like Vesuvius's pausing hour;  
 And the Magyar's lofty scope,  
 And the Pole's undying hope;  
 And the strength pervading all—  
 Flush of Eiré and the Gaul,  
 And the pride of sword and lyre,  
 And the old chivalric ire,  
 Sinewy hold and heart of fire.

## III.

Sculptor! thus, with daring hand,  
 Shape the Genius of the Land;  
 Shape him, tho' in youth unworn,  
 As befits the battle-born—  
 Born when war-clouds rolled in thunder,  
 And the ground grew red thereunder;  
 Victory-nursed and fire-baptized,  
 Show his aspect cicatrized,  
 Darkened, graceful, with the scars  
 Won in three victorious wars;  
 These delineate if thou canst,  
 So from look and gesture glanced,  
 With a spell so true, that we,  
 As we gaze, shall seem to see  
 All the historic epopee:—  
 Lexington—the startled farms,  
 And the first grand cry, To arms!  
 And ten thousand bells a-tolling,  
 And the deeper war-storm rolling;  
 Hudson calling thro' the air  
 To the answering Delaware,  
 O'er the strife conflicting sorest  
 'Twixt the rivers and the forest,  
 And the horizon lowering black  
 Round the valley bivouac,

age, respecting the descendants of these heretics—and excommunicated them; whereupon the knights and palatines of the Rhine and Flanders made a crusade against them, and destroyed their simple *wittenagemote*, which used to be held under a large oak at Upstalboom. So there was an end of the infant Union; the fisherman's league went to sleep, till the "beggars," after the lapse of centuries, "took up the game;" concerning which, read in Mr. Motley's book.

\* Leif Ericsson, the Norman (Leif, son of Eric the Red), was, in the tenth century, the first authentic discoverer of this continent.

And the calm, heroic Will,  
Suffering, hoping, steadfast still  
By the wintry watch-fire chill;  
And the immortal morning-break  
O'er the hosts of Chesapeake,  
And the tyrant's falchion shivered  
On the exulting soil delivered;  
Then the gallant later story  
Of Lake Erie's waves of glory  
And the fields of Ocean gory;  
And that rampire red-renowned—  
Mississippi's sulphury mound;  
And the triumphs frequent flushing  
By the Rio Grande rushing;  
And the banners borne elate  
Through the Cordillera gate;  
And the crest of Mexico  
Shorn upon her high plateau,  
And her Alameda ringing  
To the conqueror's bugle singing.

## IV.

Thus, in lineament and limb,  
Daring sculptor, fashion him:  
Blend with memory in his gaze,  
The prophecies of coming days,  
As of one whose spirit sees  
All his mightier destinies;  
Sees around, on his intent,  
Looks in heat and anger bent  
Of the tyrants towering firmer  
O'er the millions' helpless murmur.  
And with cold and crushing science  
Weaving broad their fell alliance—  
Ever winning power and growing,  
Ever narrowing, overflowing  
Freedom's footholds almost drowned  
On that sad, ancestral ground—  
While his action seems returning  
All the spirit of their scorning,  
And accepting stern the gage  
Of the war they mean to wage,  
Resolute that freedom's brand  
In his peremptory hand,  
Following bold no law but hers  
Midst the haughtiest challengers,  
Shall as fiercely blaze as those  
Round the sceptres of her foes,  
Till the genii, Might and Right  
Move, the marshals of her fight,  
Pleading, 'gainst the despots' clan,  
Ever best in battle's van,  
All the cause of suffering man!

## V.

Sculptor, perfect from thy hand,  
Raise the Genius of the Land;  
Life-like, o'er his pedestal,  
Let him front the gaze of all,  
Till they hail him—half in trance—  
Thrilling sudden to the glance—  
With the shout :—Advance! Advance!

## BETSEY CLARK.

## AN OLD STORY.

I WOKE suddenly out of a calm dream, and, lifting my head from the pillow to see what aroused me, I perceived the eastern window of my room uncurtained and thrown wide, and the beautiful head of my cousin Eunice leaning out of it; her tangled brown curls just veiling the exquisite profile that was out like a cameo upon the red morning sky, and one delicate hand raised toward her face as if she listened all over. I looked on in silence—the picture was too pretty to disturb—when suddenly there smote upon my ear that most solemn, tranquil, and unearthly of all sounds, the toll of a church bell. “Two,” said Eunice, in a half whisper; then there was a long pause, and the “ringing the age” began.

Two told us a woman had died while we slept, and now the slow strokes counted her years, few and evil, but at last over. The morning was perfect; one speck of glittering cloud floated above the unrisen sun’s gate, on the summit of a low hilly range; the ghostly moon hung, dreamlike, in mid-air, and utter silence pervaded all nature, while a faint scent, stealing from the profuse white clusters that drooped on every bough of the old locust without my window, came in like the languid beating of a sinking pulse, with each new vibration of the bell.

The knell went on—sixteen, seventeen, eighteen! the shadow lightened on Eunice’s face; life was sweet to her; she did not like to hear another’s early doom. Ten more strokes, and I, too, drew a long sigh: we may think life is hateful, but death is an untried terror; even faith grapples with it unwillingly. Still the knell went on, on, to fifty-eight, and ceased; in another moment the sun sprung from the hills, a low wind sighed through the shivering locust boughs, and Eunice, turning from the window with a relieved face, said softly:

“Who could it have been, Aura?”

“I can tell you,” said I; “it is Betsey Clark, that ‘old maid forlorn,’ as you always used to call her.”

“What! the dear, dried up old thing, with a poke bonnet, who sat in the free slip, and sung Mear with such a cracked voice?”

“The very same. Mother watched with her night before last, and I saw her yesterday morning; but I did not think she would die for some days yet.”

“I am glad it is not anybody else,” said Eunice, after a moment’s pause of thought; “for it must have been easier for her to leave such a stupid, humdrum life, than if she had ever had any romance. Poor thing! how could she bear such monotony?”

“Never say that of any one, Una: no one lives such a life. Betsey Clark did have a romance as thrilling as a novelist could wish. I have always been a great favorite of hers; and knowing from mother, who had been her fast friend for years, that she had a peculiar history, I asked her one day, when she was sewing up in my room, to tell me about her life. The poor thing relaxed her prim mouth into a quivering smile, wiped her spectacles, and giving a little dry cough, said, ‘She would some time.’”

“Provoking! and now she’s dead.”

“You don’t appreciate her, Eunice. Betsey Clark never made the slightest promise without religiously keeping it. Yesterday, as I was sitting by her bed fanning her, she told me that she had not forgotten what she said that day, but that it was always hard for her to talk about her life; so when she broke her left wrist, soon after this long decline, that has, at length, ended her days, set in, she remembered what I asked, and spent a great many hours writing out all she could recollect. I said I was afraid she had tired herself; but I was very glad she had been so good; and she answered:

“‘You needn’t ha’ been afraid of that, Aury. I was glad enough to have something to keep me busy them long, tedious days. I haven’t got jist such paper as I’d have liked; but old Squire Williams giv me a lot of his lawyer paper a while ago, and I thought it shouldn’t be wasted, so I writ upon that. I hope you will be suited, though it’s a kinder sorrowful story for a young woman to hear: but it’s all over now, and I’m going to a very restful place, where I shan’t know no more trouble.’”

"And will you see all your friends there, Miss Betsey?" said I, full of compassion for the poor, lonely creature, forsaken of man in death as in life.

"I don't know about that, Aury. I can't feel my way certain. I shall know the Lord Jesus, and he has been a sure friend, the best of all. I don't care so much about the rest; my people all died when I was little, and I expect Stephen will be changed considerable."

"She gave a long sigh, and turned her head feebly toward the window, looked wistfully at the morning glories that clambered over it from the box within, where she had planted and tended them, and were now all open in the clear sunshine. I picked a handful of aerial blossoms, and laid them on the bed; for an instant her dull eyes brightened with pleasure; but when in a few moments the frail splendor drooped in her feverish touch, a slow tear trickled from each wrinkled lid, and I heard her whisper these two lines—

"There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers."

"Shall I sing it to you, Miss Betsey?" said I.

"Yes, do; it'll make the time seem short."

"So I sang all the hymn, and then gave my place to Mrs. Smith. and, bidding good-by, left the little house with a roll of yellow and time-stained papers in my hand, apparently worthy to contain a more antiquated legend than the closed trials of Betsey Clark. I found you at home, Una, so I did not go over again, and now she is dead. After breakfast we will read the papers together."

So by that same east window, we sat down a few hours after our conversation, and, with Eunice's soft crimson cheek against mine, read the following story. There was no title; the quaint, cramped writing began at the top of the page, and more than once I had to interpret to Una the misspelt words that defied rules of every nature.

"DEAR YOUNG FRIEND AURY,—I told you one day I would tell you all about myself some time; and when I'd said it I was sort of sorry, because I bethought myself that 'twasn't ever best to be making young folks sorrowful before their time, seeing their time will come sooner or later; and, besides, I don't ever like to talk about old times very much; for though I am, so to

speak, advanced in years, I have got natural feelings, and they will rise and rule overmuch, when they get a chance. However, it has leased Providence to lay me up with a broken wrist, and it seems to be a sort of a leading toward this work, so I cannot object: beside, I have promised, and promise-breaking is a sin, as well as a great evil—so here is to begin.

"I do not remember my father at all, nor much about my mother, except that she was a widow-woman and very weakly. She was all the time drinking herb tea out of a brown tea-pot, and knitting; I remember when the school-ma'am sent me home to tell her that I was the poorest speller in school, she took on a good while about it, for she had always expected I should keep school for a living, and she knew I couldn't do that if I was a poor speller. So she said to me as I was a setting by the chimney, real down to think how bad she felt:—'Betsey,' says she, 'mark my words! you'll have to get your bread and salt when I'm gone, by sowing, and that's a laborer's way to get one's livin'; oh deary me!

"So she rocked and cried awhile, till I went out to milk the cow. Not long after she took sick, and was sick a long spell, and when I was just 'leven years old she died; and she hadn't nothing to leave behind her, but some old clothes, and this house where I live now. I didn't lay mother's dying to heart so much as a more feeling child might have done, for I was always to school day-times, and hard to work nights, to catch up with the chores. She was so sickly she couldn't do nothing like work. However, when the select-men bound me out to Deacon Perkins after mother's funeral, I did feel real bad; it was a good deal to have a home to go to. And now I hadn't got any, for they rented my house.

"However, when father and mother forsakes the Lord taketh up, and Miss Perkins was as clever to me, as if I'd been her own.

"I went to school regularly, and had enough to eat, and kind friends, and when all the Academy boys pestered us girls in the street, Stephen Perkins always stood up for me, and gave them a real thumping if they darst to snow-ball me, or put thistles in my dinner-basket. Stephen Perkins was a very likely boy then; I can't say he was to

call handsome, but he had such a coaxing look out of his eyes, and white teeth, such pretty soft hair, and such a way with him, everybody liked him, and that was the same as being handsome. I don't say but that I liked him too, but it was kindly that I should, for he was the nearest to a brother to me that ever I had. I used to save him out the biggest dough-nuts when I fried a pan-full, and set by his supper to keep warm, when he staid out skating, so he shouldn't have to eat cold victuals when he was cold himself, and I knit his stockings always; but we was both children, and his folks sent him off to Indianny to his uncle, as soon as he was sixteen, and his sister Sary, Miss Kenyon, that was, she come home to live, she'd been out to Indianny. She was handsome, as fair as milk, with red cheeks, and great black eyes, and light hair, but somehow I never liked her looks either; her eyes was dreadful stary, and she was jest as proud and cold as a snow-figger the boys made in our yard. But she didn't stay to home long. Luther Kenyon took her, and I was glad to fix off for the weddin', for she wasn't what I call real clever.

"However, the spring before I was twenty, Deacon Perkins, he took a fever, and died right off, before Stephen could be sent for. I was sorry enough then, for the Deacon was like a father to me, and I most cried my eyes out; and he wasn't more'n cold, before Miss Perkins she took sick too: but she was sick a long spell, somebody had to wait on her day and night. I set up nights till I couldn't stand it, and then I took her days. Sary Kenyon was clear worn out too, and it seemed as though we should give up, for she had a catching fever the doctor said, and nobody would come to help us for love nor money, except black Cudjo and his wife, who were there for kitchen help, when Miss Perkins was took. After a while the old lady began to sink, and then she went down so fast, we was forced to think Stephen would never get to see her; and no more did he, for she had been buried two days, and Sary Kenyon was gone home to Pontoosuc, and Chloe was helpin' me to clean house, when Stephen walked straight into the shed door one day, and looking me in the face, as white as any sheet, just said, 'Oh Betsey!' and set down; I declare, I didn't know

what to say, but Providence opens our mouth sometimes, and I forgot all about being a woman grown, I only remembered Stephen was a kind boy, and all the old times, so I set down by him on the settle, and put my arms right round his neck, and began to cry, and that fixed him, for he jest put his head on to mine and cried too; we couldn't help it, and we was both better when it was done. So then I wiped my eyes, and got him to lay down right there, by the fire, while I hung on the kettle, and made him some tea, he looked so white; and when he'd had a bit to eat he felt stronger, so after the chores were done, Chloe made a fire in the keepin'-room, and he and I sat in there and talked it all over. Next day, Sary come, and they overhauled the Deacon's papers; but there wasn't nothing to find, he'd been and mortgaged the farm so deep to get the means of livin', that it had to be sold, and there wasn't more'n three hundred dollars apiece for Stephen and Sary. We had a long talk when all this was settled. Stephen said he had made up his mind to be a preacher, he had experienced religion to the West, and been to a preparin' school, and he calculated the money he'd got, and the work he could do vacations, would take him through College, and he'd trust to Providence to get through the Seminary afterwards. I was glad beyond speakin' to hear this, for I knew he was well off, and I could feel for him, because I'd been a church member going on three years, and I knew, too, how his old father had prayed for him, but I did wish he had wrote and told us about it,—people are so queer about considering their own folks, it seems as if 'twas like most anything we see all the time, we don't remember it's worth seeing. Sary said she was put out to think there wasn't more money, but she didn't care much; she should stay at Pontoosuc always, and Luther had a good business, so then she turned round square to me, and asked what I meant to do. Now it would have been kindly in her to have offered me a stopping place with her, till I could settle my plans, but she didn't think of it, I suppose. I know Stephen whispered something to her, and she turned as red as a turkey, and said out loud, 'It isn't convenient.' So I mustered up my pride, and said my plans were not



quite settled, but I'd let them know in the morning; it was nigh supper time then, and as soon as we had done, and I had cleared up, I ran out of the shed with my sun-bonnet in my hand, and went straight down by the green to my old house, which was rented to a very clever widow woman, Mrs. Marsh by name. I knew that one of her girls was goin' away to Lowell, and her oldest son was shipped off for a whaling voyage the week before, so she must have some spare room; and after we'd talked awhile about other things, we had a spell about that, and she concluded to let me have a bed-room that was off one end of the kitchen, and the little back shed that was next to it, for my kitchen. I could allow it in the rent, and so be sure of a home and a place to myself, where I needn't to cook any more than I wanted. I had settled all this, and got to the front gate, when I saw Stephen there, waitin' for me, with a bunch of hanging yellow-bells, and blood-root blows, as white as little eggs; he'd been to the Folly woods after 'em for me I know, and he'd come to see if I got safe home. Dear me! people are curious in this world; I could ha' stood a real good scolding from anybody that night and never winked, but that little kind way of Stephen's was too much. I cried and cried, but I hoped he didn't see me, for I kept quite still, and he knew I never was a talker, but somehow he always knew what I was doing, even if he couldn't see me, and he said directly:

"Don't cry, Betsey! it wears you out. If I am sorry at all about father's wanting for money, it is on account of you; we ought to take care of you. I am a man, and bound to do the Lord's work. I shall be carried through, and so will you; but it's hard for a woman; only you must promise me one thing. Betsey—that you will send to me in any strait or trouble, and that you'll write to me every two months."

"Well, by this time I wasn't crying; so I promised half of that, and then we were close to home. In the morning I told Sary Kenyon that I had taken a room, and meant to do plain sowing and tailoring, for I'd learned the trade two years before, though I hadn't worked at it but little; so she gave me what was mine by rights, because I'd served my time, and two years over, there. I had two beds and a bedstead, and two chairs,

a little round table, and Miss Perkins's brass clock, that she told Sary to give me, before she died. I had some little matters of my own, stored away in Miss Marsh's garret, and before Miss Kenyon was back and settled in Pontoosuc, I was fixed for good, in my own room, in my own house, as snug as could be, and plenty of work to sow on. So when Stephen came to bid me good-by, and set down in the rocking-chair, that I had put by the window, he looked pleased enough; and said he should think about that little home of mine, and me too, down to college. He gave me a blue-covered bible when he went away, and looked real down; but I tried to keep up a smiling face, though there was tears in my eyes for certain, and he saw them; so he smiled himself, and said I was a rainbow. I expect he didn't set much store by my real name, for he always called me Rainbow, after that.

"I got along well, that year. Stephen wrote me letters, and when the summer vacation begun, he come back to Westfield, and taught in the academy, while Mr. Platt was sick; and then he came to see me two nights in every week, and we used to set on the step, and talk about all sorts of things, as young folks will. I don't care now to think much about them times; they're long over, but they seem near to, when I get thinkin', and everything else is like a bad dream. Well, it got to be Stephen's last year in college, and he come up to Pontoosuc, to stay awhile before commencement time, and so save his board in New Haven, which Sary wa'n't unwilling to have him do, for she thought a good deal of Stephen; and while he was there 'twas natural enough he should stray over to Westfield once in a while, and see his old mates, and all the folks he'd known always. I guess it was about the middle of June he come over to stay a spell at Squire Hart's, and help get in the first hayin'. I know it was real warm, and most everybody had got through their summer work, and I had sowed about all I calculated to, for I customarily stopped sowing in July and August—it rested me, and I got fixed up myself. One night there was a full moon, and the last lock of hay bein' got into Squire Hart's barn by four o'clock, Stephen smarted himself up, and come for me to go a strawberryin' with him, to a place we both knew, where the ber-

ries hung on later than most anywhere. It was up the Factory brook a good half a mile, just after you come to the piney woods; you go through a pair of bars, to the northeast of Hart's lot, and come to a gravelly hill, that's all covered with strawberries. It was a clear, warm day; the wind blowed as soft as a hymn-tune, and the piney-woods would ha' been so still you could hear yourself think, if't hadn't ha' been for that brook, that laughed as natural as a baby, and seemed as if 'twas in a real gale, runnin' over the pebbles; then 'twould go all smooth and pretty for a spell, and twist the long grass on to the stones just like wet hair; and then all of a sudden it would give a jump clear off a big rock, and begin to laugh again. I laughed too, when we got there; I couldn't help it; and Stephen he laughed. But when we come into the dark woods, and smelt the spicy leaves of the pine trees, and the great hemlocks by the brook-edge, somehow we grew so still, it was better than laughing a good deal; but it made me feel kind of shy, and I didn't go along by Stephen. I made pretense of wanting some young wintergreens, and he didn't seem very glib to talk; so we went along separate, till we come out into the sunshine; and when Stephen went to let down the bars, I see a lot of wild roses, and I wanted some; but he said no, I should wait till we went home, because they'd wither. So we set to work, and the berries bein' real thick and sweet, we had our pails full pretty quick, and we went up to the top of the gravelly hill, to see the sun set; and just as it went down, up come the moon in the East, as round as a trencher, and all red; it came up so slow and peaceful, it made me feel solemn, and I went to go back without looking for Stephen; but I hadn't got but a short piece into the woods, before I felt a soft little touch on my cheek, and I looked round, and he was holdin' the wild roses up to me.

"'Betsey,' says he, 'I guess you're tired; what if we should set down on that rock till the moon gets overhead a little, so we can see to go home.'

"So we set down; and after Stephen had skittered ever so many stones across the river, and shifted about onto every inch of the rock, he said—well, I guess it a'n't best to tell just what he and I did say, for there's some things that

ought to be kept dumb; they're just like chickens in the shell—if you let the air and daylight in on to 'em, they're spoiled. It's just as reasonable to say no more than that we'd as good as promised to get married some day, and I was pretty near set up for this world when I went home a holdin' on to Stephen's arm, and one little rose stickin' right in my handkerchief pin, that he'd put there. I'd picked all the rest to pieces, and thrown them into the brook, while he was talkin'. Some folks, I suppose, would think I was over-pleased; but I don't know as it was strange. I'd always been kind of afraid of livin' with nobody to help me, though I'd always calculated on a kind of lonesome life; but bein' young and sprightly, it come kinder hard to give in to it; and I've thought since, perhaps things was as good as they was; for if I'd lived all those years that I thought I was goin' to marry Stephen Perkins without anything to help me, I should have been dreadful pinched in my mind, and couldn't have felt for other folks so easy as I can now. I don't know as I speak what I mean, but I meant to say I should always be glad I had those happy years, because they were a kind of sweetening to this world, that is evil at the best of it. Any way, it was all right, because the Lord did it, and he can't do wrong. I've lived on the strength of that a long time; and I was happy that night. Stephen and I set on the door-step till I heard Miss Marsh shut her bed-room window to with a slam, and then I knew 'twas time for me to be in doors; so he made his manners for good-night, and went off, and I went to bed; but I didn't lie awake, for all I was so pleased; somehow, it kind of rocked me to sleep.

"You see I was'n't so homely in the face in them days as I am now. I had a fresh look, and a kind of shining countenance, Stephen used to call it, I guess it never shone when he wa'n't in front of it! but I'll own I did have pretty hair, it was long and fine, and almost black, only sometimes it turned reddish like in the sun, and shone like anything. I thought considerable of my hair, and I don't feel to call it a sin, for the Lord made it, I didn't, and I should have liked it just as well on anybody else's head, and Stephen liked it. Well, I am a talking too much, for this is a kind of a pleasant place, like the one in

Pilgrim's Progress, where Christian went to sleep, only I wanted to make out why Stephen liked me, for it must seem strange that anybody did, and even then it seemed strange to me. I couldn't believe it next day, till he came for me after the chores was done, to take another walk, and we got sober and had a real talking. He said I'd have to wait a good while, but if I thought as much of him as he did of me, 'twouldn't seem very long. Well, I kind of smiled at that, and I said I guessed I thought as much of him as was right, so he stopped off and talked reasonable, and we concluded that if we both lived 'twould be as much as six years before we could any way be married, and I was twenty-three now. I told him 'twas a great while for him to be tied up, and on second thoughts I did not think it was best for him to call himself engaged to me, I'd rather free him so he could change his mind meantime. I'd set my teeth to say that, and it made him outrageous mad; but I held on to it, till finally he begun to get mighty, and said if I wished it, I should be free, he wouldn't stand in the way of my feelings, he didn't expect to give up anybody he'd loved twelve years, but I shouldn't be bound, and all round I got so pestered I couldn't help cryin', and then he come round and comforted me so clever, I couldn't stand that, I said I would promise, and so I did, and then we went home, but I didn't feel so good as I did before; however, I went right into Miss Marsh's part and told her I was promised to Stephen Perkins, so she said she was nigh about as glad as if I'd been her Cornely, and she didn't slam the window when she went to bed, but for all that I sent Stephen away, and that time I didn't go to sleep, I felt strange and sort of troubled. Next day I fell to work to make him some shirts, I had a good right to now, and it was easy sowing. He went over to Pontoosuc and told Miss Keynon. I guess she didn't fellowship me much, for I never could get the first word out of him about what she said, and she never said nothing to me. That fall Stephen got his college papers, and being well spoken of by the masters, he got a district school up to Andover, and he fixed to study at the seminary there.

"He wrote to me as often as was consistent, but letters were costly in those days, folks had to make faith and pa-

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tience serve instead of the post-office, and I was too contented to lack these. He come to Westfield once, and staid a spell, 'twas in the winter season, but it was the best of weather, real, fine snow-storms, and the smartest blowing winds; there was some rain, too, but it was a change from snow. After that he didn't come again till the third year he was in the seminary. I had scraped up enough money to buy a piece of extra fine Holland, that spring, and I made him a beautiful set of shirts. I expect they was too good for his needs, but I didn't think anything could be too good for him. He wrote me a real pretty little letter after he got them, and somewhere about the end of it he said he'd seen Lovina Hart at Andover, and she was Deacon Hart's daughter, and just coming up to be the beauty in Westfield, and Lovina had told him I was well. I wrote to him when it was my turn to write, but somehow or other it was six weeks after the right time, before he answered, and then he took up the biggest part of the letter explaining about how he'd been busy. Now it is a fact I might ha' known then, if I hadn't put my hands on my eyes so's not to see, that if a man don't care about a woman sufficient to keep up his side of writin', he don't care about her sufficient to hurt him. I didn't know enough to feel any way but just bad; however I didn't say so to him, but writ as usual myself.

"When he came to Pontoosuc in the summer he came to see me, but I didn't show out how glad I felt to see him, because I knew he was changed the first minute he spoke; he'd gone about with folks that had had an education, there to Andover, till he talked like a book, and he had fine names about everything, so I felt as if he'd grown tall. Dear me! I can't say but that I liked him all the better, but I could see as quick as light, that he wasn't so pleased with me as he used to be. I was all the time saying something that wasn't grammer, and he schooled me; then the first night he came he said he must go back early to Deacon Hart's, where he staid, because he wanted to show Lovina about a hymn-tune. Well, I don't know it's any use to spin out a bad thing too far; the long and short of it is that before he'd been two weeks in Westfield, I found out the reason why he didn't write to me punctual, and the reason was Lovina Hart. I couldn't blame

him. I was well on to twenty-seven, and I'd worked too hard to keep young in the face, and men folks do think the world and all of looks; beside I wasn't smart nor learned, nor fine anyway. I did love him, I expect I loved him as much as one woman could, but that was no goodness in me. I couldn't help it. Lovina was young, and real pretty and sweet-spoken. I don't think she had much of what folks call grit in her, but she hadn't no use for it; her father was a likely man and well to do in the world, she'd been brought up in softness all her days. I didn't say nothing to Stephen about her, but I told him one day about as square as I could say it, that I had concluded not to marry him. I said it hard, but it did not hurt him mor'n a minute, his eyes snapped, for he was took aback as his old father used to say, but he swallowed it down, and said what he had ought to I suppose, I didn't hear the words, but his voice said that he thought it was as well as not, and may be a little better. I believe he said something about a better world, and not getting married there, another curious way folks have when they've hurt you all they can, they most always speak as if heaven was made a purpose to pay you up for it. I guess they don't stop to hear 'tother side, or maybe they'd wonder what 'twas a goin' to do to them that takes their goods in this life out of their neighbor's vineyard. However, after the first buzzing went out of my ears, I made out to hear that he was going to Newton next day with Mr. Hart, and he should not take what I said for the end on't, till I had thought it over a day, so he would come back next night and see me again. I told him 'twouldn't make no difference, but he could do what he had a mind to, so he went away; and I sat on the doorstep the biggest part of the night, for it was a real sweltering July night, but I was as cold as the well-bucket, and I couldn't get my breath in the bed-room. Next morning I had done my few chores up, and was trying to sow by the window, sticking the needle into my finger with every other stitch, and trying to rub my eyes clear because I could not see, when I heard a little rap at the back door, and in come Sary Keynon. I guess I was civil to her, I didn't feel rightly glad to see her, but I set a chair and she set down. She begun first to talk about everything in crea-

tion seemed to me, and she always was one of those that can say countless words about nothing, if somebody says yes and no once in a while, just to give 'em breath. By'n by she begun to talk about Lovina Hart, the needle went pretty deep that time but I wouldn't bind up my finger before her, so I sowed along. She edged on from one thing to another, and finally after hitching a hole through my strip of carpet with the chair she set on, she come out with the gist of her discourse. She said her brother was nigh ready to be licensed, and it was safer for a young man to be otherwise settled in life before he entered the ministry, and a lot more that I wont waste time a writing, the end of it all was that she'd come to ask me to give up Stephen, so he could marry Lovina Hart, because she had means and they could afford to marry.

"Well, I set there just like a piece of stone, all the time: she didn't hurt me none; I'd been hurt all I could be, the only way I could be, and I didn't care for her, so I let her run on till she was done, and then I waited a minute, and I says to her, very smiling—

"I'm very sorry, Miss Kenyon, you've taken so much pains for nothing. I broke with your brother yesterday; I thought 'twas about time to have done with the business all round.'

"She never said one word for answer, and I laughed; so she got up and went away, and then I laughed again, out loud, and it seemed as though somebody else laughed, too, and then I turned cold; but I wouldn't stir. I set there the most of that day, the blood dripping off my finger on to my work; but I didn't care to stop it, it seemed to come from my feelings, somehow, and was as good as crying. I guess, maybe, I should have had a feverish spell, if it hadn't been for that finger. About four o'clock, Mr. Sykes, from Turkey Hills, drove up; Miss Sykes wanted me, for a while, to work on Bell's wedding clothes: 'twasn't very pleasant work to do just then, and at first I wouldn't go; but I bethought myself it would be better to get away from Westfield a while, till he should be gone back to Andover, so I went, leaving a note for him with Miss Marsh, to say just these words, 'I'm still in the same mind. Your well-wisher, Elizabeth Clark.'

"When I came back the whole thing had blown over; there wasn't many

folks knew I was promised to him, and they didn't think it strange he should like Lovina best, no more'n I did. I didn't go to see her, for I never took to Deacon Hart's people much, and I hadn't no call to begin now.

"Well, it was pretty lonesome to Westfield, that's a fact. I don't know what did all everything; I used to go for a walk always before breakfast to keep up my health, because health was my livin', and I couldn't see steady unless I had it; but now I hated to walk. I didn't care a cent for the trees, or the river, or the sunshine; they all seemed to be kind of peekin' and sighing all the time; and there never was such starry, sunny weather, only the sunshine wasn't clear, it was always like as if there had just been an eclipse, and I could never get away from the doleful sounds the wind kept making. However, I had work to do the whole time, and that kept me middlin' reasonable. I think work is a blessed thing, it can't lay hold of folk's thoughts and straighten them, to be sure, but it does coax them off a little, and, after a spell, helps them to stand alone. I heard that Stephen was licensed that autumn, and then about thanksgiving time that he was gone to New York to help gather up a congregation about the low parts of the town, and that he was going to be married in the summer.

"Now, one day, comin' by Deacon Hart's back-gate, I see a pile of sweepin's their shiftless Irish girl had emptied there, and the wind blowed a piece of paper in front of me, which was writ on, so I picked it up, one of the careful ways Miss Perkins taught me, never thinking what 'twould come to. Well, I see it was a corner to a newspaper, directed to Stephen Perkins, 61, — street, New York. I s'pose Lovina thought she couldn't send a blotted cover, so she'd tore it across and throwed it away; but I folded it up and put it into my thread-case. I couldn't ha' told why, but the Lord knew, and it was for a purpose. I thought no more on't till about six months after, just as it was getting to be the last of May. I was to a Dorcas society meeting in Miss Marsh's part, and I heard Miss Sykes say to Miss Marsh:

"Well! have you heard the news about Stephen Perkins?"

"No!" says Miss Marsh.

"Why, they say he's got the small-pox down to New York, the worst kind, and he ha'n't kith nor kin near to him, for Sary Kenyon's got a young babe, and Lovina Hart's gone into the hysterics, and her folks wouldn't hear to lettin' her go if she wanted to, and I ha'n't heerd that she does want to, yet."

"Do tell," says Miss Marsh, "why don't they send him to the hospital?"

"Oh, he was so far gone they couldn't move him before folks knew he had it; and there was an old black woman in the basement of the house, where his room is, who's takin' care of his vittles. I expect he is poorly off."

"I set like a stone all this time, for something had let go of my breath, and I felt clear heat. Presently, Miss Marsh came by, and asked me out loud if I wouldn't be so obliging as to see to putting the tea to draw, in the kitchen. I knew what she was up to and felt real thankful, so I fixed the tea, and then went away into my part, and set down to think in my chair, and pretty well resolved what I'd do. I had got that piece of paper safe, and now I thanked Providence for it. I was going to Miss Sykes's next day to sew, so I put my double gown in a basket, and two of my mother's frilled caps that I'd kept always, and I took some little things for him, and twenty dollars that I'd sewed into my bed-quilt, against I could go to Portland to put it into the bank. So I told Miss Marsh, next day, that I didn't know when I should come back, for I calculated to go down the river from Miss Sykes's in the boat, and stay a spell to my second cousin's, in Madison. I hope the Lord forgave that lie, for surely it was a great burden to my mind, bein' the first I'd ever told since I was a church member, but I didn't know what to say. So, when it got to the time next day, I went to the landin' and got on to the boat, having told Miss Sykes my lie.

"I went into the cabin and put on one of mother's caps, and slicked my hair all back under the frills, and I fixed an old bonnet of her'n on over it, and I had a black shawl on. I wanted folks should think I was Stephen's old aunt so's not to talk, but I needn't have been to that pains, for New York people a'n't so tonguey as Westfield people. I guess there's too many of them.

"Well, then I bought my ticket to the



Captain's office, and I see a map of New York hangin' up close by; so I took to studyin' that with all zeal, till I knew every corner and lane between the steamboat wharf and — street as well as if I'd been there, though to be sure it wasn't a great ways. We got to the city before dawn the next day, but I was broad awake, so I dressed me, and as soon as 'twas any way light I started off, because there was fewer folks in the street, and I calculated I should get along better. After a while I come to 61 — street, but it was a great big, slovenly looking house, and I couldn't find no door-bell; there was only signs painted alongside the door; but looking a little closer I see the door was on a crack, so I pushed it, and went up the stairs: then I see more signs on the doors; however, they wan't none of 'em Stephen's, so I pushed on till I'd come to the fourth pair of stairs, and then I see 'Small pox' writ on the wall with black letters, and a hand pointin' up stairs, so I knew I'd got there: the door was wide open to his room, but the window was shut; and there he lay all livin' alone on the bed, such a sight as I never see before; his own mother wouldn't have known him. Poor Stephen! poor dear! If ever I'd had one hard thought of him hid away it was gone for good now. I couldn't help settin' down for two minutes to have a cry, I loved him so, and he was so pitiful lyin' there, he needed all the love anybody could give him now. I didn't spend much time crying though, but went to work and righted up the room, which was about as shiftless as it could be, and by that time he seemed to come to a little, but he couldn't open his eyes to see, and I expect he took me for the black woman, for all he said was 'water!' so I gave him a little taste of cool water that I found in the pail standin' there, and I freshened up his pillows, and eased his head, and he drew a long breath, for I'd opened the windows, and then he went off into a stupid sleep again. By'n-by the woman come clattering and lumbering up stairs, and when she come into the room I never did see anybody look more beat; and lo! to be sure, it was old Chloe! If I wasn't glad! It seems Stephen had seen her one day beggin' in the street, for Cudjo was dead, and she was always a dependin' kind of a body. So he'd helped her for old times' sake, and had paid her

rent in the basement below for six months, she being to do his chores up to pay him; so she was there when he was took sick, and she got her class-leader to write to Deacon Hart's folks about him.

"Well, betwixt us, with her hands and my head, we got Stephen more comfortable that day; but he was out of his head most of the time, and he never know'd 'twas me. I set by him all day and mostly nights, for nine days. I heard him talk about his mother, and Lovina; but he never said nothing about me. I thought perhaps he'd die before he did; but the Lord pitied me like a father, for one night I was on my knees by the bed, as heart-sick as a cosset lamb in a snow-drift, and I heard him say 'water,' so I got him some, but it wasn't cool, for the day was real hot, and the ice-man hadn't come; so he turned over and moaned, and he said again, 'Oh! let the bucket down deep, Betsey, I want it cold.' Then something seemed to go caterin' in his thoughts; he tossed and turned, and said finally with a long sigh, 'Poor Betsy! dear child!' Oh! I wasn't poor no longer! I felt set up right away; I hadn't gone clean out of his mind, and like enough he would know I'd loved him more'n Lovina when he got to heaven. To be sure, the Lord only can tell what folks does know there, but I had the idee, and it helped me.

"Well, the tenth day he was struck with death, and never said no more. I hadn't calculated on his living, for the doctor said he wouldn't; but yet I was all struck up when he did die: folks a'n't never ready for death nor disappointments. The doctor, who was a likely young man as I ever see, and acted like a brother to me, said I couldn't take the body up to Westfield, nor he couldn't send it, for 'twan't right on other folks' account. I thought so too, after I'd got the first feelings over about his lying far away from his father and mother; but I remembered he wouldn't never know it, and he'd hear the angel's trumpet plain enough at the last day wherever his poor mortal body was; so the doctor he got a coffin sent, and had him carried off to Potter's Field; but I was too sick to go and see where, for I was took down with small-pox the very day he died, and the doctor, finding I'd got no friends in the city, ad-

vised me to go straight off to the hospital, and driv me there himself in his own sulky. He wouldn't take nothing at all for what he'd done to Stephen: he was a kindly cretur, and I said no more but to thank him. I likewise got him to pay the rest of the room-rent for me, and burn up his things, and write to Deacon Hart.

"So I lay sick three weeks in the hospital, equally as willing to die as to live; but it pleased Providence to bring me through. I was scarred very bad, and my hair all fell out, and worst of all, I hadn't a cent to show in my purse; but by that time I knew the hospital ways pretty well, so I hired out for a nurse there, and the pay was good if 'twas hard work: all the harder because I was pinin' for Westfield.

"I writ to Miss Marsh, and told her I hadn't been to Madison, because I found I was wanted to York: that I'd been real sick there, and was a comin' home in August if I was spared. I went to see old Chloe; but the woman had got married, and I thought she didn't want no help after that.

"So I come home, and I was glad to get there. Folks didn't take much notice of me, for I hadn't kith nor kin in Westfield; so there was less talk about me than most anybody, and that was the use of that cross. I've lived here ever since, and kept on sowing. Nobody ever asked me again to get married, but

most everybody has been good to me, especially your mother, Aury. I dream about them times down to York very often, but mostly the time when Stephen called my name and said 'dear child.' Lovina Hart got married in a year. At first I felt kind of hurt about it on account of Stephen, but I guess 'twas all for the best: there a'n't no no use in feeling bad when you can't help it; and I expect she was one of them that don't take naturally to feelin' bad. Now I have got my last message. I shan't work no more, neither be sick in mind nor body, and I shall be satisfied when I see the Lord. I can't say but that I am pleased, but I hope I should be willing to live if 'twas His will. I wish you good-by, Aury, and a godly life, then you won't mind happenings.

"Your true friend,

"BETSEY CLARK."

Eunice drew a deep sigh as I turned the last page, and bright tears were strung on her long eyelashes.

"Could you have done that for a man, Eunice?" said I—for her little ladyship was a bit of a misanthropist in speech, though not at heart.

"I don't know, Aura, I'm afraid not; but I was thinking how many dumb romances there must be in the world, if even Betsey Clark had so tragic a life."

#### A SERENADE.

RANGE yourselves my merry men,  
And wake your sweetest numbers;  
My lady will forgive the voice  
That melts her silent slumbers;  
For ladies listen with delight  
To music in the summer night!

Run your hands across the strings,  
Like the wind through vernal rains—  
Softly: not of lovers' fears,  
Nor their idle rain of tears—  
Sing serenader strains;  
Sing the joy, the happy smart,  
In the little maiden's heart,  
Who finds, in dreams, her lover dear,  
And wakes—to find him near!

## JOHN RANDOLPH: A PERSONAL SKETCH.

AT the "March court" of Charlotte county, Virginia, in the year 1799, was exhibited one of those spectacles which, to the observant eye, present history in all its nakedness, and with its grand outlines drawn in clear and vivid relief. The sun shone upon a great assemblage which had gathered for the purpose of listening to the solemn utterances of a great and noble mind—to a man whose name had rung through the world, and who, sinking rapidly into the grave, had nevertheless buckled on his old armor to go forth in defense of what he regarded as the call of his country. Patrick Henry had announced himself a candidate for the state legislature, and on that day he was to speak; the long silent voice, which in former days had waked the thunders of the revolution, was again to be heard; and at the intelligence the whole countryside, as we have said, had come together, and now thrilled with expectation.

With the circumstances which preceded this scene we have nothing to do; the drama which had drawn forth the old war-horse from his retirement, cannot here be even touched upon: and the words uttered on that day by the great leader of opinion are as little to our purpose. It is enough to say that the prophet of the revolution in Virginia, the hitherto immovable advocate of state rights, the inflexible opponent of federal consolidation, had that day come forth to support what he had eternally opposed, and struck almost overwhelming blows against the federal league, and the powers and privileges which it claimed for itself. The speech of this great man on that occasion is known to have been worthy of him—calm history will finally say that its sentiments were perfectly in accordance with his long and splendid career—and when the last accents of the wonderful voice died on the ear, the sun of his life, as says his biographer, had set in all its glory.

The silence of emotion and admiration had scarcely given way to murmurs of applause, when another speaker appeared upon the platform from which Patrick Henry had just descended. He was a young man of twenty-five or six, almost beardless, with light hair, combed back into a cue, a pale, effeminate

looking face, quick, sparkling hazel eyes, and dressed in a blue frock, buff short-clothes, and fair top boots. He resembled a boy of seventeen, who had just left school, and no one had ever heard of his addressing a public assembly. He was known as "Little Jack Randolph," who was often seen riding between his estate, called Roanoke, and the residence of his brother Richard, in the neighborhood; and inasmuch as he had given himself little trouble to conciliate any one's good opinion—had, indeed, scarcely made common acquaintances beyond the pale of his own class of gentlemen—the popular mind was almost a complete blank in regard to him; and if it troubled itself to think concerning him at all, was rather disposed to dismiss him with a jest or a sneer, for his presumption in daring to speak in reply to the political god of the whole country-side.

It was thus that John Randolph—the most perfect representative of a remarkable class, the most brilliant meteor of the period in which he lived, and one of the most remarkable phenomena of any age, so to speak—first rose into that public notice which for a quarter of a century he filled, perhaps more thoroughly than any of his cotemporaries. To the curious eye, this, his first appearance, was pregnant with suggestion—indeed, furnished the key to the whole of his subsequent career. The two men who, upon that day, contended on the obscure and unknown arena of the county court, were the representatives of two systems, two classes—almost two worlds. In Patrick Henry, it was the man of the people, the life-long asserter of social equality, the defender and advocate, everywhere and through all years, of the "majesty of the people." In John Randolph, it was the scion of the *haute noblesse* of colonial Virginia—the born aristocrat and representative of the great landed aristocracy—who traced his family genealogy back to the Norman conquest; and who, from that time forth to the end of his strange and woeful career, was to have but one central and burning idea—whether in success or defeat, in sickness or in health, at home or abroad, still but one idea—the pride of race and blood, the doctrine of aristocracy, and

above all. the superiority, absolute national independence, and inherent sovereignty of Virginia. Patrick Henry on that day stood forth as the advocate of deference to federal authority, and a policy which should lead the commonwealth of Virginia to abate her haughty tone, and yield to the views and wishes of the friends of the government of Washington. John Randolph was there to strike fierce and passionate blows against all that even hinted at a resignation of one particle of her ancient and proud sovereignty on the part of his state and land—for beyond Virginia he never looked, and he acknowledged no other "country." Patrick Henry, lastly, was trembling upon the verge of that grave which he was in a few months to be borne to, after a life of splendor and glory such as few men are permitted to live in this world. John Randolph was entering his early manhood, unknown and ardent for the encounter of forces which should make him known. Henry had passed through and shaped the great age of the revolution, rugged, like the times he lived in, dealing with momentous issues like a giant whose strength is too great for him to think of the graces of fancy, striking blows like the gigantic Richard with his massive battle-axe, and wielding like a Titan those thunders which had scarcely died away into the distance. Randolph was about to start upon his untried course with the new age, which was to be a period of political intrigue and party maneuvering, in whose chaotic and shifting mists the Saladin's scimitar of his wit would flash and cut, and whose new men and new ideas would inaugurate a new policy and a new era. Henry, in a word, was the type of the past, Randolph of the future; and thus they might have justly represented to the curious observer on that morning of the year 1799, as 1800 was about to dawn, the spirit of the old and of the new world—have stood, the landmarks between two centuries.

Of the latter of these men how remarkable and anomalous was the career. What a strange life—how stranger still the character of the individual! We have spoken briefly of his first public appearance, combining as it did, in place, circumstance and accessories, one of the most apt illustrations of that peculiar individuality which made him afterwards so famous; and it is this

wonderful individuality of the man which renders him even to-day a phenomenon in men's minds, about which they never cease speculating. The wish of the writer of this article is to briefly notice some of the personal traits of the man, places that speak of him still, and some of those incidents which caused his peculiarities of private character. After all, history is merely biography, and true biography should endeavor to penetrate those remote causes which influence the youth, and shape the character, which afterwards itself shapes in turn those great events which change the aspect of human affairs. The career of Randolph seems to the patient investigator of his private life more and more the logical result of his character, which, in turn, was the logical consequence of the circumstances which surrounded him as a child and throughout his early manhood.

He was born at Cawsons, the estate of his grandfather, Mr. Bland, just as the revolution began to mutter in the distance, and the moral and social atmosphere began to exhibit those changes which, as in the material air, denote a rapidly approaching hurricane. Before his infant eyes passed the father and grandfather hastening to join the band of patriots who were marching upon Williamsburg, bent on forcing the stupid and tyrannical Dunmore to restore the powder of which he had robbed the public arsenal. This band of Virginians was commanded by Patrick Henry, who, a quarter of a century afterwards, as has been seen, was to find opposed to him upon the hustings this infant who as yet had never stammered a distinct word. His father was never any more to him than this passing shadow, though in after years he procured his miniature and never permitted it to leave his bosom. The death of Mr. Randolph, in 1775, left the shaping of the child's young life to his mother; and though the dead parent's place was afterwards supplied by a step-father whose love and tenderness to him and his brothers are known to have been admirable, it seems that Mr. Tucker never acquired that influence over the boy which moulds the character. His mother "alone knew him," he said long after her death, in one of those letters which sound like the despairing wail of a broken heart; and, indeed, there seems to have existed between these two per-

sons, mother and child, a most extraordinary sympathy and mutual understanding. The boy was physically and morally "thin-skinned." To the end of his life his cuticle was like an infant's, and of his sensitive disposition we need say nothing. Even in his childhood he had, as he himself said, a "spice of the devil in him;" and it was, doubtless, a thorough acquaintance with this radical peculiarity which enabled his mother to govern and direct him, and shape his whole character, without once giving rise to any of that rebellious and impatient feeling which uniformly was excited in him by opposition. She understood him: and thus, at the knees of this pure and beautiful woman, the child drank in those lessons which had a deep influence on his whole life. It was the image of his mother, and of himself kneeling in bed beside her and praying with clasped hands, which melted him whenever he did melt, in his bitter life; and those early days at Cawsons, and Mattoax, his father's estate, must have been bright and happy. He never alluded to them in his correspondence without mourning for their "departed splendor;" and in all his sorrows and sufferings, his heart seemed to fly for refuge to the far past and to these homes of his childhood. Everything about them became afterwards sanctified in his memory, and he invested the familiar sites and old habitudes with all the illusions of fairy-land—a fairy-land from whose smiling heavens, and bright fruits and flowers he unhappily was soon separated. It is a most affecting spectacle at times—this picture he draws of himself and his sorrows; and whatever the cold criticism of history is forced to declare of this man's bitter and uncharitable utterances and actions, it is impossible to deny to him the most touching sensibility upon every subject connected with his childhood. His mother, as we have said, was almost a saint to his memory and heart in after-life, and her portrait always hung by his bedside, where the tender eyes might beam on him and bless him. His love for his two brothers, Theodorick and Richard, both older than himself, and both dying before him, was equally tender and enduring. Nearly half a century afterwards, and when the mists of madness were settling upon the feverish brain and overlaid heart, a gleam of this love

and tenderness flashed out, in the gathering darkness, and he wrote to his half-brother: "Dear Henry—Our poor brother Richard was born 1770. He would have been fifty-six years old on the 9th of this month. I can no more. J. R. of R." His clinging affection extended, as we have said, even to the most minute objects connected with his childhood; and the places which saw his youth were almost sacred to him. Cawsons, situated near the confluence of the James and Appomattox rivers, was a noble old Virginia mansion, with extended wings, a huge portico, and a lofty site, from which the broad expanse of the great river was clearly visible, its banks shrouded in foliage, from which rose the stately mansions of the old landholders, and its waters dotted with snowy sails. It was here that the eyes of the child, a born poet, though he never wrote a verse, first opened on the universe which was to be to him the arena of such despairing struggles with what would almost seem to be a pitiless and iron destiny. On the banks of this noble river, by the murmuring waters, dancing in the sunlight or ruffled by storms—often borne in some frail boat upon its bosom—the first years of the strange and imaginative child passed like a dream. Beautiful himself as the bright flowers which bent from the mossy banks toward the stream—for there is but one opinion of the boy's appearance in early youth: innocent and happy and affectionate, surrounded by loving faces, and heir to a proud estate and name—one might have thought that Providence had emptied all her most bountiful gifts upon the child, and that a future of happiness and all enjoyment was secured to him by an inalienable right. A lovely and innocent child, wandering by the beautiful river singing—gathering flowers upon the sunny hillocks and laughing with his happy brothers; at evening reading some wondrous tale of fairy, or listening to his mother's stories—lying down, lastly, happy and peaceful at her side, the murmured prayer still on his lips—what a contrast is this to the after-life of the same individual. When he came again in after years, he found Cawsons and Mattoax both destroyed by fire; the waters of the James and Appomattox tossed him in his frail boat as before, and the sky was still blue, and the flowers bloomed. But all the blue had passed



from his heavens, over which clouds hung; the flowers of his youth were withered. "I was tossed in a boat during a row of three miles across James river, and sprinkled with the spray that dashed over her. The days of my boyhood seemed to be renewed; but at the end of my journey I found desolation and stillness as of death."

But we anticipate. Those wonderful contrasts which everywhere spring up and suggest themselves in this strange life, must be some excuse for the digression. To John Randolph the boy, the stately mansions of Cawsons and Mattoax were scenes of splendor and beauty. At both of these houses their owners dispensed an elegant and profuse hospitality—that hospitality which was then the great characteristic of Virginia, as it continues to be, though with sadly diminished means, in the Virginia of to-day. The rich family chariot with its four glossy horses and portly negro driver; the splendid banquets, decorated with massive plate, bearing engraved upon each piece the armorial device of the proprietor; the highbacked carved chairs, and luminous carpets, and curtains falling in heavy silken folds, and the array of obedient and well-trained servants moving at a nod of the master—all this passed before the eyes of the child at his grandfather's and his father's, and contributed beyond doubt to his natural idiosyncrasy—an inborn aristocratic tendency and predilection. The early knowledge of his descent from a stately house—and through his mother from the royal Princess Pocahontas—doubtless had its full effect, even at that remote period; and in the midst of these combined circumstances, the boy's natural inclination toward aristocracy grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. It was reserved for after events to make this tendency a ruling passion. Misfortune, the progress of democratic ideas, the conviction that he was the solitary head of a once numerous house, who had passed from him leaving him like Logan, alone in the world—this was necessary to harden into iron intensity his cherished doctrine. All came in due season: but in this man there was none the less an in-born and ineradicable pride of birth and blood.

It will easily be imagined that the

storm of the revolution rolled on without seriously impressing the child who never went beyond his happy and quiet home, and who only heard it muttering in the distance. But the time came at last when the "front of war" pushed itself toward the domain of Mattoax, and the actual fact was forced upon the child's attention. The year 1781 had come, and Benedict Arnold was at the head of a British legion marching on the capital of the state. Petersburg, from which the estate of Mattoax lies scarcely three miles distant, was directly in the route of the invading force. It therefore behooved the head of the family there to take instant measures for the rescue of his household. Hastily throwing together a few necessary articles of clothing, and taking with him a few old family servants only, Mr. Tucker set out with his family for Bizarre, the estate afterwards possessed by the child Richard, and where the dreadful tragedy connected with his after-life occurred. Cawsons—Mattoax—Bizarre; all lying upon the Appomattox—the first at its mouth, the last near its source—all now destroyed by fire, as though nothing connected with the past of this singular man was permitted to remain. At Bizarre Mr. Tucker established his family comfortably, and then hastened back to join the patriotic troops, serving honorably at the battle of Guilford, and being present at the final triumph of Yorktown. But of the father we need not here speak particularly, as we have little to do with the events of that stirring period. The child at Bizarre claims our attention. Bizarre will always be a terrible and ominous name to those who have penetrated—willingly or unwillingly—the darkness of that strange family history; who have listened to its particulars. A friend of Randolph wrote in after-times of the master of Bizarre: "His life would be a pathetic tale of persecuted genius and oppressed innocence. The fictions of romance cannot present so affecting a story." Bizarre was ominous to the family, but a house at which the fugitives paused on their journey, and where they were received with the warmest hospitality, was to one member of the little band more ominous still. We allude to Wintopoke, the residence of B. Ward, Esq., where he first met with the lady, then a child, who influenced so profoundly

and strongly the whole after-life of John Randolph.

The events we speak of are history—printed history. The names made use of are but repeated after a dozen writers. Thrown in contact with the absorbing subject of this sketch, they have been forced from the shades of private life, and there would be no merit in failing to make use of them for the purpose of illustrating the character of this extraordinary man. To accurately understand the life of this man, it is necessary to keep almost constantly in view the circumstances of this unhappy affair which changed the whole current of his existence. It is impossible to exclude it. Pass it by, and many of Randolph's singular actions are wholly unintelligible—his letters are hopeless hieroglyphics. It was a genuine passion of his most intimate being, and as it commenced early and continued to grow for many years, so it struck deep, into his very heart's core. The roots and tendrils were torn away only with his life. He "*loved her better than his own soul or Him that created it.*"

John Randolph saw Maria Ward for the first time on this hurried escapade from Mattoax to Bizarre; and though we have no proof of the fact that the boy of eight conceived any especial regard for the child even younger than himself, yet we may imagine that personages who afterwards sustained such singular relations, even at this early period, felt a mutual attraction. The writer is familiar with a portrait of this child, taken a few years afterward when she was still of tender years, and the face is a most striking one. The hair is auburn, and, parting in the middle of the forehead, hangs in profuse curls around the face, drooping thence upon the shoulders, which are bare, but encircled with a cloud of lace after the fashion of the period. The mouth is well-formed and smiling, the eyes indicate much quickness, intelligence, and a ready tact. The expression of the countenance is singular, and produces the impression of subtlety in its owner's character. We have no reason to make any such accusation against the original. This was the countenance which ripened into that of the superbly beautiful woman—of whom La Fayette said that her equal was not to be found in North America—and whose fasci-

nations of mind and person are represented by her cotemporaries to have been something more than human. But whatever truth there may have been in these extravagant praises—and we have every reason to believe that they were fully borne out by the lady—of one thing there can be no doubt. The passionate, craving, exacting heart of John Randolph found in her his ideal; and having once seen her he no longer paid any attention to the rest of her sex. She became his fate. Whether from that winter evening when the Mattoax chariot drove up to Wintopoke, and the families drew around the bright and hospitable fire—or from the moment when, an ardent youth of eighteen or twenty, the young Randolph again was thrown in contact with the blooming maiden ripening into rare and lovely womanhood—whether from his childhood, or boyhood, or early manhood, certain it is, that before the world saw the flame of his erratic genius rise at Charlotte court, this lady had become to the young man the controlling and directing agent of his life; and no shocks of time or change, no sickness or sorrow, or grief or madness, ever obliterated her image from his memory and heart.

The war being ended, he was sent to school in the county of Orange, along whose western limits the Blue Ridge extends—that Blue Ridge which his passionate devotion to tide-water, and consequent jealousy of "the west," afterwards came to represent to his mind the true boundary of Virginia. Hence, following his preceptor, he was transferred to Williamsburg, the once splendid capital of the province. Here, sitting at the base of Lord Battetonet's statue, and listening to the chimes of the great clock, we are told, he conned his Latin and Greek, and gathered all, or nearly all of his knowledge of the classics. That this knowledge was not familiar and intimate we have every reason to believe, spite of the apt quotations of well-worn Latin which he made use of so frequently in his speeches in after-life. Of his beauty, at this time, there is but one account: "He was the most beautiful boy I ever saw!" exclaimed one who knew him then, holding up both hands as he spoke. The extraordinary fineness and tenderness of his complexion, his mild hazel eyes, and smiling manner at this period, rendered him personally

of rare attraction, and these peculiarities continued to characterize him up to the period of his congressional life. So mere a boy did he appear when advancing to take the oath of the House of Representatives, that the clerk asked if he were of legal age; his reply, "Ask my constituents, sir!" is well known.

The splendor of Williamsburg had, it is true, passed away in a great measure, since the dissolution of those ties with the mother country which made it the seat of the vice-regal government; but there remained enough of the old elegance to deeply impress the mind of the aristocratic child. And here, again, those natural tendencies were riveted upon him. In truth, John Randolph grew up in the midst of scenes which fostered and increased in every way his pride of lineage and position. As we have said, his career was the logical consequence of his birth and early surroundings. From Williamsburg his parents took him, in the next year, when he was ten years old, to the islands of Bermuda. Here, on the shores of these beautiful and tranquil oases, set as it were in a desert of ocean, he read the *Tempest* of Shakespeare, the scene of which, as all know, was laid here by the master. To the noise of the waves beating round the "verd Bermoothes," he read of Prospero, and Ariel, and Caliban. It was Ariel, the spirit of purity and goodness, which then impressed his fancy, and enlisted his feelings: in after life, it was Caliban, the deformity of human nature, the scoffing and growling cynic. Then, the real world was full of Prosperos to his enamored fancy; afterwards it was crammed with Calibans, all banded against him. We need not trace the boy's changes of place for some years after this. He visited New York, saw Washington inaugurated, attended the session of the first federal congress and staid for a year at the college of Princeton. From this place he was recalled at the age of fifteen by the death of his mother.

Enough has been said of the boy's devotion to his mother, to show what a bitter and dreadful blow this bereavement must have been to him. It almost broke his heart, indeed, and, to the end of his life, the image of the lovely woman who alone "knew him" dwelt, ever fresh and radiant, in his memory. Years afterwards he would visit the old grave-yard on the hill in sight of Mat-

toax; and, burying his face in the long grass growing above the mouldering grave, weep bitter and passionate tears as he recalled the cherished form of his childhood. To the desire of this beloved head, there was, in his heart, no moderation, no limit. What was the source of his fresh and tender feeling—this love for his mother—became, by the loss of its object, the source of his morbid and misanthropical bitterness. He felt that he had received a blow from which he could never wholly recover, and the earth was thenceforth no more what it had been to him. A few years afterwards he was called back from a visit to Georgia, by the intelligence of Richard Randolph's death—his only surviving brother. To one critically investigating the facts of this man's career, the conclusion will be irresistible that these afflictions, under the peculiar circumstances of his life and organization, were the real sources of his alienation of mind in after-life. It may be said, that the world would fall into a social ruin, if men were to go mad at losing their parents and brothers. But no general formula will fit the case of this man. The articulation, so to speak, of his character was anomalous, phenomenal. His heart and brain were like his body—bundles of nerves, intensely sensitive to pain; his mental and physical nature resembled a piece of delicate machinery, which the least exciting cause throws into confusion. He had a craving, exacting, jealous, utterly-relying love for his mother—she was taken from him in the first flush of his warm youthful affection, scarcely thirty-six when she died. He loved his brother tenderly, too, and he also was cut down. He saw, in the future, no light—all was despairing darkness, through which hope tried vainly to plunge a single ray. No one understood him, none loved him; and, in addition to this, his pride of lineage was the cause of deep foreboding on his part. He was the last Randolph of his branch of the house, and in the bitterness of his heart he compared himself to Logan, in whose veins ran not a single drop of blood which could claim kindred with that in any living being.

To put the finishing touch to this morbid tendency and state of feeling, from family losses, one thing was still necessary, however—the old story of all ages—that which lies at the root of

many a dazzling and wonderful life, and of which groping and stammering history knows and says nothing. A bitter love-disappointment was needed to permanently impress upon John Randolph, his morbid philosophy of life and feeling. It came in the shape of the affair with Maria Ward. Placed by circumstances at Bizarre, the residence of his deceased brother, Richard, and thrown upon his own resources for occupation of mind—for he did little upon the estate—the young man renewed his former acquaintance with the child of Wintopoke, and from that time forth she moulded his career. Of the nature of the passion which he conceived for this young lady, there cannot be any doubt. It was absorbing, enduring, and intense: his wounded and over-burdened heart sought, in her love, home-balm for its pain, a refuge from the haunting memories which oppressed it. At first, his addresses were received with favor, as the fact of an engagement between them proves—a fact which we state. Afterwards everything was changed—he was pushed back from that refuge which he craved and yearned for—the hand of what seemed his pitiless and ever-pursuing fate crushed all his hopes; and he went forth again into his desolate life, over which hung forever afterwards a cloud too lurid for any ray to pierce. From that moment the line between his happy youth and miserable manhood became clear and fixed; grew into a wall of adamant, as the heart of the young man bade farewell to the old tranquillity and peace. He became sour, feverish, bitter; at night he slept little, and would rise at midnight, buckle on his pistols, mount and gallop over the lands, returning to Bizarre haggard and silent. At other times, he would be heard pacing for hours in his chamber overhead, and muttering: "*Macbeth hath murdered sleep! Macbeth shall sleep no more!*" In a short time he had become almost an old man; the complicated and terrible emotion had made him prematurely aged, and worn him out. Could we read the mysteries of his heart at the time, we should probably find that "the accident," as he afterwards said of his offering for congress, was only the desperate deed of the feverish brain, craving something to distract its attention—the struggle of the torn heart to fill its pulses with a

pursuit which should deaden memory. Like the lover of Maud, ruined and overwhelmed with horrors, he plunged desperately into the fierce combat of intellect, and, asking no favor, granted none. From the point in the life of Randolph at which we have arrived, his character is henceforth formed. Fate has done its worst; the hot metal is cool in the mould prepared for it; the iron is hard. His life from this moment is the piteous tale of suffering and mental alienation; or the splendid record of a dazzling, wonderful, magnificent genius, darting before the eyes of the world for more than a quarter of a century. With that record, the present article has nothing to do. The story is told, and all know it. It was the incidents in the youth of this strange man that we wished to advert to, and this we have tried to accomplish as briefly as possible.

A strange and wonderful life! Perhaps there is not, in the annals of the world, so strange a chapter as that which records this man's organization. Shakespeare would have made him the subject of a grander drama than Hamlet, whom he resembled in a hundred particulars. The unhappy prince saw the sovereignty rightly his own pass into hostile and hating hands—Randolph saw the proud sovereignty of Virginia blend itself with the federal; and in the "radiant flag, burning on the waste sea, along the desolate and distant coast, beneath unfamiliar constellations," saw little save the annihilation more and more of his native land and soil, Virginia. Both these men—the one of the poet's brain, the other of real life—were warm friends, bitter enemies, loved passionately, were disappointed, and went mad at last. No utterance of the imaginary Hamlet surpassed that diabolical wit of Randolph, which planted a poisoned arrow, through the thickest armor, whose rankling was never forgotten nor forgiven. Those who have written of this man, have vainly essayed to draw his portrait. As in the drama, the reader finds ever something new; some more mysterious depth of individuality, before unseen. We can only trace the outlines of the splendid, dazzling, proud, haughty, all-sufficient character: and even when thus much is accomplished, the other side of the picture flashes upon the painter—the sad,

mournful, tender, morbid, wailing existence, gliding towards the gulf of madness.

But he sleeps now. His sad history is all told—his sorrows are burnt out, and scarcely are realized in the remotest degree by our prosaic generation. Few have cared to enter that distant and mournful solitude, where the shadow of this strange being fills the eye of the imagination, and hovers above his obscure grave. At times, some chance, some incident, throws a curious and thoughtful mind upon the track which this man pursued, and his strange life becomes an absorbing problem—something more is written for the future historian of his life to study and work up into the picture. The writer of these lines has found much to solve the question of his identity, in the haunts of his youth—places which seem to bear the impress of his singular being, and to speak of him still, in the moon of the dim pine-forests, the sigh of the broom-straw upon wide-stretching fields, the flow of streams which cooled his limbs when he bathed in them as a child, and whose every ripple was a portion of his memory and life. Of the man in advanced life, with all his bitterness, hatred, remorse, and misanthropy, the writer has not wished to think; that dreadful picture, in so many of its traits, almost hateful, if we leave out the plea of madness, has no attractions for him. It is the picture of the young life, yet untarnished by misery or bitterness, that alone attracts. Everything connected with this period of the man's life is eloquent of him. The overthrown walls of Cawsons, looking still upon the noble river flowing to the sea, and dancing still in the sunlight as when the child sported on its bosom—the desolate domain of Mattoax, with its graves of his father and mother, watered with passionate tears by him many times, and near which now the idle children of the town pass hunting boars, or gathering berries—the estate of Bizarre, like Cawsons and Mattoax, overthrown and destroyed, but eloquent of other days of "pleasure and passion and darling joy," and bitter griefs as well—lastly, the old house where he saw often, and paid his addresses to, the lady who affected his whole life so profoundly—all these

places speak of the young Randolph still, and interpret his strange and wonderful individuality. In this old apartment, with elaborate cornices of oak, carved into a thousand shapes—with its huge old fire-place, around which the men and women of three generations have assembled—with its lofty windows looking on the fields and forests, and its portraits framed in dark oak, as in the old former time—here it was that the scenes of that life-drama were enacted, so full of passion and pain, delight and anguish, and wretchedness, and madness. Through that door, the woman who had become his fate passed, leaving him forever—yonder hung, as it hangs now, her portrait, taken when she was a child at Wintopoke, and opposite you see another portrait of her, taken when she lay, cold and pallid, in her coffin; down those steps the unhappy and despairing lover went, with a tempest raging in his heart, which, long afterwards, in the midst of the whirl of public life, found its utterance in the bitter cry, "I, too, am wretched!"

But we prolong our disconnected and vague sketch too far. The subject grows under the hand of the narrator of the eventful story, and he is loth to pause. It is, however, necessary, and we end this sketch here, waiting patiently for the time when the true interpreter of this brilliant but broken and unhappy life shall undertake to tell us of it. Virginians should not permit John Randolph's name to die; for, with all his woeful faults and failings, he was true, first and last, to his state. His wayward and erratic political career was ever true to his one idea—Old Virginia. He fought against Patrick Henry when a mere boy, upon that issue. He rose from his dying couch, and was lifted into his carriage, and, scarcely able to articulate, addressed crowds everywhere against the Jackson proclamation. The faith of his boyhood was that of his old age—Virginia first, last, always. Let us hope that he may receive, finally, the reward of public opinion he is here entitled to, and due pardon for his many faults; as we trust those tears of penitence and submission, upon his death-bed, have secured pardon and forgiveness from a greater than any earthly tribunal.



## THE ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC.\*

THE islands of the South Sea! How sweetly they lie in the bosom of their azure home! Nature lingers there lovingly, and nestling yet in those green vales, breathes in spicy gales her farewell sigh ere civilization shall confront her in the last clime of her dominion. Vales green in perpetual spring, rivulets flowing amid grand mountains that look down on every side on the Pacific, watching the ships of the nations freighted with the rare commodities of India, or bearing the rich trophies of their war with the leviathan! And how full of adventure is the story of that sea and its islands! It speaks of daring enterprise, of unparalleled privation, and scarce credible suffering; of open boats propelled for thousands of miles upon the ocean, of decks of ships slippery with murderous blood, cutlasses flashing, and officers, to escape the alternative of death at mutinous hands, for the last time descending the sides of their vessels.

For centuries, the same sports, the same customs, the same occupations had filled the days of the simple people of the ocean, and life went on as changeless as the sun that smiled above them, the pebbles that lay on their shores, or the surf that lashed their rocks. The ships of the stranger came and linked their fate with the cares and miseries of a distant civilization.

"Why would you quarrel for such a trifle?" said a young cacique to the followers of Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, who were disputing, meanly as it seemed to the chieftain, about the division of a parcel of treasure—"Why should you quarrel for such a trifle? If this gold is indeed so precious in your eyes, that for it you will forsake your homes, invade the peaceful land of strangers, and expose yourselves to such sufferings and perils, I will tell you of a province where you may gratify your wishes to the utmost. Behold those lofty mountains," said he, pointing to the South; "beyond these lies a mighty sea, which may be discerned from their summit. It is navigated by a people who have vessels not much less than yours, are

furnished, like them, with sails and oars. All the streams which flow down the southern side of those mountains into the sea abound in gold; and the kings who reign upon its borders eat and drink out of golden vessels." Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, sprung from a decayed family, had sought the New World as a soldier of fortune, and by courage and intrigue had become the governor of a Spanish colony established at Santa Maria in Darien. These words bred in him the desire of beholding the sea of which so many vague rumors had, from time to time, come to his ears; and, nowise discouraged by his small means or the many difficulties of his position, its discovery became the one object of his days.

On the first day of September, 1513, with less than two hundred soldiers, one of whom was the then obscure Francisco Pizarro, he set forth on his undertaking, and after twenty-six days of incessant toil, marching through hostile tribes, he came to the last ridge that separated him from the country beyond, and rested for the night at its base. Starting at the first glimmering of the morrow's light, and reaching before noon the brow of the height, he halted his followers and clomb alone the hill-top whence he was assured he should look upon the promised ocean. And there it lay. Beyond a wide expanse of rock and forest, winding rivers and fields of green, the Pacific gleamed in the morning sun. The Spaniard fell upon his knees and thanked Heaven that he was the first European permitted to gaze on the waters of the new ocean. From that day to this have they been the scene of wild adventure, of massacre and mutiny, of rich commerce and wholesale wrong, of gospel enterprise and of tales of fact and fiction where blend scarce distinguishable dreams of Arcadia and the common things of every day. The tidings of the discovery were hailed with delight at home, but the merit of the discoverer won for him the reward which befell so many of his countrymen who had done the state service. He was superseded in his government, and, through the

\* *Piazza Tales*. By HERMAN MELVILLE. New York: Dix, Edwards & Co., 1856.

villainy of his successor, perished but two years after he had achieved the discovery that linked his name with the great ocean he first beheld.

The path to the Southern Pacific, still difficult in the arduous navigation of the Cape, had hitherto been impracticable, when Fernando de Magalhães, whose name is commonly written Magellan, a native of Portugal, sailing from San Lucas, Spain, on the 20th of September, 1519, entered on November 7, 1520, the straits which bear his name. Magellan had first tendered his services to his own sovereign, who received the offer coldly, and almost contemptuously dismissed the adventurer. John II., king of the same country, had done the same thing to Columbus. The sailor, taking with him a globe he had got painted, whereon the lands and seas and his projected track were traced, prudently marking the strait blank that his design might not be anticipated by royal trickery, went to the Emperor Charles V. then at Valladolid. The Emperor at once entered into his plan, and with five vessels and the royal agreement to him and his countryman, Ruy Falero, called an astrologer, wherein it was stipulated that in consideration of their reaching the Moluccas by sailing west, they were to enjoy a monopoly of the track they should explore for ten years, and receive a twentieth part of the net revenue that might accrue from their discoveries, and last, the royal banner of Spain being formally delivered to him, he set forth on his long southwestern way. When the ships had reached the entrance of the strait, a council was called in which Estevan Gomez, the pilot of the expedition, urged the impracticability of proceeding, and voted to return to Spain to refit. Their provisions were short, and a general murmur for home pervaded the fleet, while the crews refused to believe that there was a western outlet of the strait they had found. But there were many worthy men in the ships. Magellan listened to all, and concluding the council by telling his followers that he would eat the hides on the ship's yards before he thought of putting about, held on his way. A hurricane of thirty-six hours swept them from shore to shore of the narrow strait, but they kept on till on the twenty-fourth day of November the waters of the South Sea were seen

through the long sought western outlet.

In the mean time Estevan Gomez had incited a mutiny on board of one of the ships, and, putting its captain in irons and knowing that the commander no longer lay between him and the Atlantic, put the helm about, and bore for Spain. On the 28th of November, Magellan, having lain several days at anchor, held a northerly course, and discovering various islands in his way, San Pablo, the Desadventuradas, Shark's Island, the Ladrones, etc., on the seventh of April, 1521, made the harbor of Lebu, where was the first settlement of the Spaniards in the Philippines. Hardships of the severest nature had attended his course. The crew were forced to chew the leather found about the ship, the water was putrid, saw-dust was eaten, and mice brought half a ducat apiece. Delightful weather accompanied them, and from this circumstance the ocean gained the name of the Pacific. Taking note of many accounts of the riches and power of the sovereign of the island he had reached, the Spaniard entered the port with colors flying, and a grand salute astonished the two thousand islanders who had assembled to witness the display. A messenger was sent on shore who conferred with the ministers of the king, port-dues were dispensed with, and in a few days a treaty offensive and defensive was formed between the king of Lebu and "the greatest sovereign on earth" and his captain-general. Magellan, like a good Catholic, set about the conversion of the natives, and so lightly did their religion, if they had any, set upon them, that he soon had baptized half their number. The royal family, the rajah of Mazagua, and the first people of the islands were among the earliest converts. Their political fealty also was easily obtained, and the captain-general proceeded so far as to require from them a tribute, which seems to have been cheerfully paid. The king of Matan alone held out, insisting that having sent a present and done all fitting courtesy, it was too much to ask him to acknowledge the sovereignty of a power he then for the first time heard of.

It would have been well if the pride, or vanity, or cupidity of the brave navigator had permitted him to respect the

graceful independence of the island king; but it was ordered otherwise, and Magellan fell a victim to the hostilities that followed upon this incident. He landed on the 27th of April, and with forty-nine of his people, clothed in mail, attacked a body of fifteen hundred of the subjects of this prince. The king of Lebu had brought a force to assist his ally, but their active services were declined. The battle with the steel arms of Europe against the wooden arrows and lances of the islanders lasted many hours. There was no flinching on either side. The courage of the Indian was proved against the mail of the Spaniards. The latter, appealing to their foes' terror and love of home, set fire to their houses, and a village was in a blaze. But as our fathers in like case once did, the brave natives fought with more determined fury; and with but seven or eight survivors, the Spaniard, as the fight grew fiercer, fell step by step back to the shore. Wounded by a poisoned arrow, the bars of his casque pierced by a lance, repeatedly bruised on the head with stones, his helmet twice struck off, his sword arm disabled, and driven back till he was knee-deep in water, Fernando Magellan still faced the foes that thronged around him. His valor but lighted his path to death. An Indian struck his leg, and falling on his face in the water, he turned an unavailing look to his few surviving comrades, who, having gained their boats, tearfully saw their noble chief perish by a death they could not avert or avenge. "Thus," says Pigofetta, the historian of the expedition, "perished our guide, our light, and our support." Well might his followers bewail a leader whose star had shed such light on their way. Magellan was one worthy of his enterprise, blending with all the love of adventure and chivalrous daring that marked the Spaniard of that day an address and Saxon-like perseverance, which, had he survived, would have made him a career such as has fallen to the lot of few of his profession.

The expedition under various chiefs proceeded on its way, touching at Borneo and elsewhere, and after mutiny and buccaneering, arrived home at the port of San Lucan on the 6th of September, 1522, under the command of Sebastian del Cano, with one of the five vessels that had sailed thence,

eighteen out of the sixty men who had started from the Moluccas, having in the three years of its absence measured a track of fifty-four thousand miles.

A new path to the Indies was thus opened by the genius of Magellan, and the connection of the two great oceans, so admirably developed, removed many of the difficulties which lay in the way of navigation to the Indies. The expedition, too, was the means of settling forever doubts which were still entertained of the rotundity of the earth, and moreover formed a fitting prelude to the enterprises which, when the marine of the Spaniard had been eclipsed by the French, Dutch and English, were achieved by the brave men who sailed the southern seas under the flags of these northern nations.

The sixteenth century also witnessed various other voyages, the first of which in point of time was that of Loyasa, a knight of St. John, who set out with seven vessels and Sebastian del Cano and other survivors of Magellan's expedition under his command. The squadron sailed from Corunna on the 24th of July, 1525. Nothing of importance resulted from the enterprise. Quarrels arose with the Portuguese in the Indies: storm, disease and famine attended their entire way. Loyasa died, the command fell to Del Cano, who survived him but a week, and the few survivors of the well-equipped ships, sailing successively under the command of a third and fourth captain-general who were removed by death, returned under the command of a fifth, Alonzo de Salazar, in a brigantine built from the materials of their last vessel. In the year 1526 Don Jorge de Meneses discovered Papua, afterwards called New Guinea, on his way from Malacca to the Spice Islands, and about the same time Diego da Rocha fell in with the Islands of Lequeira, which are supposed to be those now known as the Pelew Islands, belonging to the archipelago of the Carolines.

At about this date, an expedition, fitted out by Hernan Cortez, sailed from New Spain with his kinsman Alvaro Saavedra in command. Starting with these vessels, two of which were soon separated from him, the commander, passing the Ladrone, discovered a cluster of islands, which are supposed to be those called at this day the Egoi Islands. The voyage was attended

with no important results, and the commander, Saavedra, is now remembered as the person who conceived the plan of cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Darien—if any person should be mentioned as conceiving a plan which suggests itself to every boy in geography, and which doubtless occurred a dozen times to the person who constructed the map which the Spaniard had before his eyes when the idea came to him. But this consideration will not lessen the credit due to Saavedra for having first publicly announced and advocated the project. Saavedra died shortly after reaching the Good Gardens, a group of islands which he had discovered, and his followers, abandoning a settlement they had begun in the Moluccas, reached Europe in 1537, after an absence of twelve years.

Private enterprise had, in the mean time, set on foot several voyages, which, however, achieved no discoveries of any moment. In 1529, for the consideration of 350,000 ducats, about a half-million of dollars, Charles V. ceded to Portugal his title to all the islands west of the Ladrões, and in their hands the passage discovered by Magellan and the scheme of cutting through the Isthmus were abandoned in the pursuit of other objects. The gulf and western shore of California were examined by Cortez in 1536, and settlements were springing up all over the Spanish portion of the continent. Voyages, however, of various degrees of importance, including those of Ruy Lopez de Villalobos, Miguel Lopez de Leguspi and Juan Fernandez, and that of Garcia de Castro, from Peru, were made in the space from 1542 to 1575, the year in which John Oxenham launched the first English keel into the waters of the Pacific. Oxenham, landing on the north coast of Darien, proceeded across, and having built his craft, set off on a free-booting expedition, in which he captured two rich prizes, but was slain while attempting to recross the Isthmus.

So began the stream of English adventure in the South Seas, and if it were not unwise in the inquisitive present to examine too curiously the best forgotten past, we should be tempted to observe that almost up to the time of George III. the career of his nation in the South Seas was but little improvement upon the example of Oxenham. Francis

Drake commenced the first English circumnavigation of the globe within two years after, and signalized his voyage of two years and ten months, barren in point of discovery, by burnings, plunderings and piracy, gratifying his queen and nation with deeds of disgrace, for which the morals of the times in which he lived are the meagre and only palliation. On his return he received the distinction of knighthood, which the queen conferred on him on board of his ship, where she had dined with him. The expedition of Drake, seriously alarming the Spaniards, had the effect of calling their attention to the discovery of Magellan, and soon in 1579 Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa was dispatched from Lima to survey the Straits. On his report a powerful armament was fitted out, which it was designed should form a defense to the Narrows, and thus deprive other nations of access to the Pacific. The cities Nombra de Jesus and San Felipe were founded by this expedition; but those who remained at these places as colonists having but eight months' store of provision left for them, were soon brought to famine, and no attempt being made to relieve them, perished frightfully by famine. Only two survivors ever reached home. The commander, Sarmiento, was taken on his way home by a cruiser under Sir Walter Raleigh.

Private adventure followed in the track of Drake. Mr. Thomas Cavendish, called a gentleman of Suffolk county, set out from Plymouth in July, 1586, and reaching the Straits of Magellan the following January, marked his way along the western coast of America by fire and spoliation. Touching at St. Helena, he first made his countrymen acquainted with its position and advantages.

On the second voyage of Cavendish, one of his vessels, separated from the squadron in a gale, fell in with the group now known as the Falkland Islands. Sir Richard Hawkins commanded another expedition, which sailed from Plymouth on the 12th of June, 1593, and discovered in the course of the voyage the island which, he says, "in perpetuall memory of my queene's chastity, and in remembrance of my endeavors, I gave the name of Hawkins's Mayden-land." Reaching the South Sea, he set out upon the same course as his countryman Drake, but was captured near Cape de

San Francisco, on the 22d of June, 1594, and carried in triumph into Panama.

The fleet of Alvaro de Mendana set sail from Peru, leaving Payta on the 16th of June, 1595, and kept due west till the 21st of July, when, by the reckoning of the chief pilot, the afterwards celebrated Fernandez de Quiros, one thousand leagues from Lima, they fell in with their first land, a little island in latitude 10° 50' South, which they named La Madalena. How strange it seems to a landsman who has examined the map of that portion of the Pacific, that four vessels should there sail three thousand miles without seeing one of the countless islands that dot the ocean. The fleet afterwards discovered many islands, but was exceedingly unfortunate. Mendana sickened and died, having made a will, wherein, devising his command to his wife Donna Isabel, he appointed her brother, Don Lorenzo Berreto, captain general under her. The latter soon after perished from a wound received in a skirmish with the natives of one of the islands, and Donna Isabel conducted home the wreck of the expedition. This enterprise had been set on foot by the viceroy of Peru, in pursuance of a letter from Philip II., wherein he pithily recommended "the encouragement of enterprises for new discoveries as the best means to disembarass the land of so many idle gentry."

The Dutch, burning to avenge the wrongs they had received at the hands of Spain, the haughty nation that had been so long their mistress, now deemed themselves in a condition to meet her on her own element. A fleet of five vessels, under Sibald de Weert, left Holland in 1598 for the East Indies by the Straits of Magellan. No lasting results, however, followed, and but one vessel ever returned. General Malief commanded another Dutch fleet in those seas about the same time. Four ships also were fitted out by some Dutch merchants, and put under the command of Oliver Van Noort, who sailed a few months after De Weert and with the same general objects—spoil and discovery. The latter voyage was remarkable for the strict discipline kept up in the fleet, contrasting so favorably with the mutinies which with rare exceptions attended every Spanish expedition. Everything was under the rigorous supervision of a council of war. Individuals found guilty

of offenses were put on shore and abandoned, and even the second in command was left on Patagonia with a little bread and wine. This was the first circumnavigation of the Dutch, and the last of the sixteenth century.

The seventeenth century was, from many causes, by no means so prolific in enterprise as the years which preceded it. The age of discovery seems to have followed the age of chivalry so closely that it may be taken to have made a part of it. The same restless love of adventure that had signalized the crusades impelled in later years the same character of men to a life of daring and privation on the ocean. But this spirit had now died out. Of many the avarice had been sated by the treasures of the New World, and repeated failures and fruitless suffering had cooled the ardor of others. The decline of the feudal system, and the rising importance of towns, were causes not without their weight in accounting for the general slackening of enterprise in this century. Superstition, too, had been at work in deterring from discovery in the South Sea, and men repeated that Vasco Nuñez had been beheaded, that Magellan had been slain by the heathen, that the companion of his voyage, Ruy Falero, had died a maniac, and, worse than all, that the seaman De Lepe, who had descried the strait from the masthead, had fallen from grace and turned to Mahomet. Still there were men in whom the old enthusiasm survived, one of whom was the pilot of the voyage of Mendana, Fernando de Quiros, who succeeded, after seven years of effort, in obtaining the means of effecting his projects of discovery. Leaving Spain "with the most honourable schedules that ever passed the council of state," he reached the coast of Peru, and, after a short delay, sailed from Callao, in December, 1605, with a zabra, a kind of launch, and two larger vessels. Six Grey or Franciscan friars accompanied the expedition, which made several discoveries, and was attended with many interesting incidents. On the 9th of February, 1706, land was seen from the masthead, and the boats were got out for the shore. The landing was extremely dangerous. The surf dashing high upon the rocks in every direction, the boats' crews had well nigh given up the attempt in despair, when a brave young fellow, Francisco Ponce, whose



word was "never say die," leaped into the surf and swam to the beach. He was joyously received by the islanders, who kissed him on the forehead, and exhibited every mark of kindness. Some others followed his example and swam to the shore of the island, which De Quiros named *La Sagitaria*, now, in the general opinion, the *Otaheite* of Cook, the *Tahiti* of to-day. De Quiros, after an absence of sixteen months, anchored at *Manilla* in May, 1607.

The Dutch East India Company sent out six vessels in 1614, under George Spilbergen. These vessels were fitted up either for war or commerce, but the objects of the expedition had little to do with maritime discovery. They defeated a superior Spanish armament (from Peru) under Roderigo de Mendoza, and arrived at home the first day of July, 1617. The navigator Schouten sailed from the *Texel* in June, 1615, in two ships, the *Endracht* and *Hoorn*, the latter of which was accidentally burned at *Point Desire*. Many marvelous stories of human skeletons ten feet in length found in *Patagonia*, and undoubtedly true ones of whales being found in such numbers near *Cape Horn*, that the pilot was constrained to take great care in keeping the ship from running upon them, are told in the accounts of this voyage, but it is certainly to be remembered, inasmuch as it has given a name to

"— that dreary cape"

which forms the southern point of our continent. *Hoorn*, which has the honor of conferring its name upon the dreaded headland which the mariner calls the *Horn*, is a town in *West Friesland*, and was the birth-place of Schouten.

The finding of this new passage, which caused Spain so much uneasiness that within a year that nation fitted out a formidable armament to follow the track of Schouten, was succeeded by another event of great importance, which was no less than the discovery by the Dutch of the island, or, more accurately, the continent of *New Holland*. *Luis Vaez de Torres* certainly had seen its northern coast before, and the Portuguese have claims of a certain validity to discovering it from their ships, but it was *Dirk Hatichs* who, in command of the ship *Endracht*, discovered, in latitude 25° south, the western coast of *Australia* in the month of

October, 1616, and called it after his vessel, *Land Endracht*, the name still retained. Several expeditions were fitted out by the Dutch in the few subsequent years, but, with the exception of the discovery of *New Zealand*, they were comparatively barren of geographical importance.

There was now an interval of many years in which the spirit of maritime enterprise slept, and it first awaked in the guise of a buccaneering voyage from the *Chesapeake*. Captain John Cook sailed thence in August, 1683, with a vessel of eighteen guns, having under his command several individuals who afterward became famous, among whom were William Dampier, Edward Davis, Lionel Wafer, and Ambrose Cowley. They rounded *Cape Horn*, and having been joined by the ship *Nicholas* of London, under the command of Captain John Eaton, bore north for the coast of Mexico. They shortly afterwards found an accession to their force in the *Cygnat*, Captain Swan, and another vessel with a crew of French adventurers—an increase of numbers which also brought dissensions and anarchy. Save an expedition, partly for plunder and partly for trade, which sailed in 1690 under Captain John Strong, and the commencement, in 1690, of the voyage of Dampier, originated at the instance of his government expressly for the extension of geographical science, this voyage of the buccaneers concluded the maritime adventures of that century.

The first voyage of discovery to the South Seas, in the eighteenth century, was that of William Dampier. These waters, indeed, were all this time filled with buccaneers, fitted out by English merchants, who, in those days, looked upon the luckless craft that were doomed to sail distant seas in the same light that the dealer in fishing-outfits, at Gloucester, looks upon the cod swimming on the Grand Banks. The skipper sails thither, and if he succeeds in catching enough of them, the trader gets his pay. It was, further, a matter of risk in the case of buccaneers; the wages of the men depended on their captures. "No prize, no pay," was a law of the game.

The English followed the business very assiduously, and many were the rich prizes that fell into their hands. Years away from home, the cruisers

took no special pains to possess themselves of European news, and whether the nations were at peace or war was a small affair to them. "An Englishman," says Sir Francis Drake, "being farre from his country, and seeing a present want of victual to inew, and perceiving no benefit to be looked for, but only blowes, will hardly be brought to stay." They returned home when their greed of gold was glutted, or when "a present want of victual" ensued, when no "benefit" in the shape of plunder could "be looked for," or when the presence of superior hostile force held out for their consideration, instead of gain, the prospect of hard "blowes."

Dampier, "the prince of voyagers," as Sir Basil Hall styles him, sailed from Kinsale, in Ireland, on the 11th of September, 1703, with two ships, the *St. George* and the *Cinque Ports Galley*. They had hardly reached the South Seas, when it was found that even the address of Dampier was unequal to holding in subjection his unruly followers, and the vessels were satisfied to part company. The *Cinque Ports* sailed to the southward, was run ashore, and all on board taken prisoners by the Spaniards. The *St. George* held on her way; but about a year after her sailing, John Clipperton, the mate, deserted with twenty-one of the seamen; the next January, the remainder of the command divided into two parts, one of which arrived at Holland, by way of the Cape of Good Hope, in 1706. Dampier, abandoning the *St. George*, sailed to the East Indies in a prize taken from the Spaniards. Here, being unable to produce his commission, which it was alleged had been stolen by the mate, Clipperton, he was held some time as prisoner by the Dutch, who had seized his vessel.

Dampier appears once more before sinking into obscurity, as pilot to Woodes Rogers, who sailed from Cork on the 1st of September, 1708. This expedition is chiefly remarkable from the fact of taking off from the island of Juan Fernandez Alexander Selkirk, the Robinson Crusoe of De Foe. The ship cast anchor in the Thames, in October, 1711, laden with rich booty—a success which led to various similar enterprises, among which was the expedition of the *Speedwell* and the *Success*. "Some worthy gentlemen of London, and persons of distinction, taking advantage of the

war then waged between Spain and the German Empire, fitted out the two last-named ships, and, changing their names into the *Prince Eugene* and the *Staremborg*, sent the latter to Ostend to receive, together with a sufficient number of French officers and seamen, a commission from the emperor. Before the sailing of the expedition, however, the declaration of war by Great Britain against Spain rendered the Dutch color of the affair unnecessary, and, resuming their own names, the *Success* and *Speedwell* sailed under the English flag from Plymouth, on the 15th of February, 1719, under the command of the same John Clipperton. Six days after sailing, a storm separated them. Clipperton, in the *Success*, held his southerly course, while the *Speedwell*, under the command of Captain George Shelvocke, bore northwest, nor did the vessels again meet each other. The stock of liquors and wines for both ships being on board the latter vessel, it will be generally believed that the separation could not be an act of design on the part of Clipperton. Indeed, immediately on losing sight of his consort, he stood for the Canary Islands, which had been appointed the first rendezvous, where, as has been intimated, he failed to find his consort. He then set sail for the Cape de Verd Islands, fixed upon as the next rendezvous, where, after cruising ten days (the same period as at the Canaries), he proceeded on his way to the Straits of Magellan, and made the eastern entrance on the 29th of May, 1719.

The passage was one of much hardship; many of the seamen died, and the remainder were so wretchedly enfeebled, that it was "simply impossible for them to undertake anything." Clipperton, therefore, was fain to proceed to Juan Fernandez, which had been appointed the ultimate rendezvous, whence, having remained there about a month, he sailed for the coast of Peru. Notwithstanding he had lost thirty men, up to the time of leaving the island he succeeded in capturing five prizes in as many weeks. On the 27th of November, he sent to Brazil a vessel freighted with the fruits of his success. The value of his cargo was estimated at £10,000. She never reached her destination, however, and is supposed to have been recaptured by the Spaniards. After some indifferently lucrative cruises

ing on the American coast, during the first part of the year 1721, he sailed for China, where a division of his plunder was made by the native authorities. To the proprietors they awarded £6,000; to each seaman £97 15s. 4d.; and the captain's share was £1,456 10s. The owner's proportion was put on board a Portuguese ship, which took fire in the harbor of Rio Janeiro, and the whole of the amount, with the exception of £1,800, lost. The *Speedwell* was sold at Macao, whence her crew returned home. Clipperton reached Galway, Ireland, in June, 1722, and lived but four or five days after his arrival.

Shelvocke, in the *Speedwell*, fell in with his consort on the 24th or 25th of May, 1720, months after they had parted, near the Island of Quibo, on the west coast of America. Exchanging a few stores, they parted company on the day after the meeting. On parting company, Shelvocke sailed respectively to the appointed places of rendezvous, but managed to reach each a safe time after Clipperton had departed. Leaving the Cape de Verd Islands, he sailed west for the coast of Bengal, where he plundered a Portuguese vessel. In one of the same nation, Clipperton sent home a portion of his booty. Portugal and England were at peace. In rounding Cape Horn, the *Speedwell* encountered the most tempestuous weather, and was driven into far southern regions, whose bleakness impressed itself strongly upon her commander. "We have not," he observes, "the sight of one fish of any kind, since we were to the southward of the straits of de Maire; nor one sea-bird, except a disconsolate-looking black albatross, which accompanied us for several days, hovering about as if it had lost itself, till Mr. Hartley observing, in one of his melancholy fits, that this bird was always hovering near us, imagined from its color that it might be an ill omen, and so shot the albatross, not doubting that we should have a fair wind up after it."

The *Speedwell* was wrecked on Juan Fernandez in May, 1720. Her crew constructed a rude bark, with which they were enabled to continue hostilities, cruising for some ten months from Chili to California. Shelvocke, on the 18th of May, 1721, sailed from the latter country for China, where he divided his plunder among his crew. His own

share was £2,642 10s., and each able seaman received £440 7s. 2d. Finding passage home in an East Indiaman, he landed at Dover in July, 1722, where he was arrested for piracy, (which prosecution was abandoned) and also at the suit of the owner of his vessel, for fraud. He escaped from jail, and fled from the kingdom, but afterwards returned, compounded with his creditors, and published an account of his voyage.

Jacob Roggewein, under a death-bed injunction from his father, to search for southern lands, was provided by the Dutch West India Company with several vessels to cruise in the Pacific. His contemplated voyage was prevented, by war breaking out between Holland and Spain. The project was resumed by his son, who sailed from the Texel, August 21st, 1851, with three vessels, the largest of which, carrying thirty-six guns, was manned by 111 men. They sailed to the coast of Brazil, and thence went in quest of "Auke's Madgeland,"—so near did they come to the orthography of "Hawkins's Mayden Land,"—but could find no such place. They also endeavored to find the same under the French name of St. Louis, in which they were equally unsuccessful, but at last came to an island, which they called. "Belgia Australis," which was, indeed the same which Hawkins had named twenty-eight years before in "perpetuall memorie" of his "Queen's chastity," and his "own endeavors." Roggewein also sought for Davis Land, and as he failed to find it by its own name, conferred on it when found that of Paaschen Oster, or Easter Island, under which title it still honors the passage of the Red Sea, and its Jewish and Christian commemoration.

The natives of this island came on board the ship, and collected, from curiosity, in great numbers on the shore. The sailors commenced an unprovoked attack upon them with fire-arms, in which numbers of the defenseless islanders fell. The historian of the expedition naively records the surprise with which the survivors looked upon their companions slaughtered by the musket—"wondering at the wounds the bullets had made in their bodies." After the battle, the islanders, who had presently fled, returned endeavoring to redeem the corpses by purchase. Uttering piteous cries, they

threw themselves on the earth, before the strangers, seeking by the most humble attitudes to wake their pity. So moved by these demonstrations of grief and submission were the benevolent and victorious Dutchmen, that they made the islanders a present of "a whole piece of painted cloth, fifty or sixty yards long, and beads and small looking-glasses." The ships proceeded to Batavia, where they were arrested by the Dutch East India Company, who, regarding these proceedings as an infringement of their own franchise, condemned them, and sold them at public sale. The crews, however, were sent home by them free of expense. The West India Company sought redress, and the States-General ordered the East India Company to make restitution.

Twenty years passed without a single expedition being fitted out for the Pacific. When the war broke out between England and Spain, in 1739, great designs were discussed of sending out an armament into those waters, with the view of cutting off the supplies for the Spanish colonies, but nothing was done that year. Early in 1740, Cap. George Anson received orders for the South Seas, but his instructions were not delivered to him till the end of June, and then there wanted two hundred able seamen to complete his crews. After infinite importunity at the Admiralty, he got 170 men—thirty-two fresh from the hospitals, ninety-eight marines, three infantry officers, and the remainder substantial sailors. The squadron was to have taken out a regiment of soldiers. Instead of that, it was provided with five hundred of such out-pensioners of Chelsea Hospital as were able, in spite of age and wounds, to hobble on board the ships. Anson insisted on the absurdity of the plan of taking these men; and his friend, Sir Charles Wager, represented to the authorities that, in such a cruise, nothing could be expected but privations and hardships, such as would severely test the stamina of the most robust men. The latter was curtly told that "persons who were supposed to be better judges of soldiers than he, or Mr. Anson, thought them the properest men that could be employed on this occasion." Fortunately but two hundred and fifty-nine of the contemplated five hundred ever embarked. The embar-

ation of these is described as an incident touching and mournful. Old men with gray hairs, seventy years upon them, weak with age, disabled by wounds, veterans whose blood had watered the battle-fields of Europe, went slowly down to the vessels, conscious that they were for the last time looking upon the green England for which they had fought. Reluctance was depicted in their faces, and indignation that the country, for which they had spent their youthful vigor, should in these late days of their life drag them from the soldiers' home, which their valor had won, to perish on distant seas. But there was no alternative. Their gloomiest forebodings were more than realized. Not a man of them lived to see England again.

Anson with eight vessels, mounting in all 174 guns, sailed from St. Helens on September 18th, 1740, and reached London on June 15th, 1744. During the interval he took from various prizes stores of specie to the amount of near £400,000, which, loading thirty-two wagons, was carried through the streets to the Tower in triumphal procession. We wish that our limits permitted us to notice at greater length the expedition of Lord Anson, that we might, by a relation of its incidents, commend the high abilities of that officer, who with such indifferent materials effected so much. Weak and disabled followers and ill-equipped ships were not the only evils he felt; suffering in all shapes and horrible disease fell upon his enterprise. The scurvy broke out among his crews, and so fiercely and fatally did it rage, that eight or ten died of it each day. It is recorded that at times there would be four or five dead bodies at a time washing about the decks, some sewed up in hammocks and others in the clothes they died in, "for want of help to bury them in the sea." In the *Centurion*, which was a vessel of sixty guns, there were at one time but fourteen men who were capable of doing duty. Tongue cannot tell the sufferings of the Invalid corps, who had so cruelly been sent on this expedition. Under the piercing keenness of the disease, old wounds broke out afresh. One aged veteran, wounded at the battle of Boyne, fifty years before, died in torment from the reopening of wounds there received. Pieces of fractured bones which had grown together now

separated, and shot excruciating pains through the frame, and with all this, added to the horrible leprosy of the malady, the sufferers writhed in agony till death came to their relief. One of the crew who survived told Dr. Beattie, that he had read all the history of the expedition, except the description of their sufferings during the run from Cape Horn to Juan Fernandez, which, he said, were so great that he dared not recollect or think of them. One of the vessels, the *Wager*, forty-eight guns, Capt. Cheap, having been separated from the rest of the squadron, was discovered on the 14th of May, 1741, to be driving on the shore of the Isle of Socorro, and notwithstanding every exertion was made to ward off the impending fate, she struck in early morning on a hidden rock, and at once grounded. Then ensued a scene which, as perpetuated in the description of John Byron, a midshipman on board, surpasses almost anything on record. The crew, mad with liquor, and desperate with the consciousness of their situation, threw themselves some into the sea, while some resolutely refused to quit the vessel, preferring to go down in her.

"Then shrieked the timid and stood still the brave,  
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,  
As eager to anticipate their grave."

Of the 140 who were shipwrecked, fifty died after they had reached the shore. Seventy-one departed for Brazil in the ship's cutter and the long-boat, rigged into a schooner. Of these, thirty survived to reach the Rio Grande, nineteen were abandoned to their fate at different points along the coast, of whom three afterwards reached Europe. Of the long-boat and cutter's crew, hunger and fatigue made victims of twenty-two. Capt. Cheap, left on the shore where the vessel was wrecked, with twenty of the crew, afterwards set out northward in the ship's yawl and barge. Six of these survived the sufferings of their way, and having seen fourteen of their companions passed over the sides of their frail bark, lived to reach the island of Chiloe.

The fate of the *Wager* led to the incorporation into the navy-laws of England of the provision that "every person entering into the service of his Majesty's navy shall be held attached

to that service, and be entitled to the pay, maintenance, and emoluments belonging to his station, until such time as he shall be regularly discharged by an order of the Admiralty or his superior officer." Most of the calamities which attended that melancholy wreck were ascribed to the fact that the pay of seamen run no longer than the date when their services ceased to be required on board the vessel.

Maritime discovery was a favorite object of George III., who was himself the master of considerable geographical learning. The peace of 1763, removing the cares of war, left his inclination free to follow its bent. It is to this disposition of the English monarch that we owe the discoveries made by Byron, Wallis, and Carteret, and also the events that chequered the life and involved the death of the intrepid Cook. Spain and Portugal had had their day on the ocean. The American Continent, the Pacific Ocean, and the Cape-of-Good-Hope passage to India, laid open by the genius of their discoverers, had for a century poured wealth into the old peninsula. At the end of the sixteenth century, Holland, whose great towns had risen upon the wrecks of the feudal system, asserted a dominion on the deep, and for a long time, sustained by the enterprise of her sons, maintained her maritime ascendancy. France, indeed, distinguished herself in the early part of the eighteenth century by the circumnavigation of Bourgainville; but her tendencies for foreign enterprise rather sought the land than the sea, and it is mainly upon the noble efforts of her priests and warriors, in the trackless forests of North America, that her repute for distant achievement must rest. It was now the turn of England, and her efforts in maritime enterprise, so brightly crowned by the life of the navigator we have just named, however disreputable in their buccaneering commencement, were even in that marked by the vigor that has given her the first place among the maritime nations.

John Byron, in the twenty-two years that had elapsed since the time of his severe experiences under Anson, had risen through all the grades to the rank of post-captain, when, in 1764, he was put in command of the *Dolphin* of twenty-four guns and the *Tamar* of sixteen, with instructions to proceed to the South Seas on a voyage of discovery and survey.



He sailed on the 3d of July that year. Great secrecy was observed as to the destination of the expedition, and the men were shipped as for the East Indies. Off Brazil the real objects of the voyage were announced, and since the announcement was coupled with the allowance of double pay, the crews joyfully consented to their disappointment. Byron returned after an absence of two years, having added to the previous discoveries of his nation those of the islands of King George, Prince of Wales, Disappointment, Duke of York, and Danger—a queer and perhaps not impertinent concatenation of names. This was about all the ships accomplished, but this was effected with no inconsiderable suffering or hardship. In the latitude of about  $14^{\circ}$  S. and longitude about  $150^{\circ}$  W., while at a small island which he named Prince of Wales, the commander was led to believe, from the ceasing of the heavy swell from the south, and from other circumstances, that land of considerable extent lay in that direction. The weak and sickly state of his crew prevented him from sailing thither, and thus he lost the honor of the discovery of Tahiti, chief of the Society Islands, which was left for the happier fortune of Wallis, who sailed but a few months after the return of Byron, in the same vessel, the Dolphin.

This vessel, on her new voyage, was accompanied by the Swallow, under the command of Capt. Philip Carteret, and a storeship. Sailing from Plymouth on the 27th of August, 1766, the vessels reached the western mouth of the Straits of Magellan on the 11th of April the next year, and on that very day, "cold, gloomy, and tempestuous," their first on the South Sea, the vessels separated, and never again met till they reached England. Capt. Wallis held a north-westerly course, and, discovering various small islands on his way, on the 17th of June, 1767, beheld at the distance of five leagues a range of lofty land. In a thick fog the next morning they were close under it. The fog rolled away, and they saw before them the grand mountains, the fair rivers, the beautiful cascades, and the green valleys of Tahiti. Hardly had they cast anchor before their ship was surrounded by numerous canoes, filled with islanders, who sat in groups lively with talk, and in turn evincing every

kind of astonishment at the presence of the ship. They saw in her arrival the fulfillment of a prophecy which tradition had handed down from the days of Maiu, one of their sages, who told them that "in future ages a *vaa amc ore*, a vast outriggerless canoe," would come from a distant land to their shores. Most of our readers having seen models of the boats used by the South Sea islanders, will perceive the force of this phraseology. Their canoes are provided with a slight bar parallel with the gunwale, and fastened to it by several cross-pieces at right angles with either, which prevents the boat from oversetting to the one side from its weight, and to the other from its buoyancy. All their boats are provided with this. The vessel of the stranger that had now come to them, vast in size, and not provided with this familiar appendage, answered to the letter of their tradition, and in their simple breasts the awe that distilled from this answer in distant time to the remembered voice of the past, blended with their wonder at the huge proportions of the stranger. Their amazement, however, soon gave way to curiosity, and it was not long before they ventured on board and were treated to gifts of trinkets and nails. Searching for anchorage ground on the afternoon of the day of their arrival, the ship entered a large bay, and while the boats were out sounding ahead, a large number of canoes came around the vessel. Capt. Wallis, fearing that their numbers boded hostility, fired a nine-pounder over their heads. They were not greatly terrified at the explosion, and thereupon started to cut off the boats, attacking their crews with stones and wounding several. The Indian who led the attack was fired upon with a musket, and the shot taking effect in his shoulder, his fellows in the canoe no sooner perceived the wound than they leaped into the sea, while the other canoes paddled away in dismay. Nor was the acquaintance of the islanders and the strangers fairly initiated till after several such scenes. The ship on one of these occasions was surrounded by a vast number of canoes, filled with their primitive ammunition, round pebble-stones, and an attack really formidable commenced, which was with some difficulty repelled. At length a traffic was established with

the islanders. Then, as on all occasions before or since, articles of iron were preferred by the South Sea people to every other commodity.

Thus in blood began the connection of the civilized world with the barbarism of the South Seas. The French navigator, De Bourgainville, whose vessels were at sea at the same time with those of Carteret and Wallis, came to Tahiti about ten months after Wallis, on the 2d of April, 1768. His experience there was much the same as that of the English captain. There was some bloodshed on Bourgainville's visit. *Taio, mate!* was the exclamation of the natives: Friend! Kill! You call us friends yet you kill us. This expression, which in the mouths of the islanders is so eloquent and touching in its reproach, may be but the laconic subtle advocacy of Tahitian historians. In spite of the fairly written accounts of those eighteenth century voyagers, it will rather be believed on the whole, that the strangers were a little too free in the use of powder and shot. They had reached a quarter of the globe where these things produced a sensation, and they seem to have been willing enough to show off. Bourgainville, on his departure, took one of the islanders, Aotowrou, to Paris, where he was in his time a lion.

The passage of the planet Venus across the sun occurred on the 3d day of June, 1769. The Royal Society were anxious to obtain observations of the transit from a point between the longitudes 140° and 180° W. from Greenwich. To secure this result in the then condition of the funds of the Society, they applied to the Admiralty for aid, and were readily proffered the use of one of his majesty's vessels. It was due to the zeal of Mr. (afterwards Sir Joseph) Banks, that in 1768 the Endeavor frigate was placed under the command of James Cook, then in his fortieth year, and a lieutenant by commission, dated on the 25th of May, of that year. Cook began his life on the water, as apprentice to two worthy Quakers, John and Henry Walker, owners of two vessels engaged in the coal trade. His conduct won him the approbation of his employers, and they made him mate of one of their vessels. He seems to have remained in the coasting business, at least two years, since we find him in his twenty-seventh year going into the navy as a volunteer sea-

man, in 1755, at a time when there was active impressment going on on the river Thames. The vessel on board of which he shipped was the Eagle, the command which not long after fell to Sir Hugh Palliser, who, discerning the volunteer's superior seamanship, had him rated as quarter-master. Sir Hugh never ceased to exhibit his interest in Cook, and it was to his recommendation that the Admiralty gave him the command of the Endeavor, at the period we have indicated. Fortune favoring the diligence, and industry, and capacity of the young marine, helping one who was determined to help himself, offered to him about 1758 the warrant as master of the Mercury frigate, which was soon ordered to join the expedition before Quebec, the same that was followed by the renowned engagement of Wolfe and Montcalm. Accurate soundings of the St. Lawrence were obtained, through the skill and courage of Cook, who was entrusted with this difficult and dangerous service, on the recommendation of Capt. Palliser. Soon afterwards he made a survey of the whole river below Quebec, which was published by order of the Admiralty, and highly praised for its fullness and accuracy. In 1759, Lord Colville selected him as master of his own ship, the Northumberland. Cook employed that winter off Halifax, in removing the difficulties to which his defective education had subjected him. Capt. King relates that it was here, as he heard from Cook himself, that, during a hard winter, he first read Euclid and applied himself to the study of mathematics and astronomy, without any other assistance than what a few books and his own industry afforded him. From 1763 to 1767 he was employed on the Newfoundland station, where he won the highest approbation, by the zeal and accuracy with which he performed various marine and topographical surveys of the coast and country.

The Endeavor sailed from Plymouth on the 20th of August, with the scientific gentleman on board. They reached Rio de Janiero on the 13th of November, but the jealousy of the Portuguese governor imposed restrictions even upon the procuring of necessary refreshments. That functionary's notion of the object of the voyage is said to have been, that it was to see "the passing of the North Star through the South Pole." The paternity of this piece of astronomy,

however, probably belongs to some waggish subaltern of the Endeavor, though in the histories of the expedition the governor is very gravely made to stand godfather to it.

In January, 1769, they were at Terra del Fuego. The effect of the cold of that region on a party who went on shore to view the country, frequently adverted to in the scientific books, has been too often related at length to be repeated here. Dr. Solander, a Swede, who was one of the party, knowing from his experience in the mountains of his native land the effect of fatigue and extreme cold in producing an irresistible desire for sleep, earnestly entreated his companions to keep in motion, however much the effort opposed their inclination. "Whoever sits down," said he, "will asleep, and whoever sleeps will wake no more." The Doctor was the first one to be affected in the manner of which he warned his companions, and, in spite of their expostulations, actually stretched himself upon the snow. One of the black servants also lagged behind. The rest of the party dragged them to the edge of the wood in which they were, when they both declared they could go no further. The poor negro, when he was told that he must be frozen to death if he persisted, said "he desired nothing but to lie down and die," and the naturalist said he was willing to go on, "but that he first must first take some sleep." The two blacks of the party were dead in the morning. Dr. Solander was aroused when he had slept no longer than five minutes, and even in that short interval the muscles of his feet so contracted that his shoes fell off.

On the 22d day of January they passed Cape Horn, and making various islands on the way, anchored in Matavai Bay, Tahiti, on the 13th of March. The ship was immediately surrounded by the canoes of the natives, who brought their fish and fruits to exchange for trinkets.

Cook immediately went on shore with some gentlemen of the expedition. He was met by the natives with every demonstration of submission. One of them approached crouching, and presented a green branch as an emblem of peace.

They mixed freely with the natives, much to their satisfaction, till they discovered that their snuff-boxes, opera-glasses, etc., had been extracted from their pockets, as skillfully as if the ope-

ration had been effected by the most adroit *chevaliers d'industrie* of the European capitals. A chief, however, succeeded in recovering them. Capt. Cook's name was rendered by the islanders *Toote*; Solander they called *Torano*, Banks, *Tapanee*; with so little accuracy could the rough consonants of our words be achieved by any one accustomed to the soft, flowing vowels of the Tahitian tongue; Molineaux they gave up in absolute despair, and called the master *Boba*, from his Christian name of Robert.

The observation of the phenomenon, which was the object of the expedition, was favored with a cloudless day, and these operations were entirely successful. Thirty different parties, comprising the greatest philosophers of the time, stationed at points from Lapland, the north cape, and Hudson Bay in the North, Quebec, Maryland, Norriton, in Pennsylvania, California, on this continent, Batavia and Dinapoor, in the East, were engaged in the same work, on the same day. In the grand result, which was the determination of the sun's parallax, ascertained to be 8' 6", the observations differed less than the quarter part of a second; and it was found that the mean distance of the great fountain of light is 95,158,440 miles, as fixed by Professor Bessel, from a recombination and recomputation of the elements then developed. Some of the observations, as might be expected, vary the sun's distance a few thousand miles; but as the variance is no affair of masters of clipper-ships or railroad contractors, the world will not quarrel about it.

After the observation of the transit, Capt. Cook and Mr. Banks set out on the 26th of June, on a circumnavigation of the island, which they completed on 1st of July. Its circumference they estimated to be ninety miles. On the 13th of July, they bade farewell to their new-found and numerous acquaintances, and the ship resumed her west and northerly course. Tapia, a priest, who had been first minister to the queen Oberea, came on board with a young lad as his servant, and requested to sail with them. Nothing could have pleased the voyagers more. It was about the hour of noon, when the visitors on board took their departure; and, as the account has it, they "wept with a decent and silent sorrow." The people in the

canoes alongside, not so decorous in their manifestations of feeling, indulged in loud lamentations, which the same narrator "considered as affectation rather than grief." Such, perhaps, they may have been. Still it was a very pleasant thing for the islanders to paddle alongside Capt. Cook's vessel of a morning, to carry on board, in exchange for European trinkets, stores of fish, which the genial ocean around offered to their simple art, the fruits which they plucked at will in the orchard which nature gave them, and the little pigs that fed themselves into such delicious roasters among the pleasant groves on the pleasant slopes of their island. Tapia is said to have shown great firmness, but, in spite of his efforts to hold them back, the big tears rolled down his cheeks. He climbed to the masthead and clung there while the last glimpse of land was visible. For the last time he looked upon his native earth, and that love of country which the good God gives us all was swelling his savage heart. Cook sailed to New Zealand, where Tapia made himself understood in the Tahitian tongue. The islanders met the protestations of the strangers with fair promises; still Tapia warned his friends that he saw the indications of hostile purpose, and cautioned them to be careful how they went into the proffered traffic for provisions and water. Going on shore, they met the islanders, who swam to them across a little river. The savages attempted, probably with views of booty rather than hostility, to lay hands upon the weapons of the ship's people, and one actually ran off with a hanger. At this the others are represented to have grown more insolent, whereupon Mr. Banks fired at and wounded, and Mr. Markhouse fired at and killed the robber as he retreated. Capt. Cook, strenuous as he was to establish an amicable intercourse with the natives, seems to have failed in this instance. The next day the islanders in a great many canoes, one of which had sixteen paddles on a side, and carried sixty men, came around the ship; standing up in them, the islanders defied the discoverers, telling them to come on shore if they dared. *Haromai, haromai, harre, ula a patoo-patoo oge!* were the words of the frequently repeated invitation—"Come to us; come on shore and we will kill you all with our *patoo-patoos*

(stone hatchets)." The voyagers declined the civility. Cook took formal possession of the island, however, carving upon a tree the date of his visit, and set sail thence northward on the 15th of November, 1769.

Lieut. Cook anchored in the Downs on the 12th of June, 1771. It is needless to recapitulate the incidents of his voyage, and the places he visited. His conduct of the voyage won him the most general approbation, and he was immediately promoted to the rank of commander. In the accounts of this expedition we find mention made of sealed vessels of the expressed essences of various vegetables, prepared at the instance of Cook as a preventive of scurvy, to which end it was entirely successful.

The Sandwich Islands, now so familiar to our commerce, were discovered on a subsequent voyage of Cook in 1778. Of this attractive group, so many are the points of interest inviting discussion, that we must adopt the easier course, and decline to present any, rather than to select what might be deemed the most interesting. We may be permitted to state, however, in reference to a transaction happening we think in 1852, what we know upon the authority next to that of the parties themselves—two of whom, the then king of the Islands and the then leader of our administration having been removed by death, while the plenipotentiary of the former charged with this business is now absent from the country—that during the term of Mr. Fillmore the Sandwich Islands were offered to our country for unconditional annexation. The offer was not accepted; the gentleman entrusted with the matter by the Hawaiian government returned to Honolulu, where he has since remained, and King Kamehameha dying, has been succeeded by Prince Liholiho, whose present policy does not consort with a renewal of the offer. As we write in the early days of June, with a French fleet in force at San Juan, and a Spanish fleet with suspected French motives at Vera Cruz, England the while in no good humor with us, perhaps it may be thought that we have already ports enough in the Pacific for such part of our navy as we can spare to take care of.

Our glance at the history of the Islands of the Pacific has necessarily

been brief and partial. We can but touch the shores of a few of them. The *Bounty's* tale, so often told, yet always fresh, we must pass by with but Levitical attention. The many events which cluster about missionary enterprise in the Pacific we must not, for want of space, advert to. And, what is most inviting, the considerations connected with the political or international relations in the present or future, of the islands of those seas, we must resolutely defer discussing. Many volumes, some of them confessed to be the most attractive in the whole range of romance and adventure, have been written in reference to these seas and islands. Perusing the volume whose title we copied at the beginning of this paper, the reader will dwell with delight on the stories of the *Encantadas*, or charmed islands, that lie near the coast of South America. The author of that volume, in his *Typee* and *Omoo*, and other books, whose coloring is the blue South Sea and its green islands, has charmed

thousands upon thousands of readers, so playing with fact and imagination that a world has admired the cunning of his pen. In the preface to his third work he tells us that he wrote fact in the previous two, and all the world took it for fiction, and therefore he has been moved to write a third which shall be fiction, to see if the world will take it for fact. Verily, slight is the difference between good fiction and well-told fact, especially when either lies in the atmosphere of the great western ocean.

Of the islands of the Pacific and its waters, no more to-day. Who can tell what new daring or suffering shall to-morrow add to their store of adventure! Access to them by the southwest passage was found by Magellan, who left his life on the voyage. The dreary northwest passage! The bones of Franklin lie there! Daring and death are brothers that sleep in the same fore-castle as they sail those seas.

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#### THE CLOVER BANK.

I LIE upon the clover bank,  
 And shiver in the rain;  
 The roses start to see me there,  
 And then droop back again,  
 I see, beneath the clover bank,  
 The ugly earth-worms crawl,  
 The knotted roots, the rotted seeds—  
 And this is beauty's pall!  
 She lies beneath the clover bank,  
 We're almost heart to heart;  
 Only a little mould between,  
 That keeps us long apart!



## THE COST OF WAR.

IN considering the capacities and burdens of the leading nations of Christendom, we are struck by the great disproportion of the expenditures for war, compared with those for the purposes of civil government. Especially in the case of Great Britain, this disparity is extraordinary. The expenditures of that power, in 1854, for wars past and prospective, were more than \$251,000,000; while all its other expenses amounted only to about \$30,000,000. It is difficult to convey to the common mind, even an approximate idea of the values represented in these one-hundred-million amounts. It may assist the reader to a better appreciation, if we measure them with familiar standards. To do this with the annual revenue of the richest man on earth, would be like measuring the equator with a two-foot rule. Let us take the largest joint-stock property in the world for our measure. This is the capital invested in the railways of Great Britain, which amounted, in 1853, to £264,165,680, or, \$1,267,995,264. Every dollar of this almost unfathomable sum has been actually raised and paid. Whoever has seen a recent map of the United Kingdom, will have observed that it is almost literally put in irons, or covered with such a network of railroads, that the meshes of unintersected land look very small. Those who have traveled in that country, must have been struck with the standing army of officials and men in fustian sustained by every line. Well, what are the gross earnings of all these railways in a good year? In 1854, the whole receipts for passengers and freights amounted to £20,000,525, or, \$96,002,520. The reader will easily see that this is the greatest vested interest in any country on the globe, excluding landed estate. Now put these things together, and see what a lesson may be derived from the comparison. The expenditures of Great Britain for mere *preparations* for war, in 1854, were \$117,984,201, and the gross receipts of all the railways in the realm, the same year, were \$96,002,520; or nearly \$22,000,000 less than the amount appropriated to military and naval armaments!

Let us measure this annual offering to the altar of Mars by the standard of human labor and its earnings. The number of agricultural laborers, male and female, old and young, employed in Great Britain, in 1851, according to the census of that year, was 1,077,627; of these, 198,226 were under the age of twenty years, and probably one third of this number were under twelve. The average wages of able-bodied men are about ten English shillings per week. Taking with them the women and children in a general estimate, the average weekly wages of the whole number employed in farm-work would probably be eight shillings, or \$1.92; making about \$100 a year per head. Thus all the men, women and children, who make Great Britain one great garden of beauty and wealth of production, earn \$107,762,700 in the course of twelve months, provided they work every day in the year, except the sabbath. In round numbers, the cost of producing food for man and beast was \$108,000,000; while preparations to slaughter man and beast cost \$118,000,000! There is a useful lesson at once apparent in the collocation of these figures. We would commend it to the honest toilers who plough, sow, and reap, and bear the out-door brunt and burden of feeding a nation. The deduction and inference are perfectly simple and easy to the mind of a child. For the husbandry of the plough, \$108,000,000, for the husbandry of the sword, \$118,000,000, per annum.

Let us apply a measure to these vast expenditures for war-establishments in time of peace, which the commercial community will more fully appreciate. No nation in the world has ever done so much to open up new markets for its commerce as Great Britain. Its geographical position has greatly favored this policy; having, as it were, its factories and warehouses midway between the great continents of the old world on one side, and the western hemisphere on the other. The whole globe is dotted or belted with its colonies; and these are all maritime, or accessible by water. To supply them all with manufactured goods and other productions, one would think, might employ

the industrial genius and activities of a great nation. But their trade is trifling compared with the commerce with independent states. In the year 1853, the imports of the United States amounted to \$267,978,647; and \$143,019,260, or more than half of this amount, came from Great Britain and her dependencies. She imports for manufacture more raw cotton, silk and flax than all the other nations of Europe put together. The entire cellar of her island seems to be stocked with an inexhaustible supply of iron, coal, etc., and whole districts are covered with factories, dunning the heavens with smoke, and dinning the ears of millions with the click and clatter of machinery. In the back-ground of these industries, or in the agricultural districts, is a boundless supply of cheap labor, from which they may be recruited at any time and to any extent.

With such resources, there is no reason to wonder that Great Britain has surpassed all other nations in productive capacity. Her exports in 1854 amounted to \$466,000,000, while those of the United States were \$278,000,000, including specie. This comparison will show how far she is in advance of any other country in foreign commerce. Now what is the net and positive profit of all these exports, after deducting every charge and liability? Is there any experienced merchant in New York or Boston who would put it at 25 per cent.? But let us allow that rate; which would make the total profit of \$466,000,000 amount to \$116,500,000. In 1854, there were 31,517 ships, with an aggregate burden of 7,583,611 tons, that cleared from various ports of Great Britain, more or less freighted with its productions. The whole net profit of these exports was \$116,500,000; the preparations for war the same year cost \$118,000,000! The merchant needs no suggestion in reference to the lesson these two facts convey. He will see at once the burden and bearing of the present armed-force system upon the interests of commerce.

In the foregoing comparisons we have had to do only with what are called peace-establishments, or ordinary preparations for future hostilities. We have not touched upon the waste of actual war. Let us now glance at one tide-mark which the deluge of this calamity has left as an instructive me-

mento to the nations it has inundated. The public debts of all the states of Christendom, both in Europe and America, from which we have official returns, amount to the grand total of \$8,861,694,000. Doubtless \$8,000,000 of this almost immeasurable sum represent the war-bills left to present and future generations to pay, by those who contracted them. What known value shall we apply to this mountainous aggregate? What shall we put in the opposite scale in order to ascertain its weight upon the civilized world? According to Otto Hübner, the paid in capital of all the known banks of the world amounted, in 1852, to 1,085,478,664 *thalers*, or \$781,554,865. Thus the war-debts of Christendom amount, at this moment, to ten times the capital of all the banks!

Here is a fact and a lesson for the capitalist. He will see at once the reason why the barometer of the public funds is so exceedingly sensitive, sinking at a statesman's frown, or at an angry word between two irascible diplomats. What is the meaning of all these feverish perturbations in "national securities?" may be a puzzling query to common minds, unacquainted with the true cause of the phenomena; but to him it must be all clear as the day. Translating the true meaning from the delicate and mincing phraseology of 'Change, it is just this, and nothing more nor less: the monetary world knows that "it is the last ounce that breaks the camel's back;" that the people of Europe are now bending toward the ground and staggering under as heavy a load as they can carry, and that a few ounces more will break them down; and then, woe to all who have their treasures in that crushing burden. It should be remembered that we have taken these war debts as they existed before the terrible conflict with Russia just terminated by the Paris conferences. At the lowest figure admissible, this will add at least \$1,000,000,000 to the indebtedness of the various powers that took part in it, directly or indirectly.

Thus Christendom enters upon the first years of the last half of the nineteenth century, with unpaid war-bills amounting to \$9,000,000,000, besides other liabilities! What a legacy for future generations! But the most aggravating circumstance connected with this appalling inheritance, is the fact, that, in some cases, it will go down to them with

the solemn and reiterated assurance of those who contracted it, or of their representatives, that it was all a mistake, and might have been avoided, had not the people been wrought up to a gust of passion and frenzy. Lord John Russell, Disraeli, and other eminent statesmen representing all parties in the British Parliament, have deliberately declared their opinion to the world, from the high places they occupy, that the long wars with the French Republic and Empire were all waged upon a wrong principle, and might have been safely and honorably avoided. These wars cost the people of Great Britain more than \$5,000,000,000 in money, besides a sacrifice of human life which money cannot measure. How tantalizing to be told, within forty years of their termination, that all this sacrifice was for nothing; resulting in no real good to the nation, establishing no principle of justice, contributing nothing to the progress of freedom at home or abroad! It required almost the life-time of a generation for the English people to get their eyes open to this stupendous delusion. But, what is passing strange, no sooner were they thus undeceived, than they rushed into a new and disastrous hallucination, a war with Russia. It will not take forty years, or forty weeks, to prove to them that this was the greatest delusion of all, so far as their first hopes, objects and expectations were concerned.

The sum of \$9,000,000,000 does not, by any means, represent the waste of war during the last century, but only that portion of its cost handed down unpaid. Doubtless the present generation will follow in the footsteps of its illustrious predecessor, and pass down this burden undiminished to unborn millions. But the interest must be paid annually. There is no way to wriggle out of that obligation. This interest, at 5 per cent., will amount to \$450,000,000 yearly. This sum raised from the industry and earnings of the people, will serve to remind them very impressively of their obligations to wars past. Then there is a considerable bill for wars prospective, or possible, which they have to meet. We cannot say within \$50,000,000 how

much the mere preparations for war in time of peace in Christendom cost annually. We have official returns from only twenty of the forty-three independent states, which mostly comprise the family of civilized nations. These twenty include all the large powers, both in Europe and America; and we find their annual expenditures for armies and navies amounted, in 1854, to \$466,000,000. The expenses of the twenty-three small states from which we have no returns, would probably swell the sum to a total of \$500,000,000. It will be seen that these two great totals nearly balance each other; just as those probably did between which the ass, in Scripture, crouched to the ground. Reduced to their minimum, and put together, they weigh \$900,000,000. This is the grand aggregate annual tax imposed upon the people of the civilized world by wars past and prospective. This is the amount which they must pay out of their earnings every year, to sate the cravings of this horse-leech monster that cries, give! give!

Nine hundred millions of dollars a year for wars past and possible. What wonder there is a tremor in *public securities* at the slightest danger that this mountainous burden may become "the last ounce" too heavy for the people's backs! It now exceeds by more than \$100,000,000 the unpaid capital of all the known banks in the world. It is equal to the whole value of all exports of England, France, and the United States put together, and to full fifty per cent. of the exports of all the nations of the world. It is twice the rental of all the real estate of Great Britain; it exceeds the net profit of all the manufacturers of Christendom. It is equal to the yearly wages of 4,500,000 agricultural laborers at \$200 per head. It would pay for the construction of 45,000 miles of railway, at \$20,000 per mile. It would support 1,200,000 ministers of the gospel, allowing each \$750 per annum; giving a religious teacher and pastor to every 750 persons of the whole population of the globe.

Such is the condition of the people of Christendom in 1856, resulting from the cost of war.

## THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

AFTER a fatiguing day, the cool air of the mountain had given us a night of refreshing sleep. We set off from Ain Heiruny at 7.25, and had still a steep ascent of about fifteen minutes. Here and below the northern side of the gorge is a precipice of naked rock, having the strata dislocated and nearly perpendicular. We soon came out of the chasm, and continued to ascend gradually over open ground; a high, rocky, isolated point being on our right. We passed a path on the left, leading off to the Maronite convent of Mar Antânus el-Kuzheiya, and soon after came out on a high plateau—a tract of land uneven and broken, but cultivated; having on the south the deep gorge of Bsherreh, with the stream Abu Aly, the main branch of the Kadisha, and extending for an hour or two towards the north. To this plateau the tract quite to the cedars may be said to belong. Here we fell in with several purling rills, brought down from the fountain of Ehden. Our course was about S. S. E. Some of the fields of wheat afforded little promise; but others again were fine, almost as good as in the plains below. They were, however, not yet ready for harvest, and would not be ripe enough for two or three weeks. The silk harvest of the mountain was equally behind that of the plains. As we approached Ehden, we came upon a field of potatoes; the first I had seen in Syria, and which I saw only here in the highest cultivated parts of Lebanon. It was laid out in beds, and regularly irrigated. Burckhardt, in 1810, speaks of the potato as cultivated in this region. According to Seetzen, the cultivation of it began not long before 1805.

In about two hours we came to the village of Ehden, pleasantly situated on the northwestern border of a deep gulf, running southwest to that of the Kadisha. The village stands also at the northwestern outer edge of the great amphitheatre of mountains, which surrounds the cedars, at the extremity of the lofty spur which projects westward from the great dorsal ridge to form that amphitheatre. It lies on a slope, facing the south, at an elevation of 4,750 English feet above the sea. Here is an abundance of water for every purpose, coming from a copious fountain

ten minutes east of the village. There are many vineyards; and figs and apricots flourish well. There was also fine shade from many noble walnut trees. The people seemed thrifty and well off, and there was no begging. The families make their winter residence in Zugharta. We were detained for some time, in order to have our horses shod, and were treated with great civility by the inhabitants.

Ehden is said to have been the birth-place of the Maronite scholar, Gabriel Sconita, the editor of the Syrian version in the Paris Polyglot. It was, also, formerly the seat of a Maronite bishop. South of Ehden, beyond the adjacent gulf, lies the village of Kefr Sââb; and still further down, also, on the lower side, that of Bân.

Now, if the name of Ehden should suggest to our readers the idea of the garden of Eden, we should not wonder; but the two names have, indeed, no relation to each other, being differently written. That it should accord with the taste and learning of Maronite monks, to confound *Ehden* with Eden, and regard it as the Paradise of ancient writers, is not surprising; but that the same error should be committed by a scholar like Gesenius, is less excusable.

Leaving Ehden we passed on in a southeast course, having the fountain on our left, and kept along the border of the gulf, which has its beginning towards the northeast, under the adjacent mountain. We soon crossed the valley and its stream, here merely a wild sheet of white foam, coming down southwest from a fountain at the Maronite convent Mâr Serkis, situated just at the base of the mountain, fifteen or twenty minutes on our left. I believe this convent to be the same which Pocaide mentions, in 1793, as dedicated to St. Sergius, belonging, as he supposed, to the Latin Carmelites. We now continued to ascend gradually along this high basin, having on our left the lofty spur running out from the great dorsal ridge of Lebanon; the spur being here a thousand feet high, or more, above the basin, with pyramidal cliffs along the top, and becoming higher and higher towards the East. On our right was a low ridge between us and the gulf of the Kadisha,

through the breaks in which we could see the lofty dorsal ridge beyond, with its snows.

Reaching the end of this basin, in little more than an hour, we crossed a low saddle, and continued to wind our way among rocky hills, and passed a fountain called Ain-el-Bakavah. At one point, we had a view down a deep cleft into the gulf of the Kadisha, a monstrous gorge, having five villages in sight on its southern brow, and Basherreh lower down on the side next us. We still kept along upon and among the hills. Before long we came upon a fine fountain at the base of a ledge of rocks; from one orifice issued a spout of water two or three feet high, and others just below were boiling up quite strongly. It is called Ain en-Nebât; its stream runs, or rather shoots, down to the Kadisha. We could now see the road from Baalbek coming down over the lofty and naked ridge of Lebanon, a little south of the cedars.

At last we fell into the great road from Basherreh, having, I suppose, followed a less usual path from Ehden, at least for a part of the way. We now kept along for a time upon the brink of the great chasm, and then more to the left. At 12 o'clock we reached the cedars, situated a quarter of a mile north of the road. Here we rested for three hours, beneath these shades of solemn grandeur, embosomed among the loftiest heights of Lebanon.

The cedars, which still bear their ancient name, stand mostly upon four small contiguous rocky knolls, within a compass of less than forty rods in diameter. They form a thick forest, without underbrush. The older trees have each several trunks, and thus spread themselves widely around; but most of them are cone-like in form, and do not throw out their boughs laterally to any great extent. Some few trees stand alone on the outskirts of the grove; and one especially, on the south, is large and very beautiful. With this exception, none of the trees came up to my ideal of the graceful beauty of the cedar of Lebanon, such as I had formerly seen it in the Jardin des Plantes. Some of the older trees are already much broken, and will soon be wholly destroyed. The fashion is now coming into vogue, to have articles made of this wood for sale to travelers; and it is also

burned as fuel by the few people who here pass the summer. These causes of destruction, though gradual in their operation, are nevertheless sure. Add to this the circumstance, that travelers, in former years (to say nothing of the present time), have been shameless enough to cause large spots to be hewn smooth on the trunks of some of the noblest trees, in order to inscribe their names. The two earliest which I saw were Frenchmen; one was dated in 1791. The wood of the cedar (*Pinus cedrus*) is white, with a pleasant, but not strong odor, and bears no comparison, in beauty or fragrance, with the common red cedar of America (*Juniperus Virginiana*).

I made no attempt to count the trees. Probably no two persons would fully agree with respect to the old ones, or in the number of the whole. Yet I should be disposed to concur in the language of Burckhardt, who says:—"Of the oldest and best looking trees I could count eleven or twelve; twenty-five very large ones; about fifty of middling size, and more than three hundred smaller and young ones." Seetzen, five years earlier gives the number of the large trees at fourteen. Also Dr. Wilson, in 1845, counts twelve of the ancient trees standing together. Yet there is no room to doubt but that, during the last three centuries, the number of earlier trees has diminished by nearly or quite one half; while the younger growth has in great part, if not wholly, sprung up during that interval. Busching enumerates by name no less than twenty-six travelers between A. D. 1550 and 1755, from P. Belon to Stephan Schulz, who had described and counted the trees; and since that time the number of like descriptions has probably been hardly less than twice as many. In the sixteenth century the number of old trees is variously given as from twenty-eight to twenty-three; in the seventeenth, from twenty-four to sixteen; in the eighteenth, from twenty to fifteen. Thus Belon about 1550 has twenty-eight; Fârer in 1556 about twenty-five; Rauwolf in 1575 has twenty-four, and two others, the boughs of which were broken off by age; Dandini in 1596 has twenty-three; in 1688 De la Roque has twenty; and in 1696 Maundrell has only sixteen. Korte in 1758 counted eighteen, very old and large; Pococke about 1739 found fifteen, and one re-



cently overturned by the wind; while Stephan Schulz saw twenty. After the lapse of another century, the number of the oldest trees, as we have seen, is now reduced to about a dozen. All this marks a gradual process of decay; and it also marks the difficulty of exact enumeration. This is rightly ascribed by Fürer, and also by Dandini, to the fact, that many of the trees have two or more stems; and were thus reckoned differently by different travelers, sometimes as one tree, sometimes as two or more. Dandini, an Italian traveler of the seventeenth century, says that while he counted twenty-three trees, another person of the company made out twenty-one. Hence it was a matter of popular belief that they could not be counted correctly. All the travelers of the sixteenth century speak only of the old trees; they nowhere mention any young ones. Rauwolf, himself a botanist, seems to say expressly, that he sought for younger trees, without being able to find any. If this be so, it would appear that with the exception of the few remaining ancient trees, probably none of those which now make up the grove can be regarded as reaching back in age more than three hundred years.

In the minds of the common people, an air of sanctity is thrown around the grove, the river, and the region. The ancient trees are sacred, as coming down from the times of Scripture and Solomon; and the river, which has its source near by, is also sacred, and is called el-Kadisha. In former centuries, the patriarch of the Maronites imposed various ecclesiastical penalties, and even excommunication, on any Christian who should cut or injure the sacred trees; and the story is recorded, that when some Muslims, who were pasturing in the vicinity, were so hardened and impious as to cut some of the trees, they were punished on the spot by the loss of their flocks. In former times, too, the Maronites were accustomed to celebrate in the sacred grove the festival of the Transfiguration, when the patriarch himself officiated, and said mass before a rude altar of stones. This ban and these ceremonies are to a certain extent continued at the present day; and the influence of them has unquestionably been great upon the popular mind. The rude altars of stone have in our

day been superseded by a Maronite chapel, built within the last ten years. Several persons were residing here during summer, in connection with the chapel; but we did not learn what services were held in it. A part of the object of these persons seemed to be to wait on travelers, or to supply their wants, and thus gain a claim for *bakhshish*. A monk brought us wine for sale, and seemed disappointed when we declined the traffic.

The cedars are not less remarkable for their position than for their age and size. The amphitheatre in which they are situated, is of itself a great temple of nature, the most vast and magnificent of all the recesses of Lebanon. The lofty dorsal ridge of the mountain, as it approaches from the south, trends slightly to the east for a time, and then, after resuming its former direction, throws off a spur of equal altitude towards the west, which sinks down gradually into the ridge terminating at Ehden. This ridge sweeps round so as to become nearly parallel with the main ridge; thus forming an immense recess or amphitheatre, approaching to the horse-shoe form, surrounded by the loftiest ridges of Lebanon, which rise still several thousand feet above it, and are partly covered with snow. In the midst of this amphitheatre stand the cedars, utterly alone, with not a tree besides, nor hardly a green thing in sight. The amphitheatre fronts towards the west; and, as seen from the cedars, the snows extend round from south to north. The extremities of the arc in front bear from the cedars southwest and northwest. High up in the recess the deep precipitous chasm of the Kadisha has its beginning, the wildest and grandest of all the gorges of Lebanon. The elevation of the cedars above the sea is given by Russegger and Schubert at 6,000 Paris feet; equivalent to 6,400 English feet. The peaks of Lebanon above rise nearly 3,000 feet higher.

Besides the natural grace and beauty of the cedar of Lebanon, which still appear in the trees of middle age, though not in the more ancient patriarchs, there is associated with this grove a feeling of veneration, as the representative of those forests of Lebanon so celebrated in the Hebrew Scriptures. To the sacred writers the cedar was the noblest of trees, the

monarch of the vegetable kingdom. Solomon "spake of trees, from the cedar that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that groweth out of the wall." To the prophets it was the favorite emblem for greatness, splendor and majesty; hence kings and nobles, the pillars of society, are everywhere cedars of Lebanon. Especially is this the case in the splendid description, by Ezekiel, of the Assyrian power and glory. Hence, too, in connection with its durability and fragrance, it was regarded as the most precious of all wood, and was employed in costly buildings, for ornament and luxury. In Solomon's temple the beams of the roof, as also the boards and the ornamental work, were of the cedar of Lebanon; and it was likewise used in the later temple of Zerubbabel. David's palace was built with cedar; and so lavishly was this costly wood employed in one of Solomon's palaces, that it is called "the house of the forest of Lebanon." As a matter of luxury, also, the cedar was sometimes used for idols, and for the masts of ships. In like manner, the cedar was highly prized among heathen nations. It was employed in the construction of their temples, as at Tyre and Ephesus, and also in their palaces, as at Persepolis. In the two latter instances, however, Ephesus and Persepolis, it does not follow that the cedar came from Lebanon; though that of Syria was among the most celebrated. It is also very possible that the name, cedar, was sometimes loosely applied to trees of another species.

The frequent mention in Scripture of the cedar of Lebanon, and the uses to which it was applied, make it apparent that in ancient times large tracts of the mountain were covered with forests of this tree. Diodorus Siculus also relates, that Lebanon was full of cedars, and firs, and cypresses of wonderful size and beauty. But the destruction of them for architectural uses, was far more rapid than their growth, so that when Justinian, in the sixth century, erected the Church of the Virgin (now St. Aksa) at Jerusalem, there was great difficulty in obtaining timber for the roof; though, after much search, a spot was found full of cedar trees of great height. The destruction still went on, and it would appear as late as the middle ages, private houses in Sidon, and

probably also in Tyre and other Phœnician cities, were ceiled and ornamented with the cedar of Lebanon.

All these circumstances sufficiently account for the fact, that in our day the "goodly mountain" appears almost denuded of those graceful forests which, of old, were its chief glory. The impression, however, has far outstripped the reality, and the present grove has come to be regarded as the only representative of the ancient cedars. This impression has doubtless arisen from the circumstance, that this grove only is adjacent to any of the great roads by which travelers have crossed over Lebanon. Other cedar groves there may be in the northern and more inaccessible parts of the mountain which have remained unvisited, and therefore unknown. Such, indeed, is truly the case, according to the testimony of Ehrenberg and others. This eminent naturalist spent a considerable time on Lebanon, and found, as he informed me, the cedar growing abundantly on those parts of the mountain lying north of the road between Baalbek and Tripoly. The trees are of all sizes, old and young, but none so ancient and venerable as those usually visited. Seetzen, likewise, in 1805, speaks of having discovered two other groves of greater extent, without specifying their location. It appears, however, that one of these was near el-Hadith, southwest of Ehden, and the other in the district of ed-Dunniyeh, south of Akkâr; but neither of them was personally visited by Seetzen. He afterwards, however, was at Etnûb, north of Ehden, where the region is wooded, and there he found cedars to the number of several thousands. The *Sherbin* of the Arabs, which O. Celsius and Freytag hold to be the cedar, is, according to Seetzen, the cypress, many of which, he says, grow on the mountain, east of Ehden. So, too, the Arabic and Syriac versions often put *Sherbin* for *Sept. cypress*. In respect to the grove near el-Hadith, which the natives and others speak of as *Arz* (cedar), I was informed by Dr. Paulding, of Damascus, that although the trees bear a general resemblance to the cedar, yet their leaves are altogether different, and mark them as a different kind of tree. This, however, does not conflict with the testimony of Ehrenberg, since el-Hadith is south of the chasm of the Kadisha.

## THE BATTLE OF THE BEES.

## I.

"REVELERS we,"

Said the drunken Bee,  
As he crept from a cell in the flowery sea;  
From a flower's cell,  
While a fairy's bell,  
With a ceaseless swell,  
Rang a soft, low knell,  
To the song of the bees' wild revelry.

"O! happy, happy, happy we,  
This wine hath set us winter-free!  
While the pensive evening wept,  
Shyly, slyly, here we crept,  
While the elfin-warder slept  
In his swinging shrine;

And we bound him, wreathing 'round him

Tendrils of the clinging vine,  
Till we broke the chalice scopen  
By a fairy's fingers, open,  
And the dahlia gave us wine,  
Rosy, golden, sparkling wine!  
Hark! how sweet the night-bells ring,  
Soft the elfin choirs sing  
In the pale moon shimmering.  
Break the cup again!

Drain the bowl!

From the soul

Chase all weight of pain—

In the golden wine!

Here to dream the dreamy day

From our laden wings away,

Lost in song divine;

All the air is keeping time

To a world of pleasant rhyme;

All the air is ringing out,

To our merry, merry shout,

And a song sublime.

Happy day, happy night—

Days and nights of soft delight,

May ours be long and bright,

While we drain the wine!

Ever and anon,

As the bees' wild song

Breaks faintly and long,

The hollows among,

The fairies run,

With a shudder and shun,

To the grace of the face

Of the reigning one.

O, Queen! Queen! Queen!

In thy glorious sheen,

Purple, violet, golden green,

We ring thee, we sing thee,

Lost in the gaze of thy countenance serene;

Lift thine amber eyes,

Filled with the love we prize,

And see where the honey-god hath been!"

Thus sang the Bee,  
 To his revellers three—  
 (O, what a goodly companie!)  
 "Come! come! come!  
 Listen unto me:  
 O, in my soul I feel the power,  
 And am so mighty grown,  
 I almost wish to lift the queen  
 From off her waxen throne.  
 Pluck from the clown the kingly crown,  
 Place it on this brow of mine—  
 Then the rosy, sparkling wine  
 Shalt be thine, and thine, and thine,  
 And in the field-cups ever shine!"

All this time a fairy bell  
 With a ceaseless warning fell,  
 With a silvery clamor rung;  
 A cricket raised his head, and he  
 Thought it distant melody:  
 But it struck a terror-blow  
 To the soul of this mad Bee—  
 For the very thought he sung  
 Died in passion's overflow,  
 While a sweet tongue whispered low—  
 "Woe! Woe! Woe!  
 Woe to the bee that saps the bud,  
 That breaks the tender chalice trim,  
 And gaily on its flushing rim  
 Hangs in wine-won ecstasy—  
 Woe to the spoiler, woe!"

## II.

In quiet nooks, where the lily holds  
 The weeping night in waxen folds,  
 And tremblingly the zephyr goes,  
 Gossamer-winged, to kiss the rose—  
 Where meek anemones stare,  
 And hoods the hermit-flowers wear  
 Over their tender eyes with care,  
 Ten thousand, thousand silky wings  
 Expand and fold, as a traitor sings;  
 Out of his yellow-tented lair.  
 Big with rebellion grew the air,  
 For this wine-bibbing Bee had brought  
 From ferns, and dikes, and fields well-fought,  
 All bees of high and low degree,  
 Together for his great design.  
 Not bees that Hybla flocked, but they  
 That in the flowery lowlands pine,  
 Battling the sun-browned laborer;  
 That haunt the night, and flee the day,  
 That rob the weak, revile the strong,  
 And wage fierce wars in motley throng;  
 Brawlers that make the flowers blush  
 With rude song, or on th' nodding rush  
 Sit all alone, whipping the sun  
 With eager wing; masons that glue  
 Their hovels frail upon the new

Young chrysalis, or they that run;  
 The intricate thread, finely spun,  
 Thro' all their nicely-laid domain,  
 Setting the slope toward the rain:  
 Such now this vain, acclaimed king  
 Surround. In secret did he sing  
 To these the glory he would bring,  
 When scattered was the colony.  
 In secret? nay, upon the height,  
 Firm-set within its hoary bed,  
 Holding its face before the light,  
 A flower hung its list'ning head,  
 And in the matins of the morn,  
 To some lone fairy wandering lorn,  
 Told of the havoc yet to be,  
 Throughout the peaceful colony.

Lo! on a couch of purest white,  
 With leaves of roses blue and red,  
 And intermingled lotus-buds—  
 The Fairy Queen, in yellow light  
 That streamed around in molten floods,  
 Reclines at ease her splendid head.  
 How sweet the tangled tresses fell  
 Over her bosom, as she lay,  
 Dreaming the long, luxurious day.

A tree with blossoms white and sweet,  
 Stood at her head, and to her feet  
 Its slender, twining branches drew—  
 A nettle-poinard from them hung;  
 A tiny, silvery cascade fell,  
 Forever fell, forever sung  
 Among the leaves—a crimson shell  
 Received its music, letting through  
 The sparkling crystal in a dew;  
 Light-footed fairies feared to stir,  
 Lest, moving noiseless, as they were,  
 Her tender sense should catch the sound  
 Of footsteps going to and fro,

And rouse her from her sleep—  
 A sense in silence seemed to beat,  
 And palpitate to tuneful feet

Forever passing in the hall.  
 She stirs! O glorious Queen, of all  
 Imagined fair ones, fairest thou!  
 Move not uncertain eyelids now,  
 To strike a death divine on these;  
 Nay, lie in all thy bliss of ease,  
 And leave them light, and life, and peace.

She wakes! she wakes!

A music breaks  
 Harmonious from a thousand shells,  
 Bright pages strike accordant bells:

The air is but a song.

Vibrating low and long,  
 And she, the gem, the diadem  
 Of universal harmony;  
 O, eyes of Fairy, fair to see!  
 O, Fairy-voice, divine to hear!  
 She looks—a fairy from the tree



Calls a blossom rich and rare,  
 And stabs it with a poinard there.  
 Then the flower seemed to thrill  
 With an inward sense and will,  
 And its cup began to fill  
     With a liquid bright and warm;  
 Then rosily and sweet,  
 Her lips the chalice greet,  
 And a spirit soft and fleet  
     Sends its gladness thro' her form.  
 So she, resting, seemed to move  
     To the soul and to the eye,  
 In a beauty ever nigh,  
 Like the very love of Love.

But hark! what noise disturbs the sweet  
 Secluded silence of her seat?  
 "To arms! to arms!" with reedy quake,  
 The beetle blew it from the brake—  
 The thunder-drone, the bugle-fly  
 Caught up the magic of the cry:  
 "To arms! to arms! the war! the war!"  
 Is heard anear, and pealed afar—  
 Drowning the music soft and sweet,  
 That pulsed around her queenly seat;  
 Remotely mute the sounding shell,  
 And in the censer where it fell,  
 The silvery fall no sound gave out;  
 Sentinels are placed about,  
 With cressets, in the leafy hall—  
 Noise and terror, haste and shout  
 Abound, to make it tragical.  
 But with the waving of her hand,  
 She stills the noise, asserts command,  
 And forms her guardian fairy-band.

Now upon the evening air,  
 Flock the legions from their lair,  
 In the piny mountain-side,  
 From the brakes and brambles wide,  
 From the lowlands, dike and tide,  
 Rank on rank, confused, in haste,  
 Hie them from the haunted waste—  
 Legions wild, in martial flight,  
 Turning dusk to heavy night.  
 On they wing, with warring wail,  
 Some in gleaming coats of mail,  
 Some in tricky colors dight,  
 With their slender weapons bright;  
 Some in blue and green allied,  
 Thread of gold, or damask-dyed—  
 Colors, forms, and host immense,  
 Flocked in eager violence,  
     Through the stillly eve.  
 Nature felt the ill event,  
 As they passed, the aspen spent  
 Lost its ancient quivering,  
     In a short reprieve.  
 Hushed the cricket's shrilly ring,  
 Wond'ring every busy wing;

And the whippoorwill aggrieve,  
 In his lonely meadow-nest,  
 Ceased his plaintive cry—  
 It was the waking of a pest,  
 A winged evil from its rest  
     Was moving in the sky,  
     With rail and wail  
     Of dread assail,  
 When armies bleed and die.

The lineal king,  
 His crest by a royal valor tossed,  
 His greatness glimmering  
 Like a shield before him, arose and crost  
 Unto the gathering traitor-host:  
 Then havoc fell as from a storming-cloud—  
 "On, to the banded traitors, there!"  
 And wide the wailing of the onset loud,  
 Rang through the shuddering air.  
 Over the fallows lying dun,  
 Under the eye of the fainting sun,  
     Rushes the wrath of war—  
     On, on, on, the ceaseless pour  
     Of an evil through the sky.  
 But lo, on a luminous butterfly  
 With sun-tipt wings, the Fairy Queen  
 Comes in haste to the horrid scene.  
 Then looked command from all her face,  
 Then shone such glory and such grace,  
 Obeying armies sank from war  
     In wondering reverence  
 At all her sweet magnificence.  
 So ceased the wail, the dread, the roar;  
 And the king again in his waxen hall—  
     On his waxen throne,  
     Alone his own,  
 Sits, smiling a peaceful smile on all.

The drunkard Bee,  
 And his revelers three,  
 In obeisance wait  
     At the outer gate  
 Of the Fairy's seat of state,  
 Sighing and mourning their fearful fate:  
 For a bane is set in the dahlia's cup,  
 That holds the wine in a horror up  
 To the Bee, and his revelers three,  
 (And O, what a dismal companie!)  
     Now the fairies run  
     With no shudder or shun,  
     To the grace of the face  
     Of the reigning one,  
 But all is mellow harmony;  
 While the silvery fall through the censer drips,  
 And patters its musical seam—  
 Wherever a beautiful wonder slips  
 Thro' the pale moonsheen that the cascade whips,  
 And the Queen is moving her happy lips  
     To the thought of her golden dream.

## THE VALLEY OF THE MOHAWK.

WITH the exception of the Genesee region, justly called by Clinton the finest wheat country in the world, the valley of the Mohawk is the most fertile part of the state of New York. Even when covered with forest, the sagacious eye of Washington detected its rare promise; and on his way to Fort Stanwix, with Lafayette, he noted many sections for purchase, the title deeds of which still bear his illustrious name. In June, the slopes along the river present acres of the darkest loam, dotted with luxuriant spears of maize, or thick with tender grain; fields of yellow daisies twinkle like innumerable flakes of gold in the sun; lofty and graceful elms rise, at intervals, from meadows of emerald; broad undulations, with here and there a clump of trees, give an English air to the landscape; orchards vary the succession of pasture lots; the Mohawk, for the most part, glides as peacefully and through as cultivated a land as the Dee or the Isis; but it is sometimes more picturesque, from a rocky bluff, a wooded bank, or the rush and whiteness of rapids which, in any region less famous for beautiful waterfalls, would be thought worthy the name of cataracts to be designated in the traveler's guide book.

One of these interruptions, to the otherwise placid current and uniform direction of the beautiful stream, which, all at once, transforms the view from a Cayo to a Salvator picture, occurs at Little Falls—where the rail-track has been cut through an immense boulder of solid rock—memorable as having given birth to the first instance of canal navigation in the state, afterwards under the auspicious rule of Clinton, the source of her extraordinary growth and prosperity. To correct the impeded flow of the Mohawk at this point, a channel was excavated around the falls, which, in its miniature efficiency, seems to foretell the great Erie canal adjacent. As the traveler scans this artificial water-course, the offspring of such patient zeal, whose history is associated with long and bitter political strife and its completion with a national festival, his imagination expatiates in the vast subsequent triumph of the genius of communication thus initiated;

he remembers within how brief a period, canals which bind lake and river from one end of the continent to the other, interminable lines of railroads and endless threads of telegraph-wires, like so many arteries, veins and nerves, have joined the Atlantic and Pacific shores, and the Hudson and Mississippi, with the immense territory between, into one vital national body. Watching, from the whirling cars, the slow barge as it glides through fields of clover, grain, and fruit trees, by thriving villages, and under umbrageous hills, he contrasts the scene with more early days of pioneer and border transit, when the capricious road, the weary oar, the solitary horse or the lumbering stage were the only means of progress through a salubrious and productive, but lonely, country, now laid open to the hourly reception of news from the seaboard, produce of the far interior, and travelers from ocean mart and inland prairie. The Mohawk flats are inundated every year, and the substantial dwellings of the farmers evidence large and certain crops; the groups of wooden buildings, with school and courthouse, church, tavern, hay-scales, and "variety-store," the mills and factories, the piles of lumber, herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep, give the animation of human enterprise and cheerful industry to the broad valley. Gently rising hills inclose the river, and, as far as the eye can reach, spreads her green and undulating panorama, amid which rural comfort seems to nestle and fertile beauty to repose. Nor is the scene merely typical of natural resources; with all its freshness there are names and places that awaken local and personal reminiscences not without significance. A few miles back from the river, at one point, stands the old stone mansion, so long garrisoned by Sir William Johnson and his Indian braves, whose daring exploits and savage grace were the theme of border story, and caused West to compare the Apollo Belvidere to one of their warriors, and the writers in the Spectator to designate the elegant rowdies of London by the name of their tribe; hence I allied the border chieftain with his wild followers to engage in the defense of a solitary fort or dismay the regular troops of Europe

by an ambush; here was the scene of Brant's career, the formidable ally in the French, and the dreaded foe in the revolutionary war. Not far inland, at another point, is the town of Steuben and the grave of the gallant Baron, whose military tactics, acquired under the great Frederic, were of such essential service in the discipline of the raw continentals. To that spot, then a wilderness, he proudly retired, after the war, and lived contentedly in a log-hut, desiring no visitors but the German peasants he had caused to emigrate, who tilled the soil, and such of his old brother officers as accident or inclination brought to the secluded farm. There he passed the last years of his life and was buried in a spot previously selected by himself. A curious accident has transmitted the name of the brave and childless soldier. When the roll of his regiment was called, on one occasion, he heard the name of Benedict Arnold responded to. "Forward two paces," exclaimed the indignant Baron; "where did you get that name?" "Honestly, sir; I was born in Connecticut, and it's no fault of mine." "It will be," replied Steuben, "if you bear it longer; henceforth take mine and answer to Steuben." The man obeyed, and a numerous posterity, as well as the town where many of them reside, have made the honorable appellation a household word in the region where the punctilious veteran breathed his last.

A young squaw—one of the miserable remnants of a once large and powerful tribe, who figure so prominently in the annals of the old French war, the massacre at Schenectady, and the writings of ethnologists—entered the cars about ten miles from what is called the Oneida reservation: for, even in this populous region, a few acres of their once boundless domain are preserved for the *débris* of the race to dwindle away before the rapid encroachments of civilization. This Indian girl was a fine specimen of her deteriorated tribe; her coarse but abundant black hair, high cheek bones, heavily moulded jaw, and her forehead bore the aboriginal stamp; a most lustrous eye of the deepest jet alone gave animation to her massive features; a gravity all but morose brooded over her countenance, and a latent subtlety and animal fire seemed to gleam under

her dark skin and in her furtive but sharp glances. She wore an immense black beaver hat, and several ells of fine blue cloth served as a mantle. She offered her embroidered moccasins and purses for sale with a mute and proud air, and then passed to the platform and left this flying installment of pale faces at the first station. The incident excites a curious sensation in the traveler unfamiliar with such a casual bringing together of the two extremes of life and history—the child of the wilderness and the triumph of modern science, the descendant of a vanquished and fading people and one of those daily caravans that sweep over the site of the primeval forest, a century ago marked by the savage trail, and silent, but for the hunter's rifle and the panther's scream.

Not less bewildering is the contrast between names and places in this region. To-day I have passed through Verona and Rome; and the scene conjured to the mind's eye by the conductor's vociferous announcement formed a singular accompaniment to the actual prospect. Instead of the ancient and vast amphitheatre where I lingered years ago in the feeble twilight of an Italian spring day, a canal barge freighted with lumber scented the air with that odor of fresh cut pine and hemlock which conveys so vividly the idea of the new and the temporary; destined probably to be transformed, by a few days' labor, into a frame dwelling, compared with which the venerable and stately palaces of Palladio seem to belong to another globe as well as a distant age; and instead of Juliet's mossy sarcophagus, the newly-chiseled headstones in a grave-yard, whose dates scarcely reach back further than an ordinary life-time! A flock of dirty geese cackled on the green at Rome, as if to remind us that their fellows saved the ancient capitol; but the mean range of wooden buildings and the dingy tavern dispelled such retrospective illusions. The only noble object in view was a magnificent elm, and the distant woods looked fresh and beautiful. Nature thus links herself with reminiscences in this new land more genially than its human symbols; she is always venerable and coincides with the imagination in all its vagaries. A motley group of German emigrants waiting for the train hinted the great phenomenon of the

country and the times: the refuge this continent affords the famished peasants of Europe—the law of emigration and blending of races on a fresh and limitless arena, where space and laws permit the most free of social, economical and political experiments. This adoption of classical appellations for American towns, however, is a serious absurdity: it wounds the sense of the appropriate, and introduces a pedantic conceit amid her freshest associations of nature and enterprise. Some of these names were adopted by pioneers, surveyors, and commissioners, and others, as in the case of Utica, decided by lot. The bad taste and incongruous ideas in which they originated is less excusable from the fact, that the Indian names of river, valley, lake and mountain in western New York were remarkable for their significance and beauty. How much more musical and appropriate would be the name of Mohawk and Ontario than Rome and Verona! In some instances the local names have been retained. Oneida and Seneca preserve the watch-words of the forest kings, and have an historical and traditional interest dear to poet and annalist; while Geneva has nothing but its lake to recall Switzerland, and Syracuse is a reproach to the memory of Archimedes—by her neglect of the latest and best scientific processes for the evaporation of her salt.\*

At Utica is located an asylum for the insane, of great celebrity; its extent and arrangements are impressive. Built of Trenton limestone, and the front adorned with massive pillars, there is but one feature in the external view of the grounds and edifice which diminishes the satisfaction of the spectator,

and that is so easily remedied that one is astonished at its existence. The gateway is awry, and many an inmate, with a large organ of order, must feel cerebral irritation, when, gazing from under the noble portico, his eye takes in this deformity. On the parlor wall is a remarkable specimen of card-work, a trophy of the patient ingenuity which so often coexists with mental aberration. In several of the wards, the absence of that mephitic exhalation which belongs to similar institutions elsewhere, was explained by a recent improvement in ventilation: an enormous fan, moved by steam, drives a current of fresh air constantly through passages in the walls; they likewise serve to convey the pipes for furnace-heat; and thus it is found easy, not only to regulate the temperature, but to increase, to any degree, the atmospheric supply—an obvious benefit, both on the score of health and cheerfulness, is the result. The garden, laundry, and chapel are equally indicative of superior comforts. This establishment is eminently curative in its aim and discipline, and it is highly creditable to the humanity of the state; yet the intensely painful associations which surround lunacy, under the most favorable circumstances, weighed upon mind and sense, as we threaded the corridors and looked into the rooms. Here stood a confirmed hypochondriac, the incarnation of woe; there chattered a wild-eyed and voluble maniac, whose animal spirits seemed excited by the effervescence of his brain; now came dancing in a newly-arrived lunatic, held by two keepers; now a German harangue, and again a medley in English, half political and half reli-

\* "Everywhere in the south of France the salt made by solar and natural evaporation is a great deal cheaper than when made in boilers by artificial heat, and this solar salt costs for the 100 kilogrammes of 232 pounds (4 bushels) 8 or 9 cents. The actual cost of salt to the manufacturer in the south of France, in the last twenty years, is, consequently, per each bushel, about 2 cents. This fact is of public notoriety; and by some new improvements in salt works, which I myself introduced in Italy in 1848, the bushel was produced for only 1½ cents, from the brine of the Adriatic Sea, which has about 2½ per cent. of salt.

"In Syracuse, the greatest market of American salt, the cost to the manufacturer per bushel is three times as much; it is 6 or 7 cents, in spite of the richness of the brine, which has 18 per cent. of salt. Why, then, so incredible a difference? Because, according to the report of Prof. Cook, of 1854 (page 14), in the present method of manufacture by solar evaporation in Syracuse, about three-fourths of the evaporating power is lost, whereas in France the whole power is controlled and so used as to proportionally reduce the cost of the manufacture, diminishing it from 6 or 7 cents to about 2 cents.

"The state of New York is especially rich in salt springs, having 12, 15 or 18 per cent. of salt; and still this state imports annually two or three millions of bushels of foreign salt for the interior consumption, when France and Italy, having only 3 or 4 per cent. of salt in their sea-water, are manufacturing with a brine so weak a quantity of salt sufficient not only for themselves, but for a large exportation."



gious, rose above the moan of imbecility, or the low garrulity of maudlin age. The delusions of some of the quiet inmates are of a singular caste. One placid woman is waiting for the escape of her soul from a deep well, and a crazy lawyer is trying to settle a dispute between Moses, the divine legislator, and Henry Clay. A remarkable experiment has been successfully tried here, in the publication of a journal made up of contributions by the patients. It is a sad, yet hopeful record of wayward fancies, crude speculation, and rhetorical extravagance; yet often exhibiting, however, unity of conception, good sense, and a consistent style, in which no trace of morbid feeling or irrational logic can be detected. The "Opal" is well-named: like that many-tinted stone, the work reflects, in varied hues, the light and shade of imaginative and thoughtful, but clouded intellects. One patient describes his own case with the precision of a scientific diagnosis; another ably criticises the President's message; a third draws up the programme of an imaginary entertainment; here is a chapter of romance, there, fragments of verse; now, a transcendental oracle that would not disgrace Emerson or Alcott; here one complains of sounds that disturb his sleep, and there, another writes a bombastic Fourth of July oration. As we read, a trembling consciousness is awakened of the undefinable limit between reason and madness, and a mournful conviction of the great comparative extent of mental disease in the United States, directly traceable to the fevered lives, the eager struggle for gain and office, the excitable habits and perpetual emulation of our people.

A gentleman here showed me the sculptured fragment of a temple brought from ancient Utica; endowed with memory and observation, what an Arabian tale such a relic might breathe from the old scene of Cato's suicide to its rural and busy namesake. This is, indeed, no "pent-up Utica;" for the town lies as open as the day in the lap of a charming valley, with stream, rails, and turnpike radiating from its unrivaled and straggling vicinage. The town was founded in 1808. Antecedent to canals, the internal communication was through a creek to Oneida lake, and Oswego river, and thence to lake Ontario. When DeWitt surveyed the region, and

laid out a carriage road from Albany to the Genesee country, it struck this spot, and formed the nucleus of a thriving settlement, on the site of Fort Schuyler, one of those frontier posts so often mentioned in the annals of the fur trade and the French and revolutionary wars. In 1845 the population was over twelve thousand; in 1850, more than seventeen thousand, and now it numbers twenty-five thousand. The main street intersects the other thoroughfares at obtuse angles, owing to the direction of the original road; down its long vista, at this season, the finest meadow slopes refresh the eye, with the broad sweep of the Dearing hills, dotted with wooded knolls. It was an offshoot of an earlier town, that of Whitestone, about four miles distant. An instance of the primary emigration from New England to these more fertile districts is visible, in another little rural town, about the same distance from Utica, called New Hartford, in memory of the Connecticut home of the new settlers, to which place it bears some resemblance, in the fine specimens of elm-trees which shade its neat dwellings. The delicate leaves of the maple flaunted their pale green leaves in the sunset, as we rode through the quiet hamlet; children were playing on the emerald sward; and the fragrance of locust blossoms filled the air. Utica is no less alive with prosperous elements than the environs with moral beauty. The new city hall, built of the clay-tinted Milwaukie brick, and without the ambitious and superficial ornaments so common in such edifices, is a rare example of good sense, in material, arrangement, and finish. A freestone Presbyterian church, also, has a spire, which is of celestial mould, pointing upward with the true language of meek and unearthly aspirations. A citizen of horticultural taste has reared one of the choicest graperies, on a limited scale, anywhere to be seen. He annually gleans thirty varieties, and has introduced a new seedling, which readily sells in England for a guinea the graft; its fruit is as large as a plum, rounded, and of rare flavor; it ripens in August in the open air. Every year this enterprising vine-grower holds a feast of grapes; they are disposed in festoons on the walls, heaped in glass bowls on the tables, and bunches are passed from hand to hand with the profusion of a Bordeaux or Tuscan vintage.

Another old inhabitant, of more studious tastes, has worked for years, in the manner of Roget and French, in England, to develop the latent significance and harmonize the rich elements of our vernacular tongue; essays on the philosophy of language have been given to the world from his domestic retirement—the rational fruits of elegant leisure thus occupied in the intervals of a banker's daily routine. One more example of wise culture and private usefulness may be cited, in the person of as genuine a lover of art as ever grew up in the shadow of the Vatican, or within hail of the Dresden gallery. He has cherished a native painter so heartily, that, after wandering for years through France and Italy, he returned to resume a secluded career near the hospitable mansion of his first patron. There, on the walls, are copies of Correggio, Raphael, Guido, family portraits and original sketches; while, in the broad porch in summer, and at the fireside in winter, the favorite theme is art and its triumphs. Her genuine and worthy followers always receive there a fraternal welcome; and more than one of the distrustful worshipers at her lovely shrine have carried thence the word of recognition, which has cheered

them on to future renown. It is thus, in a young and commercial land, that the apostles of art and the lovers of beauty, though widely separated and rarely encouraged, create around them a sphere that redeems material life, and touches the mind of the work-day world to finer issues. It is the season of flowers, and, from my window in the mansion of this village Medici, I look down upon a wide lawn, where flower-beds present a mosaic of nature's most vivid tints—the scarlet verbena burns against the cool emerald of the grass; yellow lilies gleam with dew; groups of peonies flaunt in the morning breeze, and rose-bushes exhale a delicious odor; while, skirting parterre and turf, are lofty hemlocks, bristling firs, and drooping elms—the whole vivid with umbrage and radiant with floral charms. At the end of the long adjacent avenue pants the locomotive; beside yonder lane cattle are browsing; along the garden path yellow-birds are pecking; the shrill note of the cat-bird resounds; the pendent nest of the oriole hangs unmolested on the shrub; syringas and lilacs embalm the air: all is quiet and shade, although a few moments' walk brings you into the midst of traffic.

#### SOME ACCOUNT OF A RECENT SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION.

THE Professor, and the Doctor, and Nimrod, and Jacques, and John, and Bruno, and I, went forth to geologize. We armed ourselves, individually, with tooth-brushes and clean-shirts, and, collectively, with a hammer, a pick-axe, and a covered two-horse wagon. Putting the former into the latter, we were ferried over the Elk-eye, and journeyed for a while down the banks of the beautiful river.

Turning then towards the hill-country, we forthwith began to crawl up and thunder down the sides of the steep and narrow ridges that rib the land. There had been rain for some days previous, and we had a wearisome time of it, toiling through the deep, fat soil of the rich valleys, which lay crowded in between the barren hills, as the sweet meat lies near the big bones of a roasted ox. Noon found us, consequently, only twenty miles from home,

at a place called Plymouth, doubtless because it was on the top of a high hill, a dozen miles from the mouth of any stream whatever, and where, in fact, nothing but the clouds could empty. It just occurs to me, however, when I bethink me of the good dinner they gave us, and of the way we ate it, that the first syllable of the name may be a verb in the imperative mood, governing the second, which we will presume to be a noun in the objective case; an hypothesis which at once vindicates the discrimination of the founders of the town, and relieves the narrator from the sad necessity of deforming his chronicle with ungracious censures. It is, furthermore, exceedingly grateful to the narrator's feelings to be able to record that, though his companions and himself were at that time in total ignorance as to the true etymology of the word Ply Mouth, (which he takes great plea-

sure in restoring to its primitive manner of writing,) they rendered obedience to the exhortation it conveyed in the most astonishing manner. Bidding adieu now to gastronomy and philology, be pleased, companionable reader, to go with us on our way towards Corinth, where we meant to pass the night. But it was not so to be. The roads grew heavier, and delays were numerous.

Once, as we were pitching and ploughing down a hill, a steep bank on our right, and a deep ravine on our left, the treacherous soil yielded beneath the left hand forward wheel, and had well nigh sent us to the bottom of the gully.

"Whoa!" roared the Professor.

"Get up!" responded the Doctor.

"My shins!" bewailed Nimrod, (who had set out for the bottom on his own hook).

"Oh, my!" murmured Jacques.

"Gerohittikins!" suggested John.

"Darn it!" blasphemed Bruno.

"Bless me!" remonstrated I.

Whereupon we proceeded safely down the hill. Thus, through much mud and manifold misfortunes, we struggled on towards Corinth. But, as has been already intimated, we did not get there.

Halting about dark in front of a two-story log-house, we learned that our classic stopping-place was still eight miles away, and the chance of our reaching it, with whole necks, extremely slender. In this view of the case, we promptly decided to pass the night in the two-story log-house. The physically active members of the expedition then unharnessed the horses, while the rest of us sought occasion to make ourselves generally agreeable indoors.

Our stopping-place appeared to be a sort of extemporaneous tavern, for, besides our party of seven, we found that our host proposed to entertain a medical man of the neighborhood, a fat and facetious gentleman named Hunter, and a Celtic gentleman of spiritualistic tendencies. There may have been likewise some ladies, but being at the time absorbed in science, we could not give particular attention to the sex.

After supper a controversy arose between the spiritualist and the younger members of our party, in reference chiefly to spirits and *strata*. Our antagonist assured us, on the authority of Dr. Hitchcock and sundry peripatetic

tables, that man dwelt on the earth some fourteen or fifteen thousand years ago. The authenticity of the disclosures attributed to the frolicsome furniture, we could not gainsay, but we did venture to question the correctness of his account of Dr. Hitchcock's views. A summons, however, to name the chapter and page where other opinions were expressed, and to give the language of the author, put us all to silence.

This gentleman further communicated some astonishing facts concerning a mighty battle that was fought in those parts thousands of years before Adam's time, and also concerning a plate of biscuit taken by the spirits without leave from a bakery in Corinth.

On hearing a recital of the latter evidence of the capabilities of the ghostly wonder-workers, we at once professed ourselves believers, being under the apprehension that they might, in pity for a continued want of faith, think proper graciously to possess themselves of our pocket-books, a special degree of favor to which we were not ambitious of being received. The biscuits were transported to the country residence of the spirits, and doubtless there satisfactorily disposed of, for it is beyond question that spirits with hands to pick and steal, and feet to run away, have likewise teeth to masticate and stomachs to digest. We gathered from the same source that fossil men and women were oftentimes picked up thereabouts, and it was straightway privately agreed, between Bruno and me, that, inasmuch as our route would take us near the line of the Sarah Jane and Epaminondas railroad, we should, while in the neighborhood, make fossil Irishmen our specialty, more particularly as Jacques had in like manner devoted himself to bituminous shale, and Nimrod to gray squirrels.

Our minds being set at rest on this subject, we went to bed, where, albeit somewhat promiscuously stowed together, on beds and on the floor, we slept in peace; our scientific reputation, it may be, and a dread lest we might be given to entomology as well as to geology, keeping all noxious intruders at a distance.

Before we were safely asleep, however, we came near being hopelessly involved in another controversy with the Doctor—not our Doctor, but the Corinth

county Galen, who, together with our funny friend Hunter, occupied a bed in the same room with us. From this controversy, indeed, nothing could have saved us but the Professor's pacific and acquiescent spirit. The Doctor took occasion to make some statements in regard to the influence of the moon on hemp, shingles, and vegetables generally, there being no reason, in his judgment, why, if the moon affects tides, she should not also affect turnips. The rash youth among us, yet warm with the conflict below stairs, and with our heads full of "middle terms," and "major premises," were about to make a vigorous assault on the logic of the man of pills, when to our horror the voice of our Mentor was heard, confirming every assertion concerning the lunar influences, and further maintaining, under cover of an appeal to the Doctor, that while a plaster spread toward the right could not fail to prove efficacious, the application of a plaster spread toward the left would be attended with disastrous, if not fatal, results. The Doctor was speechless, while the Professor and we went hastily to sleep.

But our antagonist, as we subsequently learned from Hunter, spent the night in much perplexity. In the morning, while the Professor and the Doctor, with the cooperation of the sober-minded and industrious John, the impetuous and mercurial Jacques, and the energetic and universally skillful Nimrod, were making ready our Bucephali, Bruno and I, being disposed to quiet observation and meditation, were silently inspecting a basket of minerals which stood upon the table. Among them was a small stone of peculiar shape, which we, with the rashness and self-confidence of youth, had unhesitatingly pronounced an encrinite, when our host, observing our error, obligingly informed us that it was a fossil hickory-nut. Thereupon Bruno and I, by way of atoning for our hasty judgment, resolved to make a specialty of them likewise, having in mind, it may be observed, to feed them to our fossil Irishmen.

The morning was bright and sunny, and we set forth in excellent humor, the hilarious Hunter being not far in advance of us. We thundered through Corinth, catching a glimpse through the trees of its ancient University, crossed the river that winds about it,

passed beneath the shade of the giant sycamores that stand upon the further side, and so journeyed on till dinner-time, with little mud and no mishaps, and this history, like other histories, must suffer in consequence. We dined on squirrel at a little brown house near the bank of a creek, and then pursued our journey in the same uninteresting security.

We spent the night at Blanktown (which everybody knows is not the name of the place in the least, and which everybody has, therefore, an opportunity of guessing at, if he chooses), where the astounding discovery was made, that Nimrod and Jacques had formed a coalition for the purpose of keeping a record of all that we did, and (for who could doubt it?) much, likewise, that we didn't. This must, of course, be stopped. But, as cutting the young men's throats, though doubtless effectual, was a measure which had its disadvantages, it was unanimously decided that nothing should befall a soul of us for the next day or two; and this barrenness of event, and the consequent taxing of their imagination, would, it was anticipated, be a sufficient discouragement. Alas! for human resolves! The first revolution of the off hind wheel of our covered two-horse wagon, the next morning, overwhelmed my clean shirt-bosom and me with dirt and disappointment, and gave our self-constituted journalists occasion for triumph, and a paragraph.

Leaving the horses soon after my disaster, we walked through the dewy grass, at all times a very unprofitable proceeding, to an unworked coal mine. We found only some forsaken tools, and learning that the miners had abandoned their work, in consequence of finding little coal and much sulphur, we became convinced that they had gone down considerably further than they intended, and took our departure, with all convenient haste. Turning our backs on Blanktown, we began to retrace our steps, with occasional episodic divergences, for the sake of science. Episode first was in the direction of the shire-town of the county through which we were passing—a town known in this chronicle as O'Moses (wherein everybody is afforded another pleasing field for conjecture). I must not omit to mention that the historians of the expedition deserted as we turned towards O'Moses, and hence any narrative they may see fit to put forth, of the events

which befell us from this moment to the time when they rejoined us in the afternoon, is to be regarded as a myth.

And whereas, it has been whispered among us that they design, in their account of the expedition, to set forth how, after we reached O'Moses, we dropped in at the court-house (which is likewise the meeting-house), and listened for an hour and three-quarters to Lawyer Blank's concluding remarks in behalf of his client's wife and eighteen helpless babes, supposing that we were hearing an appeal for the heathen; and how, under this impression, we each dropped a three cent piece in the ballot-box, which stood at the door, in readiness for the next election; and how, when we were wandering about, in search of specimens, the Professor suffered John to wear a frightful hole in each pocket of his pantaloons, with what he took to be a couple of petrified pancakes; and how the Doctor (who was the botanist of the expedition) induced Bruno and me to defile ourselves horribly with poke-berries, believing them to be a new species of wild currant; and how, when one of the wheels of the wagon came off, we tried to make the small end of a corn-cob serve for a lynch-pin—therefore, I feel it my painful duty to lay one or two facts before the public.

Jacques, dear, credulous public, is of such a temperament that, when Bruno, whose imagination is positively fearful, took occasion to descant on the marvelous beauty of the maidens of O'Moses, it immediately became apparent that Jacques meditated setting forth, without delay, on a pilgrimage thither, from which we could only restrain him by solemnly threatening to shut him up in the Doctor's tin box, along with the poke-berries. And O beloved and believing public, Nimrod, on that self-same afternoon, put in fearful jeopardy the usefulness if not the vitality of an old gray mare, by the discharge of a load of pigeon-shot at her, as she stood cooling herself in the Muskrat river—the reiterated assurances of Bruno, combined with his own knowledge of the Greek tongue (which he has often assured me is considerable), having wrought in him the conviction that she was a hippopotamus. I am persuaded that the salvation of the valuable animal, at last, is to be attributed solely to our friend's ambitious spirit, which is ever prompting him to enterprises of the most unprecedented

character. At the very moment of discharging his piece, Nimrod conceived the bold (may I not say the grand!), though not altogether practicable design, of bringing down, with the same shot, a gray squirrel in the top of a tree, standing some distance up the stream. Neither mare nor squirrel showed signs of discomposure; but it was far otherwise with a huge hornet's nest, which hung in the bushes, by the river's brink, inasmuch that Nimrod ran away. The falsity of the anticipated narration of Jacques and Nimrod being thus satisfactorily demonstrated, I proceed to other matters.

Towards evening we were all assembled at a farm-house, where dwelt the proprietor of eleven hundred acres. And the table which was spread for us was one which well became the lord of such a wide domain. On the ensuing day, while John, the sedate and science-loving, declared his intention to attend the Professor and the Doctor, whom our host was about to conduct to the chief points of interest, geologically speaking, in the neighborhood, the rest of us, being fond of seeing sights, drove over to a large furnace a few miles distant, in order to witness the process of "casting." On the way we turned aside to visit a cavity of some size, which was walled and roofed with iron, and on the floor of which reposed a mighty parallelopipedon of ore, nine feet in length, and with its other dimensions in proportion. Bruno, who is a profound German scholar, deeply versed in the legendary lore of that land of mysteries, and who delights to shake us in our pantaloons with awe by his sonorous recitation of "der Erköuig," Bruno, I repeat, assured us he had no doubt that the ferruginous parallelopipedon was the workmanship of the gnomes, who, he further assured us, unquestionably inhabited the recesses of the cavern, and who had placed it in the entrance with the malicious design of preventing our further progress, and who had, he presumed, for the more perfect accomplishment of their malignant purpose, and expecting us to stumble blindly over it, endowed it with the magical power of bruising our shins.

Pondering on these things, we quickly departed from the perilous vicinity of the evil-minded gnomes, and resumed our journey towards the furnace. In process of time we were warned of



our approach to it by the numerous smoking piles of wood covered with earth, which we began to observe on either hand, and which the imaginative Bruno, in great alarm, protested were the wigwams of the aborigines. Out of regard for his feelings, Nimrod whipped up the horses, and we soon came in sight of a number of rows of little houses, each exactly like its fellow, and among them, and above them, rose the furnace itself—the long-looked-for object of our wayfaring. It still lacked an hour or two of the time of casting, and we spent the interval in seeking amusement and instruction, as our various tastes prompted. Jacques circulated among the natives, being ever on the alert for characters and incidents with which to diversify his journal. Nimrod, in the mean time, was trying to make plain to Bruno and me the uses of the stack and the tuyere pipes, and a vast number of other things of which I remember nothing. Bruno and I, during the delivery of his discourse, being occupied in discussing the theory of Boscovich, and the chances of our getting back to dinner. At length, the ringing of a bell announced that the process we had come to witness was about to commence, and we all repaired to the long, low building at the foot of the stack, which was to be the scene of operations. After much preliminary scraping and removing of obstructions generally, the liquid iron came forth, red and glowing as if it were the lava stream from some miniature volcano. Downward flowed the molten metal, seeming eager to escape from the scene of its fiery tribulation, but over it still hovered and fluttered small tongues of flame, and they seemed to us a convoy of sprites, sent forth by the great central fire-demon to remind it of its fierce trial, and lead it on to its destiny. And now the glowing current began to turn aside into the long and narrow moulds which waited like yawning graves to receive it. When the bright glow quickly faded from each off-shoot, a crust began to gather upon it, and in its grave the tongues of flame forsook it—their departure now seeming to us the going out of its fiery life.

And now the tenants of these narrow sepulchres were pigs; away flew romance, and we hastened after her with what speed we might. The heat of the afternoon we spent in lounging about

the farm-house, dreaming under the trees, and napping in the wagon, demeaning ourselves the while, be it known, as became the votaries of science, so that our good hostess declared that "for boys we did behave first-rate." Kind Mrs. —! her hospitality and care for us deserve a higher tribute than I can pay. In truth, the whole style of our entertainment here was a beautiful illustration of the primitive simplicity combined with the primitive abundance, and we could almost fancy that the onward tide of years had been stayed in its course by the iron hills that hemmed the region in, and that there lingered here, like the still waters of some sheltered inlet, not yet disturbed by the tossings and foamings of the troubled waves without, a little remnant of the olden time, such as are many amid the deep valleys of New England, where the manners and the practices of the early days have never been swept away by the tide of progress, and where ancient forms of thought are resting on the quiet waters, borne onward by no current, and though it may be sometimes gently yielding, yet surely recovering their place, like nothing save the slumberous rise and fall of the broad-leaved lilies. Such waters may not set in motion machinery for man, but they mirror the heavens.

But science had work for us, yet, among the carboniferous hills of Corinth county, and Sunday would soon summon us back across the Elk-eye, so we bade adieu to this land of milk and honey, and sadly consigned ourselves to the bread and butter, and the now doubly unattractive beds, of a village tavern, a few miles nearer home. In the course of our ride the next morning, we halted a moment in front of the house where we had waged our fierce warfare with the spiritualist, and where Bruno had thought proper to leave his bundle, when lo! forth came our late antagonist to welcome us, his face beaming with charity and good cheer. I should have mentioned that at the time of our controversy, he was pleased to give me credit for being a young man of more candor than those with whom I was unfortunately associated; and now I could do no less than assure him that I still believed in fossil Irishmen, though I had sought for them in vain along the railroad; and that my faith was firm in the social qualities of mahogany, though

I never could get even a three-legged stool into a friendly chat.

Bruno had by this time possessed himself of his bundle, and we drove on before any further catechising on the part of the enthusiastic spiritualist had shaken his confidence in his new disciple. We dined at another country tavern, to the mutual dissatisfaction of ourselves and host; we were disgusted with the dinner, and he was, in consequence, disgusted with us. An exception, however, must be made in favor of the Professor (who, by the way, as the leader of the expedition, and an experienced whip, generally handled the ribbons). He is, as has been before remarked and illustrated, of a conciliatory disposition, and he sought to do away with all unpleasant impressions. In this he succeeded so far as he was concerned; but we, alas! became only blacker by the contrast.

The landlord, after our departure, gave utterance to his judgment of us, by remarking that "them College chaps thought they was mighty cute, but that air chap that druv for 'em knowed more'n the hull on 'em put together."

We now turned aside for a while from the direct course homeward, in order to visit a rich vein of coal which lay somewhat to the right of us. On our way thither all our hearts were made glad by our falling in with a clear little brook. "Run" the natives called it, but it was a brook nevertheless, and no relation to the runs at all, those absurd little rain-water caricatures of flowing streams that go pattering along from one mud-puddle to another, over the bottom of deep clay-walled gullies. No! such as these could claim no kindred with the little brook; for, without a shadow of doubt, it was of New England birth—a little emigrant brook, which had, perchance in some wild fit of glee, chased the sun across the Alleghanies, in the likeness of a flying cloud, and at last, grown heavy with the way, had dropped down here among the coal-beds, but without forgetting its old way of life in the least. Nay, so home-like was the sound of its laugh, as Nimrod dashed through it, that I could not doubt that it has first cousins, at least, at this moment bounding down the hills of Litchfield county. And I shall look well about me, when next I find myself among those hills, for the forsaken, pebble-floored channel, over which it

once went singing down to the gentle Housatonic.

At all events, here it was now, very much at home among the "huckleberry knobs." And it had evidently been running away as hard as ever it could; for it had cleared off the superincumbent earth for a long distance, considering what a little brook it was, and now it was dancing about in triumph over the shining coal, in anticipation, perhaps, of the time when some of its Yankee friends should come along and complete its work.

I can scarcely say that we all shared in the triumph of our return; for while the Doctor sat, like an Eastern king, beneath a canopy of green, and scarlet, and gold, in which all the trees of the forest, and all the fruits of the field, were waving, and the bottom of the wagon was paved with the ammonites, and the trilobites, and the coal-ferns, and the buhr-stone, which the Professor and his faithful disciple John had gathered—while Nimrod could scarce be restrained from making his *entrée* in a garment of squirrel-skins, and Jacques was loudly proclaiming his intention of having his bust carved from his lump of bituminous shale—while all this, and more, was going on, Bruno and I sat speechless; for we thought of the fossil Irishman, with his pockets full of fossil hickory-nuts, who was to have been seated between us, as we drove proudly through the town, and whom we designed to recommend to the Trustees as a proper person to take charge of the stuffed alligator who now lords it over the floor of the College Cabinet. Nevertheless, we rejoice with our comrades when the city of Mounds, the Mistress of the Meeting Waters, bursts upon our view; for we are all weary of wandering, and the scene which greets us has not been robbed by man of all the beauty which it wore in those early days of which a young minstrel of the West has sung. For us, too, has

"—rural spring, with busy hand and coy,  
Tricked out the Elk-eye's glade.

And now before us,

"—soft o'er fertile hills and witching vales  
The silent sunshine smiles;  
Green from the rippling rivers lift their trails,  
The vine-hung forest isles.

And so we are glad, the Professor, and the Doctor, and Nimrod, and Jacques, and John, and Bruno, and I, that we have finished our geologizing.

## GROTE'S HISTORY OF GREECE.\*

THE completion of so grand and elaborate a performance as this, is a splendid witness of the intellectual force of the age in which it is produced, and deserves some sort of recognition throughout the literary world. The author of it, like a victorious general returning from the field of honorable conquest, ought to be crowned with the laurel-wreath, and honored with a triumphal procession. He is a victor in one of the noblest spheres of human creation. He has enriched the republic of letters with trophies, won, by laborious efforts, from the remote empire of learning, and, reserving nothing to himself, except the pleasing consciousness of his achievements, he casts the rich rewards of his toils at our feet—a free gift to all who may have the leisure and the taste to profit by their value.

More than any others, are we, Americans, indebted to Mr. Grote, for his long and painful researches. We are indebted to him, in common with the rest of the world, as scholars, for a contribution to historical literature, second only, in the present generation, to that of Niebuhr; and we are particularly indebted to him, as democrats, for a beautiful and masterly vindication of liberal principles of government from the almost unanimous perversions of previous inquirers. A year or two before the appearance of Mr. Grote's first volume, the astute and solemn Sir Archibald Alison, who aspires himself to be a historian, though, we believe, without much success, in a review of Bulwer's *Athens*, for Blackwood, remarked that "the proofs afforded by history, in all ages, of the universal and irremediable evils of democratic ascendancy were so numerous, that there was hardly a historical writer of any note, in any country, or period of the world, who had not condemned it, as the most dangerous form of government, and the most fatal enemy of that freedom which it professes to support."† This was quite untrue, at the time, but has now been rendered signally untrue by the honest fidelity of Mr. Grote to

the facts of history, in preference to a display of petty and partisan prejudices. Having ascertained, by a positive system of evidence, what the democracy of Greece really was, and what influences it exercised on society, he has described them, instead of amusing us with fanciful pictures, derived from general reasonings or conjectures. Had other historians been as severe in the pursuit of truth as Mr. Grote, they would have arrived at the same just and generous conclusions.

The amount of patient labor, of minute and searching inquiry, of careful comparison of authorities, and of rapid decision in the midst of a thousand embarrassing considerations, implied in an undertaking of this kind, nobody can conceive, who has not himself tried his hand at some kind of historical composition. It is easy for any one, provided with the usual mental faculties, to construct a catalogue of kings and rulers, filling in the intervals with a narrative of events, in which there shall be no thread of succession, but only an arbitrary or external conjunction of meaningless incidents, and to call the result a history; but the demands of modern curiosity, the canons of historical science—as they are now conceived—will not be satisfied with such a jumble and patchwork. It has come to be considered that history is a far more vital thing than his—that it is more, even, than a record or chronicle—and that it requires, as its elementary condition, besides an exact and extensive research of facts, and the utmost fidelity to the primitive sources of knowledge, a ready sympathy with the spirit of times and epochs; a facility of lively and picturesque recitation; the solidest judgment of men and things; illimitable reading, and a profound philosophy of the interdependence of all social and moral movements. The true historian, in constructing his edifice, has not only to gather his materials, contrive his plan, and rear his frame-work, but he has to furnish it in nice and varied taste, and people it with a multitude of inhab-

\* *History of Greece*. By GEORGE GROTE. 12 vols. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1856.

† Blackwood, July, 1837. We have endeavored to render Sir Archibald's sentence grammatical, without changing the words, with doubtful success.

itants. The combined functions of the scholar, the statesman, the dramatist, and the philosopher, are his. He must spend his youthful years in a wearisome preparatory hunt through pedantic and black-lettered tomes; creeping into the darkest corners of libraries; brushing away the dust of time; sifting out rubbish, and balancing evidence more obscure than the responses of pagan oracles. He must be able to pierce into the motives of men, and the causes which compel and connect the movements of masses—which strengthen or sap the foundation of states—estimating battles not by the number of the killed and wounded, but by the principles they establish; and events, not by the popular impression or eclat they produce, but by their secret bearing on great humanitarian ends. He must develop incidents and paint characters with the finest artistic sense of proportion and effect; and, in the midst of the whirl and excitement of his narrative, never forget that he writes for the instruction of nations, which are to be taught those important lessons of wisdom and virtue, which, nowhere set forth directly, are slowly evolved by Providence out of the stupendous drama of the world.

In the execution of his task, according to these high requisites, the historian of ancient times encounters a double difficulty, first, in the paucity of his materials; and, secondly, in the numerous and distracting controversies to which that very deficiency has given rise. His embarrassment is precisely the contrary of that of the modern historian, who deals with states in their most complicated relations, which force him into the most diversified studies, and render it almost impossible for him to impart the interest of unity to more than an inconsiderable fraction of his subject. If we except a few books of annals, a few orators, and a few poets, we are almost without guides in those vast regions of time which preceded the birth of our Saviour. The inquirer explores his dim and perilous way, across an unknown sea, by the solitary light of the stars. He has charts, but they are charts which have been mutilated and defaced; and he may occasionally pick up a pilot, but that pilot, if not as ignorant as himself, excites perpetual suspicions of his worthiness of trust. A heap of stones upon this shore, or a mouldering temple upon

that, provides him now and then with his bearings; but, out of sight of these, he sails by dead reckoning altogether—avoiding rocks by chance, and making port by happy guess, rather than discovery. Even where the case is not quite so hopeless as this, in regard to those important tracts of the old time where the good Providence has preserved to us the few annalists, and orators, and poets, to whom we have referred, our knowledge is meagre, and perplexed. Of the sacred books of the Hebrews, as inestimable for their historical value as they are grand in their poetry and inspiring in their religious sentiments, we do not speak; but it must be confessed of the artless and voluble researches of glorious old Herodotus, of the dignified and judicious, but all too concise narrative of Thucydides, of the romances of Xenophon, of the burning words of Demosthenes and Isocrates, and of the late Latin historians, orators, and poets, who kindled their lamps at these Grecian urns, that they obscure as well as illuminate. Their light is twilight, and it is the effect of all twilight, while it multiplies the number, and distorts the proportions of objects, to give scope to the bat-flights of conjecture. On this account antiquity has become the peculiar field of invention, as much as it has of research. Every part of it—its geography and its ethnography, its genealogies and its traditions, its languages and its dialects, the vast labyrinths of its mythology, no less than its mighty changes of political constitutions—has been subjected to a comprehensive and exacting scrutiny, which has succeeded in authenticating many things, but in complicating and mystifying others. As it very often happens in human inquiries, the solution of one question has unmasked a dozen others, which could not be solved—and the masses of light on one side only reflected more impenetrable masses of shadow on the other; What the baffled student could not find, he imagined. A single hint of truth sometimes served him for a volume of supposition; a bit of shining rotten wood was mistaken for the lantern of Diogenes; and, in place of the rubbish which he dug away from the buried monuments of ancient civilization, he erected vast heaps of mud-work, or cultivated it into jungle.

We may gather from this view some

idea of the immense preliminary studies which Mr. Grote has been obliged to undergo, in order to present us with an authentic history of Greece. It is nearly ten years since his first volume was published, and, as it is no violent stretch of fancy to suppose that he was employed ten years before that, in preparing his materials, we may safely say, that his work has cost him a good twenty years out of the most active period of his life. For he has not shrunk from any part of the task. He has made himself as familiar, apparently, with the ancient authorities, as he is with his A, B, C, he has not neglected the authorities upon those authorities—the great German critics, without a knowledge of whom, as Arnold says, it would betray a strange presumption even to think of writing Greek history—and he has patiently waded through all the books of modern travel which can in any way illustrate the topography or the arts of the eastern peninsula. The volumes cited in his footnotes, and which, it is clear, he must have read attentively, would of themselves furnish forth a pretty considerable college library.

As the fitting reward of his toil, he has succeeded in producing the best history of Greece, all things considered, extant in any literature. With the exception of Mitford's and Thirlwall's, it is the only Grecian history of any note in English literature; and it is greatly superior to either of these. The older compilations, those of Gillies and Goldsmith, for instance, may be compared to the Roman antiquities at Penrith, which the poet calls:

"Obsolete lamps, whose light no time recalls,  
Urns without ashes—tearless lacrymals."

They are useless vestiges of a condition of literary effort which has passed away. Mitford, too, though he, at one time, possessed no little reputation, is now defunct. Thirlwall is learned, exact, and instructive, but rather dull. The former, being a prosperous country gentleman, with decided convictions, gave a kind of animation to his figures; but he was so full of prejudices, so thoroughly an opinionated and toryish John Bull, who wrote without intimate knowledge, to gratify his foregone conclusions, that he is seldom to be trusted. The latter, on the other hand, was a retired professor, endowed with all needful

learning, and of sound and impartial judgment, but deficient in sympathy with the active and vigorous life of the Greeks. His pictures, consequently, fail in vividness and color; yet, his work is one of high and intrinsic value. But Grote, being at once a man of affairs, and of the profoundest erudition, alive to both the intellectual and practical sides of his subject, having a thorough knowledge of literature, combined with a deep penetration into political issues, supplies the deficiencies, and still retains and completes the merits of his predecessors. His practical discernment and his vast acquisitions work together to the same end—the development of a connected story. We have spoken of his willingness to avail himself of the prodigious labors of the German scholars—of Heeren, Wachsmuth, Müller, Hermann, Böckh, and others—but he does not allow himself to be misled by them. He corrects their ill-founded conjectures as often as he adopts their genuine results. While he is fully aware that the Germans are the most pains-taking and systematic of investigators, he is not insensible of their proclivity to hypothesis. He welcomes their fine and ample criticisms; but he puts their conjectures to the severest test. Moving in the most inaccessible regions of archaeology, with a firmness equal to their own, he is able to deport himself towards them with gratitude, and yet, with frank sincerity. He speaks and he cites always from knowledge; and it is this comprehensiveness and accuracy of information which have made his narrative the most satisfactory and the most profound of any that we have, the most consistent in its views, and the most liberal, yet just, in its tone. A perfect repository of learning, abounding in the subtlest criticisms, it is also a captivating description of character and of events. The foremost nation of antiquity was never before presented to us in such well-defined and vivid reality. The old and beaten paths of Grecian story are invested with a new atmosphere and landscape—the old forms which peopled them heretofore, but half discerned in the misty distance, stand out, like new-born generations—Grecian polity and Grecian civilization take on a thoroughly consistent and living semblance—and the entire ante-Christian world grows luminous from the light which is cast



upon it from this central and glorious region.\*

The peculiar achievements of Mr. Grote, as a historian of Greece, arising out of the larger scope of his powers and sympathies, may be catalogued under the following heads: 1st, his rigid rejection of the historical validity of the Grecian legends; 2d, his elaborate elucidation of the Homeric controversy, and the heroic age; 3rd, his masterly analysis of the constitutional legislation of Athens, embracing the laws of Solon, the reform of Kleisthenes, and the administration of Perikles; 4th, his careful and connected exposition of the rise, and progress, and working of the Athenian supremacy; 5th, his vindication of the Sophists, and beautiful characterization of Sokrates; and, finally, his manly defense of the influences of democracy, in the many respects in which they had suffered, under the partial or perverted opinions of previous writers. In all these respects he has rendered the most important services; but, connected with these, are innumerable subordinate and episodic results, which impart the rarest value to almost every page of his work. †

It would be quite impossible for us, within the compass of a magazine article, to speak of those achievements in detail, or even to refer, as we should like, to the more salient and popular of his discussions. We should be pleased to reproduce some of those distinct and impressive types of character which his

Themistokles, his Brasidas, his Kleon, his Epaminondas, and his Dion suggest—we should be pleased to follow him in the siege of Syracuse, which is unfolded from beginning to end, with a commanding control of incidents; we should be pleased to dwell upon those nice discriminations between the Greeks and all contemporary nations, and between the Greeks themselves, during the successive stages of their career—as they were in the heroic age, as they were before the Persian war, as they were after the battles of Marathon, and Salamis, as they were under the forty years of Perikles's administration, and as they became in the times of Alexander; but our space will not permit more than a glance at those seducing topics. There are, however, one or two characteristic points of his treatment which will not be so summarily dismissed.

The first of these is his stern denial of the historical validity of the early Grecian legends—a proceeding altogether defensible, and yet likely to provoke the most serious reclaimers. With the majority of readers, we suspect, the legendary history, as it has been considered, is that which is most familiar, and they will be disposed to exclaim with Wordsworth, on the occasion of a similar proceeding of Niebuhr in regard to the Roman legends:

“Those old credulities, to nature dear,  
Shall they no longer bloom upon the stock

\* Let us here enter our protest against the American reprint of Mr. Grote's volumes. It is, in form and typography, all that need be desired; but it is strangely mutilated, by the omission of those charts and maps of great battles, sieges, towns, etc., which were indispensable to the ready understanding of the text. It is true, that most scholars have these things in their books of reference, but the generality of readers have not. Besides, as these maps are referred to in the notes, it would be a great convenience to have them always at hand.

† Among the novelties of Mr. Grote's volumes, are the changes in the orthography of Grecian names, which he has introduced. Like the German scholars, he adheres to the original spelling of the Greeks, where the *Kappa* is used, instead of retaining the Latin *C*, except in the few cases in which the name has been completely Anglicized. Thus, he writes Perikles, Sokrates, Alkibiades, Kimon, and not Pericles, Socrates, Cimon, etc. But he continues to write Thucydides, Cyprus, Corinth. The change is desirable, because it is right; but Mr. Grote is singularly inconsistent in his application of it. Thucydides is no more Anglicized than Pericles; and if he adopts the *K* in one, he ought to adopt it in the other. The only exception should be, where the change would be very offensive to English ears; as, for instance, if we should be compelled to read Milton,

“Who knows not Kirke,  
Daughter of the son—”

instead of Circe, it is clear that very few would know her by that name. He also calls the Grecian divinities by their Greek, not their Roman names, which we think commendable. Zeus is better than Jupiter, and Here than Juno; and we prefer Herakles to Hercules, or Eaklepias to Esculapius; though we think it will be long before Hercules and Esculapius will be shoved off the shelf. In Mr. Grote's perpetual use, however, of Greek technical terms for English equivalents, such as *diskast* for juror, *hoplite* for infantry soldiery, *oekist* for founder of a city, etc., etc., we doubt whether his readers will go with him. Such terms are, unquestionably, the more correct, inasmuch as our modern terms are not precise synonyms; but they give great stiffness, and an air of podantry to the style.

Of history, stript naked as a rock,  
Mid a dry desert? What is it we heard?  
The glory of infant Rome must disappear,  
Her morning splendors vanish, and their  
place  
Know them no more. If truth, who veiled  
her face  
With those bright beams, yet hid it not,  
must steer  
Henceforth a humble course, perplexed and  
slow;  
One solace yet remains for us who came  
Into the world when story lacked  
Severe research, that in our hearts we know  
How, for exciting youth's heroic flame,  
Assent is power, belief the soul of fact."

But there is a singular fallacy running through this protest of the poet. It is not they who refuse to regard these old credulities as history, and insist that they are fables, who strip them of romance, but they who seek to reduce them to mere scientific riddles. In their simple, antique, and fabulous form they are full of poetry, but in the transmutations of the interpreters and allegorizers they contract into commonplace moralities and every-day unmeaningness. When we read of the doings of Herakles, we recognize a certain grandeur of imagination in the story; but when we are further informed that the twelve labors represented the passage of the sun through the twelve signs of the zodiac, we acquire no real knowledge, and lose much of the interest and force of the original myth. We are charmed by the tale of Theseus, as it stands, we have no doubt that it shadows forth an early period of social struggle and improvement; but when we attempt to separate what is false in it from what is true—to distinguish the original warp of fact from the woof of fiction, and still further from the adventitious embroidery of later rhetoric—we enter into a world of inexplicable enigmas. It is a world, obviously, with which the historian has nothing to do. His business is to narrate what the early people believed, and as they believed it, and not to construe or interpret it according to some fanciful theory of his own. In whatever truths the Grecian myths originated, or whatever truths they contain—whether we suppose, with Welcker, that they conceal a doctrine of hierarchical nature, or, with Hermann, that they are a figurative representation of philosophical ideas, or, with Swedenborg again, that they are a corruption of a more primitive knowledge of the correspondence between spiritual truths and rational things—

they are for the historian only fables. The mythologist and the general speculator may amuse themselves with an endeavor to discern their interior significance, but the historian is confined to the simple task of recording them as phenomena. He cannot admit them as credible or authentic historical evidence. History is grounded on certain well-attested criteria of fact, but these things come to us wholly through an atmosphere of mist and vagary. As Mr. Grote says, felicitously illustrating his position from the well-known story of Zeus, we cannot look behind the curtain for the picture it is supposed to hide, because for us the curtain is the picture, and though what we now read as poetry and legend was once accredited history, and the only genuine history which the first Greeks could conceive or relish of their past time, it has become a curtain to us which cannot be withdrawn. The historian undertakes merely to show it as it is, and neither to efface nor to repaint it. But yet he is not, on that account, precluded from availing himself of the incidental light which the early legends cast upon the manners, the intelligence, the habits of thought, and the social relations of the times in which they were produced. Worthless as direct and positive history, they are yet invaluable reflectors of the ages of their origin. The legendary poems of Greece, in particular, are full of this kind of instruction. The very circumstances which divest their composers of all credibility as historians, render them so much the more valuable as unconscious expositors of their own contemporary society. While professedly describing an uncertified past, their combinations are borrowed from a surrounding present, and the characters they conceive, and the scenes they depict, bear a generic resemblance to the realities of their own time and locality. The legends which Homer transmits to us of Achilles and Agamemnon may not be true, but his mode of conceiving and transmitting them will tell us much of himself and much of the circle of life in which he moved. And by this kind of evidence there is no writer who has profited more largely or more beautifully than Mr. Grote, as any one will see who may read his chapters on the primitive ages of Greece.

The second peculiarity of Mr. Grote to which we wish to refer, possesses a

more practical interest for our readers, and relates to his remarkable development of the precise nature, the origin, the growth, and the effects of democracy in Athens. It may be said that now, for the first time, in spite of all the learning expended on Grecian antiquities, we are enabled to watch the actual political career of that state. Not that any really new facts are elicited, but that we behold, in a more clear and penetrating manner, the actual working of those facts. All the writers upon Athens have detailed to us, with more or less accuracy, the peculiarities of the Athenian constitution; but they have detailed them rather as dead mechanical formulas, the significance of which we could not always comprehend, than as living forces. They have too often confused, under the misguidance of the later rhetoricians, the laws of Solon, the innovations of Kleisthenes, and the extension given to both by Ephialtes and Perikles—a series of enactments stretching over a period of more than a century—in a single mass, and thereby failed to place in distinct relief, as Mr. Grote has done, the successive steps of improvement or change. They have failed to bring out into definite and prominent contrast the various epochs of growth—the conditions of society which preceded each change, and justified it—its effects upon existing opinions and manners—and the impulse or resistance which it afforded to the energies of the people.

In consequence of these mistakes, much error and injustice has been propagated at the expense of the liberal system of the noble city. Read almost any of the popular histories of the Athenians, and you will find that the only idea you get of them, is of a restless, fickle, ungrateful, and turbulent mob, the little waspish and stinging demos of Aristophanes, easily misled by the commonest demagogues, ever rushing into extreme and untried experiments, meanly jealous of their more deserving leaders, such as Miltiades, Themistokles, and Aristides, whom they wantonly ostracized, and finally, after a short-lived and arrogant ascendancy, ruining themselves by corruption and excess. From Xenophon to Sir Archibald, the misdeeds of the little capital of Attica, like the atrocities of the French Revolution, have furnished the

staple topic for admonitory exhortation against the rule of the people. Every schoolboy remembers how he was made to burn with indignation at the wrongs inflicted on the hero of Marathon, and how he detested the process by which Aristides was banished, because he was the Just. Even Mr. Bulwer, in his history of Athens, while trying, with all his might, to be a democrat, was compelled to make some damaging concessions, as to the conduct of his favorite Attics, whom he felt to be always pulling hard upon the bit. But Mr. Grote, like the physician of Molière, though in a better sense, has changed all that. He has reversed the decision of the old tribunals, and demonstrated that, whatever the faults of the Athenians (and he does not disguise the existence of these), their democracy was not to be held accountable for them. On the contrary, he exhibits them as indebted to their democracy for that intense patriotism, that wonderful enterprise, and that energy of character, which raised them from the fourth to the first place in Greece, which made them the greatest maritime power in the world—which achieved the glory of Salamis and Mykale, which endured for twenty-eight years, with almost unbroken spirit, the exhausting horrors of the Peloponnesian war, which accomplished for mankind the grandest intellectual triumphs of the race, and conferred, upon the petty metropolis of a petty state, a renown which shall last as long as the arts and letters continue to be a satisfaction and a charm to the human mind.

The foundations of the Grecian democracy were prepared by Solon, though he himself wrought in behalf of a moderate and restricted oligarchy. Under the selfish and fanatical rule of the nobles, before his time, broken by the occasional usurpations of the tyrants, the affairs of the state had been brought to a crisis, which threatened either the complete enslavement of the poor masses, or the bloody extinction of the richer class. By an almost incredible exercise of power and influence, he saved both orders from themselves, and from each other. His legislation embraced the three great functions of a measure of relief against past burdens of debt, of a deed of emancipation for certain descriptions of slaves, of an act of amnesty against certain old offenses, and of a

fundamental reorganization of the political estates. It was despotic, *ex necessitate*, to the extent in which it canceled previous obligations; aristocratic, in restricting eligibility to office to the wealthy; but democratic, in that it opened the suffrage to a larger body of citizens. But introducing the people to political life, by this last concession, he gradually educated them to the possession and use of power. The usurped rule of the Peisistratidæ, which followed him, though nominally a despotism, was of a mild form, and does not appear to have interfered essentially with the operation of his laws. It is clear, at any rate, that it did not suppress the freer tendencies of the nation, which were soon evinced by its spontaneous and long continued rejoicing at the removal of that family. When Kleisthenes, who had been instrumental in expelling the tyrants, proposed his radical and sweeping legal reforms, it was prepared to appreciate and adopt them—and did adopt them, without any great commotion or violence. His scheme was a development of the Solonian germ; but a development in a particular direction, and on a prodigious scale. He annulled the old hereditary tribes, which had come to absorb the political franchise, and conferred that right upon the free native Attics, many resident foreigners, and some of the superior order of slaves. He abridged the powers of the old aristocratic Areopagus, while he enlarged both the numbers and the functions of the annual senate of Four Hundred; and introduced a thorough and effective reform, in both the administration and the responsibility of the military and financial departments. But the most signal change wrought by Kleisthenes was that which organized the entire body of citizens into a judiciary.\* It invested the people with juridical at the same time in which they attained to political sovereignty. It was, in fact, a reconstitution of society on a thoroughly democratic basis, and may be called the birth of that peculiar public life which, in the course of the following century, gave such a vigorous and wonderful expansion to the power of Athens.

It is illustrative of the deficiencies of ancient history, that so little mention is

made of this extraordinary reformer. Herodotus dismisses him in a few words; Thucydides, if he notices him at all, and we do not remember that he does, has not thought him of mark; Aristotle evidently regards him as a mere renovator of Solon; and the garrulous Plutarch devotes no chapters or comparison to his name. Even in modern times, Dr. Anthon's Classical Dictionary, which has managed to say a little of almost everybody in antiquity who ever emerged from total darkness, is wholly silent; and Mr. Grote and the Germans, alone, have detected his place as a star of the most considerable magnitude. Yet he it was who sowed that seed of which the Persians reaped so bloody a harvest at Marathon—he it was that prepared the way for that career of glory, which drove the million-handed oriental despots back to their Asiatic plains, rescued Europe to freedom and progress, and lifted his native land into deathless fame. For the polity which he introduced was the same which Themistokles, and Aristides, and Perikles administered, and which, gathering the hopes of the aspiring Greeks everywhere about the republic, raised her first to headship, and then to empire.

The effect and the providential wisdom of that polity will be seen, if we call to mind the circumstances in which Athens was destined to act, and the part she actually played in the complicated drama of Grecian affairs. The prime exigency of the times was a collective defense of Hellas (for no isolated or individual defense would have been at all adequate), against the common dangers of Asiatic invasion, and, as the means thereto, the confederate organization of the Hellenic states, together with the completest domestic tranquillity and order. A threefold difficulty—the incessant intrigues of the oligarchies, the powerfully repulsive, or centrifugal tendencies of the autonomous Grecian cities, and the prompt and vigorous resistance of an almost overwhelming foreign force—had to be met by the state which should undertake the leadership in such a condition; and a peculiar combination of qualities could alone suffice for such a complicated duty. Up

\* Mr. Grote also ascribes the institution of ostracism to Kleisthenes, and has several pages of admirable remarks in defense of it, as a practical good—the "safety-gun" of the entire system. Vol. iv., pp. 150-163.

to the early years of the Persian war, the ancient, undisturbed constitution of Sparta, her commanding military power, and her rigid discipline, had attracted towards her whatever of confederate feeling existed in the peninsula; and for awhile, after the battles of Plataea and Mykale, she seemed on the high road of success towards the realization of a Pan-Hellenic union. But it was very soon discovered that Sparta was deficient in the requisite abilities for such an ascendancy. She was quite destitute of the maritime force which was necessary to maintain an alliance, in which a large number of the members were insular, and, consequently, naval powers. She was incapable, from her peculiarly self-centred and restrictive training, of that comprehensive and flexible policy which could be made to embrace the entire interests of the Greeks—of those who dwelt upon the coasts of Asia Minor, and the remoter coasts of Italy, as well as of those who were near; and, on occasions, when instant and persevering efforts were demanded against the Persian foe, who was already ravaging the northern frontiers, she proved herself, in reverse of the glorious heroism shown at Thermopylae, either selfish, or indifferent, or lax. She had neither the enthusiasm to concentrate, nor the energy to guide the patriotic ebullitions of the Hellenes. None of her statesmen, thrown up by the shock of events, displayed talents equal to the emergency. Her most accomplished general, the conqueror of Mardonius, became, in the mere intoxication of a profligate triumph, a traitor and a criminal. She never rose superior to her petty jealousies of Argos, or of Athens. In short, the entire political constitution of the Lacedaemonians had disqualified them for a distant or complicated command. Strong at home, like all oligarchies, they were weak when they stepped beyond their own territories, or their own specialty. Athens, on the other hand, was preeminently replete, and replete by means of her democracy, in those very respects in which Sparta was devoid. Her citizens, without having been "starved into thieves, or tortured into bullies," by the universal step-mothership of the state, had gained, in the genial and free exercise of their minds, and in the inspiring consciousness of their independence, a valor as enduring as that of Sparta, while it was

more impetuous, with an intellectual skill of which the Spartans had never dreamed. They were as firm, as brave, as heroic as the Spartans; but they were also ten thousand times more intelligent, more enterprising, and more capable of generous sacrifices. There was in the Athenian character, in spite of its occasional arrogance, a charm which conciliated general attachment; but in that of the Spartan an almost universal repulsiveness. The Athenians, at the height of their predominance, were respected and admired even by those who, for special reasons, revolted against it. The yoke of their masters was an easy and honorable yoke. But the Spartans, under the same circumstances, were only feared; they treated their allies as they did their helots, and they made and broke friendships as they put on and off their garments. The freedom of the former blossomed into great men—into accomplished and versatile geniuses—men who, as statesmen, exhibited the profoundest sagacity, and, as poets and orators, a world-enrapturing imagination. But the aristocracy of Sparta smote the soil of its mind with sterility, and in the whole course of its career generated but three or four individuals whom mankind remembers with admiration or awe; and those became great only when they were liberated from the hateful restraints of home. Brasidas acquired his distinction in Thrace, and Gylippus at Syracuse, and Lysander at the Hellespont, and Agesilaus in Asia. But Themistocles, and Aristides, and Pericles, lived in Athens, were moulded by Athenian influences, and were but grander forms of the common Athenian development. The Spartans, at the best, were not even what Comte calls "abortive Romans;" they were scarcely more than a set of well-organized barbarians, whose principal virtues resembled the virtues of our Mandan Indians, while the Athenians, with all their vices and follies, were a cordial, happy, polished, and glorious people.

It was but natural and right, then, that Athens should assert and acquire the headship of Greece; and it is one of the valuable points of Mr. Grote's history, that he shows how that headship was administered with prudence, moderation, energy and wisdom. Mistakes they undoubtedly committed, mistakes which grew, not out of their



democracy, but out of a departure from the policy of the democracy, as for forty years it had been established by their most illustrious statesman. The great ends of the Periklean administration, and in which he had been heartily sustained by the nation, were the cultivation of the people at home, the steady maintenance of Grecian unity, and the avoidance of foreign aggression. In the prosecution of these ends, they reached that pitch of greatness which has never been surpassed, and it was not until these were abandoned, as they were in the ill-fated expedition to Syracuse, that their prosperity began to wane. Up to that disastrous event, to which they were led, partly by a generous sympathy with the suffering democrats of the Sicilian cities, and partly by the ambitious counsels of the able, but dissolute Alkibiades, they had sustained the shock of the Peloponnesian civil war, with undismayed and invincible vigor. Though year after year the Attic territories had been ravaged, their olive-groves desolated, and their houses leveled to the ground; though a plague of unprecedented malignity had twice turned their chief city, where the fugitives from the country had gathered in festering multitudes, into a charnel-house; though aristocratic intrigue and Persian gold had seduced colony after colony into revolt; though the most powerful states of Greece, led on by the revengeful Sparta, had combined in fierce and relentless hostility; though her treasury was exhausted, her industry paralysed, her best fleets dispersed, and her best armies beaten, Athens bore up against every misfortune, with an almost miraculous elasticity and self-reliance. But the extinction of her gallant navy, in the pent-up harbors of Syracuse, was the blow from which she never finally recovered. She protracted the war and fought bravely to the last, but the Athens of Nikias and Alkibiades was not the Athens of Perikles and Kimon. The sinews of her strength were relaxed, the stern democracy of a hundred years of glory yielded, and the Lacedæmonian triumphed over the protectress of the world.

We cannot, however, pursue this subject; we have spoken in the highest terms of Mr. Grote's history, and yet we are bound to add, in closing, that we do not esteem it a perfect history. The style is clear, massive, and forcible,

and the general method eminently lucid and judicious; but there are a great many needless repetitions in it, and the mechanism of the construction, if we may so express ourselves, the skeleton, or frame-work of the structure, and the processes of the author in arriving at his results, are too frequently obtruded upon the current of the narrative. Nor is this narrative itself sufficiently relieved by those dramatic and scenic accompaniments of phrase and description, which the incidents, the locality, the glowing occasion often suggest, and which the gravest history not only admits, but demands. Mr. Grote tells a plain, straightforward, instructive story, but he paints few pictures; and those which he does sketch in outline, now and then, are deficient in local color. Greece is to him a land of great deeds, but not of enrapturing beauty and grandeur. Her serene skies and transparent atmosphere; her majestic mountains, that look upon the sea; her oracular cliffs, overhanging the sacred vales, in whose inmost recesses the nymphs are at play; the dark and broken precipices filled with monsters and dragons; the far-stretching plains, bright with the garlands which Persephone too heedlessly gathered; the flowery hills of Hymettus, with the sound of bees; the groves hoary with olives; the whispering streams; in short, the objects which charmed the quick fancy of Milton have made no impression upon his imagination, and are nowhere inwrought or transfused into his language. He writes like one who is giving in his evidence, like a gentleman and scholar always; but a gentleman and scholar who seldom woos the soft delights of poetry.

This defect of imagination, apparent in his vocabulary and style, has been the cause, also, of a capital want in his whole conception. He has composed a history of political, but not of intellectual and imaginative Greece. With the exception of the few chapters on Homer, on lyric poetry, and on Sokrates and the sophists, we have no thorough or systematic view of the mental life of Greece. Her literature, her oratory, her arts are incidentally treated, of course, but are nowhere unfolded in all the greatness of their extent, or in their relations to each other, and to the growth of the people. The origin and progress of the drama,

among the most splendid of Grecian manifestations, the state and advancement of education, the consecutive development of the sciences, and the entire domestic system, particularly the bearing of slavery upon the economy and policy of the state, are quite overlooked. Yet it was by her intellectual, more than her political triumphs, that Greece became immortal. Her statesmanship, in the days of it, was a marvel of intrepidity and wisdom; it

wrought the salvation of Europe, but her brilliant arts have mainly preserved her glory. The bema and the Payx, where her orators thundered, have fallen into dust, her stately triremes, which carried dismay to her enemies, are sunk beneath the sea, and the thistle waves upon the desolate plains of Marathon, but the sublime achievements of Eschylus, Plato, Pheidias and Demosthenes, are still the impulse and despair of the loftiest genius of every clime.

#### AFTER THE CAMANCHES.

**SADDLE!** saddle! saddle!  
Mount, mount, and away!  
Over the dim green prairie,  
Straight on the track of day;  
Spare not spur for mercy,  
Hurry with shout and thong,  
Fiery and tough is the mustang,  
The prairie is wide and long.

Saddle! saddle! saddle!  
Leap from the broken door,  
Where the brute Camanche entered,  
And the white-foot treads no more:  
The hut is burnt to ashes,  
There are dead men stark outside,  
And only a long torn ringlet  
Left of the stolen bride.

Go like the east wind's howling,  
Ride with death behind,  
Stay not for food or slumber,  
Till the thieving wolves ye find!  
They came before the wedding,  
Swifter than prayer or priest;  
The bride-men danced to bullets,  
The wild dogs ate the feast.

Look to rifle and powder,  
Buckle the knife-belt sure;  
Loose the coil of the lasso,  
And make the loop secure;  
Fold the flask in the poncho,  
Fill the pouch with maize,  
And ride as if to-morrow,  
Were the last of living days.

Saddle! saddle! saddle!  
Redden spur and thong,  
Ride like the mad tornado,  
The track is lonely and long,  
Spare not horse nor rider,  
Fly for the stolen bride!  
Bring her home on the crupper,  
A scalp on either side.

## SCAMPAVIAS.

## PART V.—SUMMER CRUISING.

TOWARDS the close of our sojourn in Greece, we were presented at court. At the appointed hour, our party, sixteen in number, drew up at the north point of the palace. This structure is a great, dreary, square marble box, with holes in it, and entirely destitute of architectural beauty. The site is not badly chosen—on a slight elevation facing the Acropolis—and it has a garden on both points. One of them is planted over ruins of some antiquity, and, by great labor, irrigation, and expense, the leaves of shrubs and flowers are made tolerably green and bright.

We passed up a broad, winding marble staircase, and, traversing a long, lonely corridor, were shown into an ante-room; a square apartment, gaily painted on walls and ceilings, and the floor laid in mosaic of dark polished wood.

Presently the door opened, and in came a puny, bodkin-waisted gentleman, with a narrow head, and sharp, irregular features, who was announced as chamberlain to the queen. He spoke nothing but Greek; and as the education of most of us in that branch of learning had been neglected, that is, in a conversational way, a very few words were interchanged; we had time, however, to admire his costume, which was a master-piece of art.

During a pause, a pair of folding-doors opened, and the order of our procession being arranged, we followed our minister into the reception-room. It was of similar dimensions to the one we had left, except, that the light was thrown from the eastern angle through two lofty windows, between which stood a crowned, carved, and gilded chair of state. A magnificent Turkey rug and a few chairs constituted all the furniture.

We formed a semicircle. The queen stood in the centre, and a lady with skinny, bare arms, possibly of remote origin, was placed a few paces off, and did not budge during the ceremony. The queen was very becomingly attired in a simple half dress. She wore a high wreath of green buds and red flowers over the smooth bands of her

brown hair. The dress was cut low, with short sleeves, and in my fancy it seemed, to my inexperienced vision, rather tightly laced; but yet it developed a full bust and roundly-turned arms. The color of the dress was light green, and of the flimsy gossamer fabric that ladies usually wear in the summer. The feet were clothed in black satin shoes. The toilette was completed by a necklace and bracelet of fine pearls. I remembered when her majesty's waist was thinner; when a light, gay, sprightly, pretty, young bride she first came to Greece; but though twice seven years had drifted by since, she was still a very handsome woman, comfortably *embonpoint*, with fine teeth, eyes, hair, and complexion.

So soon as we had taken our position, the Queen glided gracefully up to our ambassador—for she had no one to assist her in the presentations—and, with a very winning smile and animated face, began the conversation. She chatted easily and pleasantly on a variety of topics; the antiquities, the bathing, the views, the king's health, and the Turks. She spoke so sweetly, too, of the heat, that I almost wished myself a salamander, so as never to have the ungraciousness to complain again. From the minister, she moved on around the line of blue-jackets, complimenting the commander-in-chief, and making some little appropriate speech with infinite tact to each. At the end of her tour, she returned again to the ambassador, smiled, curtsied the reception over, and we all *glipsied* backwards with many a bow out of her presence.

As the doors to the ante-chamber were closing, I caught a glimpse of the Queen as she ran up to the antique attendant, and, throwing up her hands and laughing, evidently asked if she had not made a favorable impression upon the Yankees. In my opinion, she decidedly did; and I thought her majesty a very well-bred and captivating woman; though, I trust, I am not overstepping the limits of courtly phrase, by speaking of this royal personage as a mere mortal.

The chamberlain received our final adieus, and we left the palace.

It may not be out of place to mention here, that there was a dinner given a few days after at the Otho palace; but I regret to add, that I was not invited with the other distinguished persons who composed the party. I acquit her majesty, however, of all intentional blame or slight in the transaction. It was the lord chamberlain himself who deprived me of a good dinner, because I was not a major, he said. The delusion he appeared to struggle under was, that our marine was modeled upon the Mexican army system, more generals than troops—more captains than sailors; and, moreover, he forgot, that an aid-de-camp goes with his chief to battle or dinner, as the case may be.

Again, it was a piece of unmitigated cruelty on the part of the chamberlain functionary, who presumed, perhaps, on account of his own slimness and tightness of waist, which was a physical obstacle to taking food without violent effort, that I, too, would not be distressed at the loss of a dinner. In that belief he was mistaken, and I not only went off my usual nourishment at the gun-room mess-table for some days, out of pure chagrin, but I cherish to this moment a singular vindictiveness towards that chamberlain, and hope, when the matter is fully explained to his handsome, charming queen, she will disgrace him on the spot.

The dinner business, however, was only the beginning of my sorrows in Greece. I had a small piece of marble given to me by a gentleman in Athens, and, accordingly, it was boxed up and transported to the port. There it was stolen by a couple of rascally Greek boatmen, who believed it to be silver. The police seized the thieves and box; but, on applying for my property, I was informed that a commission would have to sit upon the marble, to see if there was any ancient carving upon the same. When this result was arrived at, a long negotiation ensued. Application was made to all branches of the government, including the conservator of public works; and it was not, I believe, until the matter had been discussed in cabinet council, and the assent of the prime minister obtained, that I was entitled to receive my own.

After all these troubles, we were not sorry to leave Greece; for where there is great heat, great dust, and nothing good to eat or drink, rational enjoyment

is at a discount; and, although we ate honey from Hymettus, had ice from Parnassus—maybe from Helicon, because it was so muddy—bathed in the tomb of Themistocles, also, and had the ruins of Attica standing in bold relief against the sky at all times, yet we did not regret leaving the country.

We sailed from the Piræus on the seventh of August, and we fluttered and waltzed between calms and perverse breezes, out of the Archipelago, where old Nick would have been obliged to have fanned himself, and where cool air was worth a guinea the mouthful.

At the expiration of a week we were rolling off Malta, and with an early sea-breeze we entered the harbor of Valetta, between the frowning batteries of Saint Elmo and Saint Angelo. We moored well up the harbor, abreast Spencer's monument, and in full view of the rude mottoes which the sailors of various English men-of-war had painted in white-wash on the tufo sides of the hills, "Happy Vengeance," "Jolly Britannia," and so forth.

Nothing can exceed the parched appearance of the island; foliage scarcely exists, and even without the hot siroccos from Africa, the climate in mid-summer is almost insupportable.

Before letting go the anchors, the ship was surrounded by a great flotilla of boats—gaily painted they are, with curving prows like Dutch skates—which attended us in floating procession to our berth at the anchorage. We were also beguiled by music; and little impish naked children without number, were screaming like cockatoos with the bronchitis, to attract our notice. "Offisar," they yelled, "won pennee for make little niggard dive," or, "won little niggard dive pennee," ringing the changes on the niggard and confounding themselves with the penny incessantly, while at the same time they stood in troops on the gunwales of the boats, ready to plunge five fathoms under water at the merest symptom of a coin. There were also a horde of bigger savages with coal black hair and swarthy yellow features, who boarded the frigate by storm, and thought nothing of charging bare-breasted, full tilt, at the sentries on the gang-boards, in spite of their bayonets, so eager were they to exhibit their testimonials for traffic.

We soon got pratique and I went on shore. Landing at the Custom-house,

I passed through the Lascaris gate, and found myself, with the thermometer at 100°, in the city of stairs.

Up, up, over the interminable smooth stone steps, as right and left the same long serrated ascents are visible, until on gaining the ridge of the town, with trembling calves, the toil is over. Descending again, I took boat and pulled across the narrow harbor to the dock-yard; a slip of an inlet, the second on the left from the sea, flanking the terrible batteries of Saint Erasmus, the patron saint of seamen.

The water in these inlets is very deep, and, as at Venice, the houses rise from the brink. Here is a dry-dock, a magnificent steam bakery, and the public buildings of the arsenal.

I called upon the Admiral, a hale, hearty old gentleman, with white hair, but I had no idea of the years of the head it covered, until he mentioned having known some of our officers in the West Indies in '95. I could merely smile my incredulity.

The next morning I went on an official visit to the Governor of Malta. We rowed to the landing at Valetta, and found vehicles in waiting on the quay, of a genus quite distinct from the race elsewhere, and called calessos. They are solid square-bodied affairs, with one or two seats, resting on leather springs slung to heavy shafts, with a single pair of wheels stuck on behind. They are, in fact, magnified editions of wheelbarrows, though, I should judge, not near so pleasant for locomotion. Mounting or descending the steep streets from the lower town is at best an arduous undertaking, particularly should the horse lose foothold and the calesso get stern board; for then the retrograde movement must be very unpleasant indeed, until one happens to slide off into ever so deep water, or be pitched down a gaping dry moat, or over a precipitous parapet. Fortunately we escaped these not infrequent accidents, and got out within the palace court-yard in perfect safety.

The palace was formerly the residence of the Grand Master of the knights of Malta, and is a great quadrangular building of two stories, constructed of brown tufo sandstone. The exterior is not striking, but within are contained many valuable and interesting relics of the feats and exploits of the renowned conquerors of Jerusalem.

We passed up an easy, winding, but very broad stairway—where a troop of horse could easily mount, three abreast—as no doubt they did in times past, with mail-clad warriors on their backs—and crossing a long, lofty frescoed corridor, we entered a reception chamber, and were presented by an aid-de-camp to the “storm king,” Sir William Reid. He is a tall old gentleman, with a patrician style of face and figure, clear, intelligent eyes, and a very mild and pleasing expression. He was surrounded by what seemed to me a very happy and exceedingly handsome family.

The reception-room was of great size, with a smooth, glassy Venetian floor, while the spaces between the heavy beams of the high ceiling were emblazoned and carved in Maltese crosses and other emblematic devices of the Order. On the upper part of the walls were a series of historical frescoes, after the manner of the illustrations of Froissart, depicting the brilliant deeds of the Grand Masters, and below them, a collection of paintings—some of merit—which filled the spaces between the deep embrasures of the windows.

After luncheon we walked through the western suite of apartments, where the walls were covered with paintings, by masters of repute, and among the portraits, a very fine one of Valetta. There were also a good many gems of old furniture, quaintly fashioned and richly carved, gilded and worm-eaten, together with rare old Louis Quatorze clocks, like enormous brass spiders, with a webwork of transparent wheels. All of these articles perhaps had been presents from foreign princes to the knights.

Some distance beyond this suite, we entered the Library, a noble hall, of kingly dimensions, and well lighted from above. There was a tolerably large collection of old books, many of them ponderous tomes in white parchment, loading the capacious shelves. From the library we went to lesser rooms, where the librarian, a learned and highly intelligent person, aided by Governor Reid, had commenced a museum of antiquities of the island. Quite a number of interesting relics, such as sarcophagi, mummies, terracotta and Etruscan vases, Phœnician and Arabic inscriptions on marble, already cluster around the walls.

From here we visited the most inter-



esting spot in Malta—the grand armory. The hall itself is on the same scale of magnificent proportions as other parts of the palace, but the furniture of antiquities is far more valuable. At the time of our visit, there stood in parallel racks, the entire length of the room, about sixteen thousand muskets of modern pattern. There was, besides, a very curious and extensive collection of fire-locks and weapons, from their earliest use in Europe—culverins, wall-pieces, blunderbusses, and the like—to the present time. The walls themselves are covered with an immense number of suits of plate armor: shirts of ring mail standing in iron boots, swords and axes across them, which all belonged, ages and ages ago, to the bold knights.

The greatest objects of note, are three suits of beautiful armor, formerly worn by the Grand-Masters, Vignacourt, L'Isle Adam, and Valette. That of the first is superbly inlaid with gold. The castor I tried on my own head. It is an iron piece of hat-gear that I would not particularly care to wear habitually, and it was rather top-heavy, but nevertheless it was not the weight I expected to find it. Indeed, there is not, in the whole collection of armor, a suit of mail which would be considered too large for a six-footer in our days, for, on the contrary, most of this steel raiment would be in every respect too small for the Anglo-Saxon race of men we see around us.

I believe it is pretty generally understood now-a-days, that the desperate old knights we read of, after being raised into their saddles by a derrick, or other contrivance, and being properly bolted and riveted to the horse, had their lances firmly secured in a horizontal position, and were then permitted to go into battle. I always fancy they exhibited themselves like a policeman's horse in a riotous crowd, kindly kicking over all comers, and relying alone on main strength and stupidity.

After wandering a long time around the armory, we were conducted to the famous tapestry-room, now used as the council chamber. The sides were completely hung with tapestry representing the "four quarters of the globe." I never beheld any fabrics of the kind so truly magnificent. Not only are the colors brilliantly vivid, and the group-

ing natural and artistic, but the costumes, the foliage, scenery and natural productions are admirably portrayed. In the South American cartoon, the poncho on an Indian's shoulders and his horse are actually done to the life.

For half an hour longer we moved about the noble corridors, where, in fresco and oil, we beheld the illustrations commemorative of the deeds, in court or camp, of the knights and their followers. We then took leave of Sir William Reid and his family, whose kindness and unaffected hospitality very much added to the pleasure of our visit.

Afterwards, while strolling about the streets of Valetta, looking at flexile gold rings, ladies' mitts, Maltese crosses, and other productions of the natives, to escape being sun-scorched to a cinder, I took refuge in the great church of Saint John. The interior is a wide oblong, upholding a semicircular roof without groining, and like a long, horizontal half-barrel, it covers the nave.

The chapel is richly decorated with handsome marbles, and enclosed by a silver balustrade. The church contains a number of statues, an immense deal of sculpture, with paintings and frescoes; and the walls are closely and regularly relieved in gold and blue-colored crosses of Malta.

The hour of my visit was well-timed, for a part of the vast pavement was uncovered. Except on great feast-days, or other extraordinary occasions, without considerable expense for the sight, the floor is kept carefully concealed by coarse matting and cloths, which no doubt adds very greatly to the preservation of the work. There is not, I think, a more splendid exhibition of rich marbles in any edifice in the world than is contained in this pavement: jasper, agate, lapis-lazuli, porphyry, and other rare and precious stones, are all gorgeously mingled in profusion over the sepulchral repositories of the knights of Saint John. For ages it was a matter of pride, with the relatives and friends of the knights, to undertake and adorn these monuments in the highest state of splendor and art.

There is a great deal to be seen in Malta, of interest, and also in society, but our stay was so brief that we barely had time to take more than a passing peep. The garrison, during our visit, amounted to about three thousand troops. We found the officers remark-

ably civil and hospitable. The military club is a fine building, once a hotel of the knights. We were treated there with great cordially, by a lot of good fellows, who went so far in their hospitality, at times, as to propose a *throw* of brandy, or soda, a devilled biscuit, a pint of Bass, and the like refreshments. It was a question with me, whether even the former occupants of that club could have been as jovial, and preserve, the while, an equilibrium in their wrought-iron boots, as did the hearty soldiers in their scarlet jackets, when we enjoyed the solace of their society.

Leaving these convivial blades, we said—

"Adieu ye joys of La Valette,  
Adieu sirocco, sun and sweat,  
Adieu ye cursed streets of stairs,"

and, buffeting the west winds with dogged indifference, the frigate, with a reef in her topsails, threw the spray off her bows, in beating round the island of Sicily.

One day we were close beneath the bold mountains, with the white walls and towers of the city of Marsala beside us, and the next we rounded the Egean group, where was a venerable castle on the rocky bluff of Maritimo, which, from its isolated position, might very readily gratify the most ardent thirst for salt water and solitude in the heart of man.

After passing Trapani and Mount Saint Julien, capped by a Saracenic castle, we found ourselves on the northern shores of Sicily, with the headland of cape San Vito jutting up clear and fearlessly before us.

In the morning we cast anchor in the bay of Palermo, with the *conca d'oro*, or shell of gold, as the plain is called, scooped out between bold promontories, and closed in by a lofty wall of hills beyond. The city is built upon the curving sea-shore rim of the shell, and fills up the foreground. Nowhere are blue water, green, fertile vallies, white houses and rugged cliffs more harmoniously blended.

The first move your sensible mariner makes upon getting into port, is to place his feet upon the dry land. Accordingly we took coach from the Marina, and drove to a new garden lately laid out on the western limits of the city. The garden is formed amid ancient quarries and pits, from where most of

the material used in the construction of Palermo was brought. There are groves of cypress and olives, shading entire acres of verbenas, bright flowers and shrubs, while fountains and running water refresh them, from the diversified ground above to the huge sunken pots of *parterres* down in the excavations. The situation is well chosen, though, indeed, it would be difficult to pitch upon any spot near Palermo that does not command a wide vista of sea, valley and mountain.

From these blooming gardens we rolled on to the great Capucin Monastery; and, without wasting time in the church or adjuncts, we descended at once to the subterranean *nummery*. Here are entombed thousands upon thousands of disgusting human semi-putrefactions, with hideously distended jaws and faces, some frightful to gaze upon; while the sight is rendered yet more repulsive by the *gew-gaws*, or tinselled trumpery, that envelop them. The niches around the vaults are expressly appropriated to the Capucins themselves, where they are standing perpendicularly spiked against the walls, wrapped in the brown garbs and rope girdles, as in life. Then again, countless multitudes are laid in trunks, chests, boxes, or upright cases with glass doors, like windows of a show shop, all decked and bedizened in crumbling, tattered finery, or attired in coarse serge, like withered, dried, horrid objects as they are.

I learned that the price of preserving a body in this vast charnel house, was four pauls and a large wax candle a year, which contribution, if not promptly paid, the body is unceremoniously pitched down huge vaults beneath, to mingle with the dust of myriads who have gone before them. The process of preservation is effected by lime and heat, in hermetically sealed chambers. Altogether there are reckoned to be half a million bodies contained within these awful receptacles.

The Capucins, as all the world knows, are notorious old beggars, and pretend to feed all other beggars beside themselves. They are shameless beggars, too, and importune one without charity or mercy; taking pains also to drop strangers a line in all languages, per post, should they happen to stray away from their hotel. Here is a specimen:

"The reverend monks of the convent of Capucins make you know they live by alms, which they collect from the beneficence of gratifying men, dividing the revenues of daily begging with poor people."

After leaving these good Capucins—with half a dollar—we took a circuitous drive around the ancient walls, and entered the eastern gate of the city by the Botanic and Floria gardens. The walls and ramparts generally are crumbling to decay. The bastions have long since been divested of cannon, and the broad moats are merely dry ditches partially filled up. Not only the walls, but the city itself is built of a perishable soft sandstone, which is soon worn away by the action of the elements. The streets, however, are paved with solid blocks of marble, very smooth, even, and well drained. Two broad, straight avenues bisect each other at right angles, thus cutting the town into quarters.

I know no city, except, perhaps, the old towns by

"Where foams and flows the glorious Rhine,"

—Strasbourg, for example—which presents so many quaint and singular objects as Palermo. The prevailing tone of architecture is a mixture of Italian, Norman, Grecian, Morisco, and Byzantine. Here are heavy Egyptian gateways also, held up by caryatides, and surmounted by sphinxes; while queer old carvings and tracings are sculptured about the pilasters and columns. Again Byzantine peaked towers rise above all, and below are fountains, or rather syphons, like obelisks, standing boldly up, while water from the valleys beyond trickles down the moss or ivy-covered sides.

Then there are innumerable nunneries, which line the upper stories of the tall buildings of the Strada Toledo, latticed in by iron girdles, resembling bird-cages for black-birds, swinging up in mid-heaven. There can be seen, through the live-long day, clusters of frowsy, podgy old nuns, peering and bearing down upon the crowded thoroughfares; but seeming all too fat and sluggish to mingle in respectable society. Nor is it consoling to reflect with Dr. Slop, that "virginity"—of that stamp—"peoples Paradise."

In the suburbs and narrow streets of the city, where the tall houses shut out

all light save a blue ribbon of sky over head, long reeds and canes protrude from the windows and queer old balconies, hang with flaunting clothes to dry; while flower pots are suspended by wires across the alleys, or lean lopsided over the ridges of the moss-grown cornices; and lower down at the pavement are little boxes of shops, with long racks of macaroni, like yellow icicles, stiff and pointed, awaiting customers. Then, the markets are at hand, with their babble of noises, and heaps of melons, vegetables and fruits; and then come the fishermen in their long, hooped red caps, striped shirts and sea-soaked legs, with each man his flat wicker platter, carrying the prey from the bay, the fish ranged in fanciful grouping, according to the taste of their captors, in green beds of weeds. Commend me to markets at night, when the lights are twinkling, the crowd moving, and the din and bustle intense.

A great attraction in Palermo is the Marina. It is a hard drive and walk, built from the base of the old ramparts, where the sea once washed the walls, along the quietly curving shores of the bay. A grove of lime trees fringes one side of the Marina, and midway is a spacious Corinthian temple, where on fine evenings a grand orchestra makes music until midnight.

A day or two after our arrival, we called upon the Viceroy of Sicily. His head-quarters were in the royal palace. The building makes one side of a square, with the rear resting on a curtain of the ancient wall of the city.

In front was a park of eighteen howitzers, intended for close work with grapeshot or shrapnell among dense crowds in narrow streets. The pieces were ready limbered, the horses picketed near, beside the caissons, while at the palace gates were a battalion of Swiss guards under arms. At the court-yard we were conducted by an aide-de-camp, through a double row of soldiers, to the bureau of the Viceroy, the Prince of Satriano, Duke of Taormina, and so forth. He was a man of about sixty-five years of age, for he was a lieutenant at Flessing in 1797, and could not be less. Besides being a distinguished military officer, he is the son of the celebrated Gaetan Filangieri of Naples. At Austerlitz, he was under Napoleon in command of a squadron of horse, and, after a brilliant

career of arms, in which he rose from colonel to marshal and lieutenant-general, he finally reduced Sicily to subjection in the late revolution in 1848. From his dark intelligent eyes, and determined physique, we judged that, with the thirty-three thousand troops at his disposal, he was quite capable of governing the island for a long time to come.

The prince received us with great frankness and urbanity, and seemed to be a man of experience and extensive knowledge of the world. At a later day, when he paid a visit to the frigate, he said that he felt some right to tread the decks of an American ship, since his father had been a warm friend and correspondent of our great Franklin, whose letters he had carefully preserved to this day.

At the termination of the audience we were ciceroned by the Marquis Forcella, the king's chamberlain, over the palace. The royal chapel rises from the first floor, over the great court. The dimensions are not great, but there is not a square inch of the interior which is not richly inlaid in a mosaic of rare marbles and gold. The ceilings and walls are profusely gilded, and represent in mosaics of precious stones Scriptural illustrations. The altar is a wonder of itself. The doors were modern, but as delicate and elaborate a mass of carving in oak as can well be conceived.

From this sanctuary we mounted to the story above, where Swiss guards were thickly stationed and quartered on the landings and galleries of the quadrangle. We were told that during the revolution, when the populace held possession of Palermo, they destroyed the casernes, and until others were completed the troops were billeted everywhere.

We passed through a large hall, hung with full-length portraits of former viceroys of Sicily, and entered the royal apartments. The mob had amused themselves in the palace some twenty-five days, and they did not hesitate to steal or ruin all they easily could from this part of it. In the main reception chamber, on a marble table, stood, or rather knelt, the famous bronze ram, which was found in Syracuse. The beast is so formed that, when placed in the wind, he makes a low, hoarse bellow, like a living animal

of his propensities. It is, in point of art and nature, the best and noblest work in bronze I ever beheld.

We wandered on through suites of Chinese and old Roman rooms, and so on into the grand hall of the palace. Here the mob outshone themselves, and had mutilated and smashed everything within reach of hands and bullets, save the magnificent fresco of Velasquez, representing the deification of Hercules, which is painted on the lofty arched ceiling. This room, as well as many others, was filled with huge cases and packages of hangings, furniture, clocks, and lumps, to restore in part the damage done by the infuriated populace.

Continuing our course upward, we gained the noble terrace, which overlooks the city, sea, and lovely valley around. The tower of the observatory was yet above us; but, having been for the time satiated with sights, we took our leave.

In the afternoon we drove to Monreal, a tolerably large town built nearly at the upper hinge of the "Shell of Gold," and reached by an excellent road. We had a spirited pair of black stallions, and they went up the hills at a gallop. On our right arose jutting calcareous crags, that seemed in their strange fantastic shapes, beetling over the lofty peaks, as if bent upon our destruction, while on the left we gazed down upon a scene of tranquil and enchanting beauty. The broad valley gradually closing from its sea-girt shell, recedes slopingly up towards the background, narrowing easily between the rugged steeps which at last frame it in. Up we rolled, until we stood on the terrace of the Benedictine monastery of Monreal, and there the view was surpassingly fine.

We looked directly into the heart of the valley. Green could not be greener than the dark foliage of the lime and orange groves of the plain, chequered as they were by the black patches of tilled earth, the pale hues of the clumps of olives and waving canes; the tall tubes of cypress, linked by "marriageable vines" to the elms, swinging in teeming festoons around the quaint old cottages and hamlets; while still beyond, over the expanding valley, was the city, with its towers, spires, and palaces, washed by the blue sea, between the majestic sphinxes of Pelligrino.

## THE STORY OF ALI, BALI, AND KALI.

ON the great Arabian desert, from three different points of the compass, three travelers slowly approached one another. Nearer and nearer they came, until presently they joined company. At first there was a moment of suspicion, and all were on their guard: one laid his hand on an old razor, concealed in his girdle; another fumbled in his turban for a shoemaker's awl; and the third, and last, shook his sleeve, until the pair of shears hidden there was in his hand. All drew back the mantles that protected their heads from the glaring sun and drifting sand, but had no sooner recognized one another than they set up a great shout of joy, and throwing themselves into each other's arms (as well as their infirmities would allow them), embraced.

Ali, the barber, had one eye; Bali, the tailor, had but one hand; and Kali, the cobbler, wanted a foot.

"Happy is this day, when we meet again!" cried the one-eyed; "pray, do you come this side of me, that I may better see you; why, Bali, you are less a hand, and you, Kali, less a foot. I myself want an eye, and pray let me tell you how I lost it. So let us be seated, and rest awhile, and I will relate to you all concerning my misfortune."

The three then seated themselves, and Ali, the one-eyed barber, commenced in this way:

"You know I was bred a barber, and that no one worked more diligently, or shaved better in Bagdad, than I did. One unlucky day, a great lord came to me, and wanted his head shaved. I soaped his pate nicely, sharpened my best razor, and went to work. One half was done; I caught hold of his nose (as our art dictates), to get at the other side, when, as ill luck would have it, the brush full of lather went into his eye; he roared with pain, and, getting in a rage, gave me such a drubbing that, when it was over, one eye was gone. My customers all left me; no one thought a one-eyed man could shave, and I was ruined. Now, a beggar, I am going to Mecca, to try if, by prayer, I cannot assuage Mohammed, and beg for good luck once again in my life."

"I think your case a hard one," then said Bali, the one-handed tailor; "now

listen to mine. One day there came into my shop a one-eyed man, and ordered a vest. He must have been a great personage, for the garment I was to make was of the most costly kind, such as are worn at the palace. I worked diligently, and when it was finished I took it to his house. He wanted to try it on; he put one arm nicely in, and had got into the other sleeve as far as the elbow, when he yelled with pain. 'Rascal!' he cried; 'villain of a tailor, you have left a needle in the sleeve, and it has pierced my arm; take this, you dog!' and he began to beat me with a big stick, and when it was over, my hand was gone. I could no longer sew; my trade all left me; and now, a poor wretch, I am traveling to the holy city, to implore the great prophet to take away his curse from me."

"It is my turn, and though your cases are hard ones, just listen to mine," said Kali, the shoemaker. "This is the way in which I lost my foot:—In Bagdad, my slippers of yellow Kurdish leather were in great repute. One day there came to me a great lord, and ordered a pair of my yellow slippers. I made them myself, and carried them to his house. He put one on—it fitted perfectly; he tried on the other, but it would not go on. Perceiving, for the first time, that he had but one eye, and one arm, and imagining that their loss had made him rather awkward, I told him to give his foot a stamp; he did so, and howled with pain. 'Dog of a cobbler,' he cried; 'you have left a nail in your slipper;' and without more ado, he caught me up in his arm, and threw me out of the window. Some passers by picked me up, and when I got well, one foot was gone. My business went to the dogs; my creditors seized all I had; and now, without a copper, I am hobbling over the desert, to the tomb of the great law-giver, to beseech him to grant me fortune."

When Kali had finished, all three were silent, and for full half an hour held down their heads. At last, simultaneously, they all burst out with "Oh! where, where can three such unlucky fellows be found?" and in such a loud tone of voice, that a fourth traveler, who had silently drawn near, heard it, and



exclaimed, "Who says they are unlucky fellows? For if so, look at me."

The three jumped up, surprised; for they had been so absorbed as not to have heard him approach. Ali, Bali, and Kali looked up, and saw a man in rags, with but one eye, one arm, and one leg. "You unlucky!" exclaimed the new comer; "do you compare your situation with mine? I, who am wanting in so many things? What do you say to me, the perfect addition of all your woes? and with it all, I consider myself the luckiest fellow in the world!" and here, with the aid of a long crutch, he tripped about merrily on the sand.

"And how do you manage to be so happy?" they asked.

"I will tell you," said the new traveler. "I owe all my good luck to three excellent men—a barber, a tailor, and a shoemaker; the first took my eye, the second my arm, and the last my leg. Could I but find them, I would shower blessings on them."

"I had the pleasure of spoiling your eye," said Ali, with a wink.

"Allow me to recommend myself to you, as the person who deprived you of an arm," said Bali, with a wave of his arm.

"If I have made you happy, by causing the loss of your leg, I am Kali, the shoemaker, at your service," and he made a scrape.

"And have I the good fortune to meet you all? Then allow me to embrace you"—and with this, as well as his infirmities would allow, he hugged them all three.

"Now, listen; my name is Ben-Rouzaum. I was about to be married. The day before the nuptial ceremony, I went to you Ali, to be shaved. You put your brush in my eye, and I lost it. When I presented myself afterwards to the lady, she would have nothing to do with me, and married some one else. She turned out to be such a wicked creature, so unfaithful, that her husband, covered with shame, killed himself. It would certainly have been my fate, if not for the good fortune that had me go to you, and get shaved. Some time afterwards, the sultan sent for me. In order to make myself pleasant to the eyes of the commander of the faithful, I bethought me I must have a new vest. You Bali made it; a fortunate needle

went into my arm—I lost it, and could not go. The sultan had planned a secret expedition, to carry on war with a neighboring country, and I was to have been in it. They were all taken prisoners by the enemy, and are now toiling, as slaves, under harsh masters. Bali, had it not been for you, what would have been my fate?

"But to you, Kali, my gratitude knows no bounds. Know that a friend gave a grand feast, there was to be merry-making and dancing, and I was an invited guest. Thinking my old shoes rather worn, I ordered from you a pair of yellow slippers, and surely some good fortune took me to you. There was a nail in one of them, and I threw you out of the window. I could not attend the feast, and lucky was it that I did not, for they danced about so, that the floor fell in, and the roof on top of them, and every soul was killed. Had I gone there, it had been an end of me. In those days, I was harsh and hasty; but the loss of my limbs has taught me a lesson—from the want of them I can no longer indulge in those bursts of passion, and am now as docile and quiet as a lamb. Thankful to the great prophet for the kindness he has shown me, and in order to do penance for the misery I have caused to others, I determined on a pilgrimage to Mecca, having sworn not to take off these rags, nor enjoy any of the luxuries of this life, before finding the three saviors of my honor, liberty, and life. Though clad so poorly, I have much wealth, more than enough for us all. Will you forgive, and share with me?"

"We have nothing to forgive," they all answered, astonished. "For our carelessness and want of skill, we throw ourselves on your mercy." Here Ali, Kali, Bali, and Ben-Rouzaum turned to the east, and bowed nine times towards the tomb of the great prophet, in order to show their thanks. Just then, they descried a cloud of dust in the distance, and soon a band of mounted robbers tore over the sands towards them. Their swift horses soon bore them near the four travelers, for they were eager for plunder; but seeing four such miserable objects, all in tatters, and all so maimed, and not worth a sequin as slaves, with a curse at them for the trouble they had given, and a laugh at them for their sorry appearance, they presently disappeared in the opposite direction.

"When they were out of sight, Rouzaum, lifting up his hands to heaven, cried out, "Another miracle! blessed be Allah! How fortune favors us. If it had not been for our wretched appearance, we should have been robbed and murdered. Now, my friends, that the robbers are gone, let us journey on towards Mecca."

Without an accident, they arrived at

Mecca, kissed the holy stone, and, their devotions finished, returned without harm to Bagdad.

Rouzaum purchased a large house, with beautiful gardens, and here lodged Ali, Ball, and Kali. They passed their days in the happiest way in the world, and had always a word of comfort and a gift of charity for the unfortunate.

### LIGHT-HOUSE CONSTRUCTION AND ILLUMINATION.

EVERY well-conditioned light-house might appropriately bear the inscription which Sostratus, the architect of the Alexandrian Pharos, affixed to that most beneficent of the world's seven wonders: "*Dis servatoribus pro navigantibus*"—"To the protecting gods in behalf of seamen. Though we dispense with consecrating rites, the very object for which we illuminate our coasts involves consecration and supplication, by its inherent nature. The spirit of this ancient inscription should underlie man's efforts when he girds himself for conflict with the ocean. The sea cannot be tamed by shams. When it passes from dalliance to anger, man's works can little withstand its frantic convulsions, if they are not wholly true to sincere, well-considered, and faithfully combined plans. Among the many triumphs of civil engineering, none have been wrought out from such a complication of difficulties as those in which the ocean's direct action had to be first temporarily and then permanently withstood. Even the rocky headlands along which the sea maintains its perpetual dance of waves, are thus slowly eaten away. Many of our boldest coasts are yearly receding at the rate of two feet or over. Thus the islands in Boston harbor are slowly capitulating to their untiring beleaguerer, and are now but fragments of western slopes, whose corresponding hill-tops and eastern slopes are impulsably diffused over the floor of the great deep. When this power, which thus wears away the rock-ribbed hills, is let loose to wreak its strength on human structures, there is need enough of invoking the highest professional skill, and even this will not always command success. In some of our light-house localities, the unbroken force of ocean

waves must be resisted; in others, the less powerful waves of bays and harbors only take effect; while in others, the sites are entirely withdrawn from watery inroads. Hence the different constructions demand quite different degrees of skill; but, in all, the faithful builder, with a true, essential, careful study, ought in every instance to insure that the costly teachings of past experience are made duly and appropriately effective.

The definite selection of a light-house site is a complex problem, involving a close and judicious consideration of the bearings of each supposable location on the utility of the light to navigation; on the facilities for, and cost of, its appropriate construction; on the probable expense and precariousness of maintaining the tower and site permanently; on the facilities for light attendance, and on whatever else may affect the utility, economy, convenience, and permanency of the structure to be reared. By a study of all these elements in combination for each available site, the point offering the maximum advantage may be selected. The importance of choosing this exact point of location can scarcely be exaggerated, and, though mathematical certainty in its determination cannot usually be attained, a close approximation ought actually to be realized.

Each light is intended to serve one or more specific purposes in aiding navigation within its range. These objects indicate, with more or less precision, the required radius of illumination; and from this radius, the necessary height of the tower is deduced by considering the earth's curvature, the usual height of observers on vessels, and the elevation of the site above the several tide levels. For sea-lights, the earth's

curvature and the elevation of the site chiefly fix the height of the tower. For harbor-lights, a certain degree of conspicuousness of the tower is desirable, and height enough is needed to prevent eclipse by intervening objects in the section of required illumination. The site and height being fixed, the style of construction will result from a study of the economy, convenience, durability and fitness of the various possible projects. The material will often be indicated by examining the resources of the neighborhood, and sometimes by the exigencies of the foundation. The choice of materials and the mode of combination will frequently resolve themselves into a question of minimum cost in the long run.

In all exposed situations, it is highly important duly to appreciate the greatest probable force of wave-action—a force which at Skerryvore was found, by actual measurement, to reach, in one instance, 6000 pounds per square foot of exposed surface. Waves and their action are indefinitely modified in different localities by the form and character of the bottom, even far out to sea; by the trend and configuration of the coast; by the extent of their rake or unbroken run; by the force of tidal and ocean currents, by the precise shape or modeling of the site itself; by the relative direction of the coast frontage, and the strongest winds, and, not least in importance, by whatever pier, tower, or other structure, we may, at any time, construct. All these circumstances should enter the study of stability, from which the exact forms, masses, dimensions, and combinations of towers and their adjuncts, must be mainly derived.

Not only must sea-actions around the base be considered, but the utmost force of high winds or hurricanes, pressing the whole height and tending to induce overturn or destructive vibrations, should, in each case, be duly introduced into the analysis of a stable mechanical equilibrium. It is important, too, to look ahead to probable changes and attritions of the site, as also to the disintegration, decay, or defection of the various component materials, and, as a general rule, to insure a surplus of stability, in all contingencies which can reasonably be anticipated. In constructing keepers' houses, when the towers are not by compulsion their homes, durability, convenience, and adaptedness are par-

ticularly incumbent; proper accommodations for storing oil and other supplies must be provided, and such out-buildings as will enable the keeper advantageously to till the public grounds ought not to be omitted, when, as now, the use of house and grounds form so great a portion of the actual inducement and remuneration of keepers. For convenience of attending the light in all weather, the keepers' houses and the towers ought, when practicable, to communicate directly, or, at least, under cover. Room enough for good accommodations, and not enough to favor the boarding-house business, should be provided and finished neatly, substantially, and conveniently. In fact, there is for each light-house construction a certain combination of nautical, engineering, architectural, practical, and special conditions and considerations, from the aggregate study of which a complete, coherent plan will naturally arise, answering alike to professional and common-sense requisites. This plan is the only one which comports with true policy and economy; for when this is duly executed, repairs, alterations, renovations, and rebuildings are indefinitely foreclosed.

We turn from these general remarks on light-house construction, to a synoptic review of some among the many remarkable structures of their class, whether historically known to us, or now in progress of erection.

The Colossus of Rhodes, built by Chares, B. C. 300, has been considered, on very slight grounds, to have performed the function of a light-house. It was partly shaken down by an earthquake, about eighty years after, and so late as 672, A.D., the Saracens sold the brass composing it to a Jewish merchant of Edessa, for a sum considered equivalent to \$180,000. In front of Alexander's monumental city, an island called Pharos became the site of the first unquestionable light-house on record. The vague notices of ancient writers give but little positive information concerning it, and no surviving remains tell the story of this much vaunted wonder. Pliny states as its cost, \$1,950,000, and Strabo says it was built of many stories of white stone. Josephus asserts that it could be seen thirty-four miles, which would correspond to a height of 550 feet. But these and other more extravagant statements

are entitled to only a qualified credence. It is most likely, though quite uncertain, that a common wood-fire on the summit was the method of lighting it.

Passing by the various light-towers, of which we have only read hints, we come to the Corduan tower, on a reef at the mouth of the Garonne. In architectural magnificence, this is superior to any structure of the kind ever erected. It was commenced in 1584, finished in 1610, under Henry IV., and minutely described in Belidor's *Architecture Hydraulique*. About fifty years after, it was partly rebuilt, and some additions made under Louis XIV. Its total cost of construction was about \$500,000. Its height is 197 feet, rising in a series of stories, with gradually diminishing diameters, and surmounted by a conical portion to receive the lantern. An inclosing circular wall, 134 feet in diameter, receives the shock of the waves, and the keepers' rooms are in casemates, backed against this ring wall. The tower contains a chapel and other apartments, and the successive stories are enriched by exterior galleries, with pilaster and friezes.

The Genoa tower is architecturally quite remarkable. It consists of two square prismatic portions, the lower being nine metres square and thirty-three and one-fifth metres high, and the upper seven metres square and twenty-nine and four-fifths metres high. The light is 225 feet above the base. The lower story walls are two metres thick, and the upper story one metre. There are seven arched floors below the lantern deck.

The first Eddystone light-house, on a dangerous ledge of rocks, nine and one-half miles off Ram-Head, in the English Channel, was commenced by Mr. Winstanley in 1696, and lighted in 1698. It was of timber, and by reason of the unanticipated height of spray, it had to be carried much above the contemplated elevation. In 1703, the builder and all his assistants, while engaged in making some repairs, perished in the wreck of the tower, caused by a severe storm. John Rudyard began the second tower in 1706, and in 1708 it was carried to its full height of ninety-two feet, and lighted. It consisted of a wooden casing, loaded for near half its height with stone, and fastened down by strong dovetailed iron ties, leaded into the rock.

This tower served its purpose till burned

in 1755. Between 1756 and 1759, Smeaton constructed the present stone tower, sixty-eight feet high, twenty-six feet in diameter at the base, and twelve feet at the top, under the cornice. The stones are joined by complex joggles and dovetails, and the lower twelve feet is a solid mass of masonry. The face gives, in vertical section, a graceful curve, whose concavity diminishes from the base upwards. Its foundation is a sloping rock, rising on one side to high-water level; and where there are no breakers, the whole is bare at low water. During storms, the surf on Eddystone rocks is tremendous; but so well did Smeaton do his work, that, save a renewal of the upper structure in 1830, because of its having become much shaken, his edifice has withstood all assaults.

The Inch Cape or Bell Rock reef, in the open ocean, some twelve miles from land, directly in the fair way to the Friths of Forth and Tay, and at spring tides covered with from twelve to sixteen feet of water, had led to much loss of property and life, despite the bell-boat long maintained on it by the abots of Aberbrothwick, which, as it was pitched and tossed by the rolling sea, rang out its warning note with a violence proportioned to the fury of the waves. The York, a seventy-four gun ship, was there lost with all on board. Captain Brodie, R. N., twice reared, at private cost, a spar buoy on this ledge; but both were quickly swept away. The existing masonry structure, authorized in 1806, was finished in 1811, by Robert Stevenson, under the Commissioners of the Northern Lights. The foundation is sixteen feet below the highest tides, and some two or three feet above low-water. The tower is of dovetailed joggled stones, one hundred feet high, forty-two feet in diameter at the base, and fifteen feet at the top. The lower thirty feet are solid, and the face is curved like the Eddystone. There are six apartments, including the light-room. The same machinery which revolves the light, is arranged to toll two large fog-bells. The cost was \$374,118. The difficulties to be overcome were extreme, especially before completing the temporary pyramid and elevated barrack on the rock. Two seasons were required to build the lower five and a-half feet; and so short were the intervals when the rock was bare, that progress

was not only difficult but dangerous. At one time the engineer and thirty-one persons narrowly escaped drowning, because the attending vessel broke adrift during a rising tide. Mr. Stevenson's successful conduct of this operation, as exhibited in his narrative, firmly established his reputation as an engineer of true genius.

The Skerryvore rocks, twelve miles from land, in that arm of the Atlantic between Ireland and the Hebrides, had, probably, for fifty years, wrecked nearly one vessel per annum, and so had won a fearfully bad name. Though the rock which now bears the light is above high water, the sea is so rough there, and so incessantly agitated, that it was difficult even to effect a landing. The reef of sunken rocks extends about eight miles; but the bare nucleal rock of compact gneiss was worn as smooth as glass by the incessant sea-action. In 1838, operations were commenced, by erecting a wooden pyramid and barrack on the rock; but a November storm swept them off. A second barrack, forty feet above the rock, accommodated the engineer and thirty men during the building, not, however, without several frights and many misgivings. It stood till taken down, several years after the lighting. The Skerryvore tower is 138½ feet high, forty-two feet in diameter at the base, sixteen feet at top, and its face has a hyperbolic vertical section. Its mass is more than twice that of Bell Rock tower, and near five times that of the Eddystone. It was finished in 1844, and cost \$434,715. It was designed and constructed by Alan Stevenson, and, with his various other labors, has won for him the highest distinction as a light-house engineer. The great benefits to humanity effected by his life-long devotion to whatever can improve the administration and construction of light-houses, entitle us here to offer, not only our thanks, but respectfully to express our hope that his restoration from the effects of his lamented paralysis may prove complete and lasting. We recognize in his last official act (the establishment of chaplains for the Northern lights), a touching proof of that solicitude for the welfare of the keepers which was nursed in the sublime isolation of Skerryvore. By many titles are we bound to honor Alan Stevenson.

About seventeen miles S.E. from

Boston, three miles N.E. of Cohasset, and one mile and a half from shore at the Glades, are situated the Outer Minot rocks, forming the advanced guard of the Cohasset rocks—a group of formidable dangers to the numerous vessels bound to or past Boston. Within the thirty years, and chiefly in the last fifteen years prior to 1848, it is known that ten ships, fourteen brigs, sixteen schooners, and three sloops have struck on the Cohasset rocks, and twenty-seven of these were total losses. Well may there, therefore, be complete unanimity in regarding this locality as one preëminently needing to be marked by a permanent light. The Outer Minot rock is forty-eight feet long, and thirty-six feet broad, at mean low water level, and a peak of it originally rose five feet above that plane. To construct a masonry light-house on such a rock, exposed to the unbroken sweep of the violent northeast storms of that vicinity, is a work of eminent difficulty and great cost. In the hope of avoiding this construction, an iron light-house was begun in 1847, and finished in 1849, at a cost of about \$39,500. As everybody knows, this structure proved inadequate to bear the exposure to which it was subjected, and was swept away on Wednesday night, April 16th, 1851, during a gale of remarkable severity, accompanied with extremely high tides. The two assistant keepers shared its fate. At eleven o'clock, the light was seen; in the morning, the sea broke unobstructed over its site.

After this disastrous issue of an experiment, too bold, yet, under the circumstances, not justly reprehensible, nothing remained but to build a stone tower, which, if possible, should be secure, however costly. This work is now in progress of execution, having been begun in the summer of 1855, by Lieutenant B. S. Alexander, whose previous successful constructions give assurance of the best attainable results. This tower is to be built of granite in the most substantial manner. It will be a cone, thirty feet in diameter at the base; seventeen feet and a half at top; ninety feet high, and the lower forty feet will be solid. It will contain five rooms for keepers' accommodations, storage, etc. The greatest difficulty is in forming the foundation-pit in the rock, which is to be cut down



to two or three levels, and the whole circle of thirty feet finely hammered. So great are the difficulties of working on this rock, that the pit will probably cost as much as all the rest of the work. Sometimes it is impossible to land for two months in succession, and even then it is only during the extreme low water of spring tides that work can be continued from one to two hours. On two occasions, work has continued for four hours at a tide. During 1855, about 130 hours of work were made, and with a small force one-fourth of the rock was cut down. It is probable that, with an increased force, building may begin in 1857, when three or four years will still be necessary for completion. The difficulties to be overcome are greater than at Bell Rock, or Skerryvore, as the foundation is to be lower, and the sea is rougher. An iron scaffold, now in progress, will greatly facilitate operations. Wharves, shops, store-rooms, etc., are built on an adjacent island purchased for the purpose. When the light-house is being actually built, they will be in preparation. All hands work on this, except a boat's crew who stay by the rock, when there is a probability of being able to land. When occasion favors the landing, the master signals the workmen in time for them to reach the rock as soon as it would be of service. This interesting operation, we are pretty confident, will succeed, and, despite its perils, we hope that no disaster will mark its progress. Its cost cannot be very precisely estimated, as so many circumstances are likely to influence it; but we may safely assume that the Bell Rock and Skerryvore precedents are not likely to equal this case in economy of proceeding. We know that it is in good hands, and that there will be neither foolish economy nor causeless expenditure.

From stone towers, we pass to iron. It is believed that the design of an iron light-house for Bell Rock, by Capt. Brodie, R. N., was the first formal proposal to build structures of this class with iron. In 1800, Robert Stevenson prepared a design for the same site, composed of a pyramid of eight cast-iron columns, with braces and ties. In 1821, he erected the Carr Rock beacon, at a cost of \$25,000—the lower portion being of stone, and the upper of cast-iron. Very many instances might now be quoted, in which iron, both cast and

wrought, has been used in Europe for light-houses and beacons.

There are virtually three distinct systems of iron construction for towers. In the first, Mitchell's screw-pile, having a broad helicoidal flange, like an auger-pod, is, by simply turning, bored into a sand, mud, or other penetrable bottom, so as to form a foundation with a broad bearing, on which the weight of a columnar superstructure may be safely diffused, and to which this is firmly fastened. In the second system, the columnar piles are sunk into the solid rock, by drilling, or are set in an artificial foundation bed, or through broad iron discs. In the third system, the towers are composed of cast-iron plates, and are loaded with masonry at the base for stability. These towers are only fit for sites, either naturally or artificially, dry or out of water. The first two classes are adapted to submerged sites, and can frequently be erected where no other plan would be deemed practicable. The clusters of piles, with the requisite ties and braces, offer but a slight resistance to the waves, compared with that of a solid structure of equal base. The first class is applicable to sandbanks, on which the waves and currents would soon undermine any solid mass. There can be no question that Mitchell's screw-pile has made it possible to place secure lights and beacons where, without them, no durable construction could at all be established. Hence, the invention has peculiar value as one of the chief instruments for superseding light-veasels by permanent light-houses. Mr. Alexander Mitchell, its inventor and patentee, prepared with it a foundation for the Maplin sands light, near the Thames entrance; and, in 1841, Mr. Walker, the admiralty engineer, brought to a successful conclusion the superstructure placed thereon, according to his own plans. In 1839-'40, Mr. Mitchell built the Fleetwood light, twenty-eight feet above ordinary tides, on a site subject to tides of thirty-two feet, at a cost of only £3,500. In 1844, the Mitchells erected a light-house in Carrickfergus bay, in water never less than ten feet; and, in 1843, a beacon on Kish bank, in water never less than fifteen feet. Mr. Mitchell stated, before the parliamentary committee of 1845, that he was ready to undertake the replacement of the two light-ships between Dover and

Harwick, by permanent screw-pile lights, at an average rate of £10,000 each. We need not dwell further upon European pile-lights and beacons, as they involve no special principles not equally illustrated in our own like constructions.

The application of iron piles to light-house construction, in the United States, has been chiefly made under officers of the Topographical Engineers, who have given a greater development to the system than it has elsewhere received. To them are due numerous improvements in the combination of the frame work, appropriate arrangements of the elevated keepers' houses, the disc-pile foundation for coral or encrusted bottoms, and improved plans for the foundation story. They have successfully built on a variety of novel sub-marine foundations; and we owe to them the gratifying fact, that the finest specimens of this species of construction are, in every sense, American. A law of 1847, by assigning six difficult light-house constructions to the Topographical Bureau, gave the stimulus which has led to this important result.

The first notable operation of this kind was the rebuilding of the Black Rock beacon, some four and a half miles southwest of Bridgeport, Conn., by Capt. W. H. Swift, Top. Engs. Three successive stone beacons, costing \$21,000 in the aggregate, had, in twelve years, been overthrown by the sea at this point. Capt. Swift, at a cost of \$4,600, prepared a durable foundation, and erected a pile beacon, thirty-four feet high above low water, and three feet higher than its predecessor. As the detritus of the stone-beacon wrecks was spread over the site, an artificial foundation was made by excavating and bedding six twelve-ton stones, properly placed, and thence concreted into one solid platform. Five wrought-iron periphery piles, and one centre one, from five and a quarter to three inches in diameter, were sunk some distance through holes drilled in the bed-stones, so as to hold firmly to the platform and the mass underneath. These rise in a conic frustum, and are solidly joined together, and duly capped at the top. Several beacons, having similar superstructures, have since been erected on rocks, and on screw-pile foundations; besides a number in

which the centre pile, conspicuously surmounted, is made the main fabric, which the surrounding or sloping shafts simply serve to brace. There is, in fact, great latitude for variations in combining iron beacons for different sites.

The Minot's ledge iron light-house, to which we have already alluded, was based on a solid rock, by drilling holes about five feet deep, in which the wrought iron foundation piles, eight inches in diameter were directly fastened by wedging. There were one centre and eight periphery shafts placed on an octagon of twenty-five feet diameter, and the top diameter, at the height of sixty feet from the base, was fourteen feet. The whole height, to the top of the lantern, was about seventy feet. A complex system of diagonal bracing connected the shafts, to give stiffness to the structure. The failure of this edifice was apparently due primarily to the violent breaking of the waves on the rock, rising boldly against their progress—a violence which, in severe storms, much exceeded the anticipated vehemence, and which caused a destructive tossing upward. Secondly, the formation of sheet-ice, by the freezing of spray on the numerous ties and braces, exposed to wave-action, a much greater surface than was calculated—a fact which the contorted state of these rods strikingly exhibited. This led to great vibrations and loosening of joints, by which the stiffness of the structure was radically impaired. The great height to which the wave-crests rose, especially in the fatal storm, probably subjected the inclosed rooms to their effective action, and this having so long a leverage was a highly destructive force. Other minor causes conspired, but the final overturn seems due mainly to these, and to the remarkable severity of the final storm. The rock-fastening held perfectly, and the piles were broken from four to six feet above the rocks, leaving stumps all bent from the storm. It should be an extreme case, in which, after this experience, such a structure is ventured where spray can freeze in masses on the ties, or where, in the severest storms, the upshooting waves can strike the inclosed portion. The lessons from disasters such as those at Minot's ledge, Bishop's rock, the Skerryvore barrack, and the Bo-Phag rock beacons, ought to be kept fresh in professional memory, not absolutely to

prohibit analogous structures, or to inspire unreasoning timidity, but to indicate their special liabilities, and as landmarks of that boundary line which cannot safely be crossed.

The Brandywine shoal light-house, in Delaware bay, is one of the finest specimens of a structure supported on screw-piles. Its focal plane is forty-six feet above sea water, and a convenient keeper's house is arranged just below the lantern. Its most remarkable feature, is its exposure to the drift of the Delaware ice, which made it necessary, or at least prudent, to establish an ice-breaker for its protection. This is a hexagonal pier, seventy-five by forty-five feet, composed of thirty screw-piles, twenty-three feet long, and five inches in diameter. These are connected by horizontal or spider-web braces, at their heads and near low water, by which a shock on one pile is diffused to all. The violence of the ice-concussions has required a strengthening of the ice-breaker bracing, but otherwise this construction has been very successful. It was begun in 1848, and lighted in 1850. The cost was \$53,317 for the light-house, and \$11,485, for the ice-breaker. Its design and execution were due to Major Hartman Bache, Topographical Engineer, who is a thorough master of this class of operations.

The structure designed by the Light House Board, for the Seven-Feet Knoll, at the mouth of the Patapsco river, is a very good combination for a site but moderately exposed. Eight eight-and-a-half inch screw piles, twenty-three feet long, are bored twelve feet in the ground at the angles and middle points of the sides of a square of thirty-two feet, whose centre is marked by a similar pile. The design assumes seven feet of water at low tide, and thirteen feet at high tide. Cast-iron tubes (we would prefer wrought shafts) rise from the foundation-piles to twelve feet above high water, being duly braced and tied. From this level, the square pyramid, forming the keeper's house and watch-room, rises in three stories to the lantern—the tubes converging to a twelve-feet square at top. The total height above low water is about sixty-five feet. Some peculiarities of foundation required this plan to be modified in construction, and the height is in fact reduced, so that the focal plane is only

forty-three feet above sea level. We need not further specify constructions of this character, though they are growing numerous along our shores, especially where running ice is not to be feared.

A remarkable iron-pile light-house was begun for the Carysfort reef, Florida, in 1848, and finished in 1852. This is founded on a coral bank near the edge of the Gulf stream, four and a-half feet below low water, and its focal plane is one hundred and twelve feet above the rock. An elevated keeper's house forms part of the design. The whole was so made, framed, and tied together in Philadelphia, as completely to obviate the difficulties of fitting on the spot. Its entire cost was \$105,069. A careful examination in 1854, proved that the work had remained without alteration appreciable by test instruments. The Carysfort foundation, was so peculiar as to lead to a novel construction. A hard exterior coral crust covers a softer mass of calcareous sand, so that screw-piles which would pierce the crust would have an insufficient bearing underneath it. This led to the use of large iron foot-plates, to diffuse the pressure over a large surface of crust (one hundred and thirteen square feet in all), and the piles, passing through centre eyes in the plates, were driven about ten feet into the foundation, till brought up by the lodging of under shoulders on the bed-plates. Nine piles, eight inches in diameter, mark the centre and angles of an octagon, and a carefully studied system of cross-ties and braces gives rigidity to the aggregate column. The erection of this preeminently useful light-house was begun by Capt. Stansbury, and completed by Major Linnard, of the Topographical Engineers, ably assisted throughout by the late Mr. L. W. P. Lewis.

The Land Key-light is constructed on a plan analogous to the Carysfort, though it is founded in deeper water and on screw-piles. Its focal plane is 121 feet above the foundation, and 110 above the sea level. It was completed in 1853, at a cost of \$101,520, by Lieutenant Meade, Topographical Engineer, and has been found to answer every expectation for stability and usefulness. The same officer has erected an iron screw-pile light-house on the flats near the N. W. channel, at Key West harbor; also

an important iron pile beacon on Rebecca shoals. He is now engaged in building a first class light-house on Coffin's Patches, Florida reef, about fifty miles east of Key West. This stands in about eight feet water, and the focal plane will be 140 feet above the water, giving a range of over twenty statute miles. The foundation-piles are twelve inches in diameter, resting centrally on cast-iron discs eight feet in diameter, and penetrating the rock to a depth of ten feet. They are placed at the angles and centre of an octagon fifty-six feet in diameter, and are braced by horizontal, radial, and periphery ties of five-inch round iron. The pyramidal frame rises from this foundation in six sections, and converges from fifty-six to fifteen feet diameter—all the shafts, except those of the lower section, being of hollow cast-iron. The keeper's house, in the second section, is thirty feet square, of boiler-iron, lined with wood, giving ample accommodations and stowage. The ascent to the lantern is by a circular stairway, in a cylinder of boiler-iron, lined with wood. The entire cost of this noble structure, including illuminating apparatus, is estimated at \$118,405, and when complete it will probably be quite unequalled in stability, range, and durability among towers of this character. It is a grateful spectacle to observe how rapidly the Florida reefs are being excoriated of their long-endured terrors by these benevolent towers, and by the signal beacon piles and charts of the coast survey. We need no longer feel a sense of national shame in comparing our Florida lights with those on the British West India islands just opposite.

Light-houses built on dry foundations, and composed of cast-iron plates, are reputed to have been first suggested by Capt. Samuel Brown, R. N., and they have been successfully designed and executed by Mr. Alexander Gordon, at Gibbs Hill, Bermudas, for £7,689; Point de Galle, Ceylon, for £3,300; Morant Point, Jamaica, for £11,608; Grand Turk for £3,500; Barbadoes for £5,400; and Cape Pine for £6,800. The Morant Point tower was first completely erected in London, then taken down, shipped to Jamaica, and permanently erected in 1842. Its total height is about 108 feet, and it is filled in, or loaded with concrete, for twenty-

five feet above the base, leaving only a stairway. The Gibbs Hill light is 115 feet high from the base, and 133 total height; the lower twenty-two feet being loaded with concrete. Its base is twenty-five feet in diameter, and the top is twelve and a-half. All of Mr. Gordon's iron towers are similar in construction and physiognomy, being circular, composed of moderate sized plates joined by broad flanges all around, with numerous small windows, concrete-filled bases, leaving a well stairway and the care-keeper's rooms and store-rooms between the concrete base and the lantern, an ornamental cornice, and numerous details derived from the use of cast-iron as the main material. He claims for these structures great economy—especially for out-of-the-way localities—facility of erection, slight expense of repairs and keeping, perfect security against lightning in tropical climates, solidity during earthquakes, and easy adaptation to various sites. Despite Mr. Gordon's confidence in their stability during hurricanes, we are not without distrust of such combinations as the Point de Galle and Barbadoes towers. We doubt if they would pass the ordeal of a close discussion of their stability according to the principles so admirably defined by Leonor Fresnel, in his paper on the stability of the Belle-Ile tower, especially when wind-constants, derived from West India hurricanes, are duly introduced in the formula. There is, doubtless, much to commend these towers for various localities, though where granite facings can be erected without disproportionate expense, they are, beyond question, far superior in durability and security. We regret the lack of fuller information concerning the results of Mr. Gordon's efforts to improve the system of British colonial lights, and to erect these towers on many unoccupied points of danger.

In general, the use of iron for light-house constructions is a problem of much interest, and one deeply involving the security of commerce. While we prefer masonry, when the site permits its economical application, we regard the use of iron as in many cases indispensable for any construction whatever, and in many others as offering a greatly superior economy, even though the resulting fabrics should prove as wanting in durability as the worst fears

and indications betoken. We can hardly question that some effective protection of iron against sea water corrosion and plumbagoizing will soon be found. In this event, if iron structures are only combined according to proper mechanical principles, and with parts of adequate dimensions, there would seem to be abundant guarantees of permanence. Active progress may still be long expected in this field, and the existing structures, regarded as experiments, were most judiciously undertaken as the sure means of improvement. The old preference of engineers for securing stability in constructions exposed to sea-actions by weight or inertia, rather than by tensile strength, or by anchoring to the foundation stratum, is, we believe, perfectly well founded, and hence, we anticipate no sweeping overturn of present practice, by any probable improvements in iron combinations. As one means of reaching a truer measure of the reliableness of iron marine constructions, further good experiments are needed to ascertain the rate of corrosion of iron in sea water, for the different kinds of iron in different exposures. A rude approximation from the old spindles, etc., along our coasts, fixes a rate not exceeding one-tenth of an inch per annum, or four-inch spindles last twenty years. The experiments of Mallet, reported to the British Association, are excellent, so far as they go; but we need a no less careful study of our own irons, subjected to a range of exposures from Maine to Texas. We need to know precisely how much protection zining affords, how effective a thick coating of oxide may be in saving the inner mass, and what advantage there would be in various sheathings, coatings, paints, etc. We must no longer dwell on light-house engineering, though many important topics are left quite untouched.

The art of light-house illumination presents two distinct fundamental problems; each of which possesses an immense economic importance, and embodies special principles and researches not without general interest. The first problem is chemical and mechanical, and concerns the determination of the most effective and economical sources of a steady, powerful light, from a limited flame; and the best mechanism for maintaining that flame, unimpaired, through the night. The

second problem is purely optical, and demands, for its solution, the best arrangements for gathering up the divergent rays, and throwing them exclusively on the area of waters which requires illumination. The first point is, how best to generate an appropriate light; the second, how best to render the generated light wholly effective.

We cannot easily appreciate how completely modern is the study of the economical production of a strong light. It is altogether probable that ancient light-towers were only elevated fire-places, or hearths on which wood or coal fires were kindled in *chauffers*. The Isle of May light, in the Frith of Forth, had shown only a coal fire during the 181 years prior to 1816; and even the Eddystone tower, for forty years after Smeaton's labors were crowned with success, down to 1800, exhibited only a beggarly display of tallow candles. The Corduan light was, for a time, only an oak wood fire, then a coal fire; and it was not till 1780 that Lenoir introduced lamps; and in 1784, the Argand lamps and mirrors. Through all ages some means of artificial lighting have been used; and the history of the lamp bears us back to the oldest records and monuments. Egypt, Greece, and Rome have left innumerable lamp models, exhibiting countless graces of design. Passeri had in his museum 322 antique lamps, and Portici published a volume of ninety-three copper-plates, representing lamps from Pompeii and Herculaneum; yet, so little was the true theory of combustion understood, even practically, that it was reserved for Argand, of Geneva, to invent the only correctly composed lamp with large flame, in 1784. While Wedgwood could do no better than to copy antique lamp-designs, in all artistic features, ancient magnificence and luxury could only command a powerful artificial light by sheer multitude of burners.

We are accustomed to speak of burning solids and liquids; but, in fact, only gases or gaseous vapors are really burned. The solid must first be melted and vaporized, and the liquid must by heat be converted to vapor, or combustible gases, before they are in a condition to effect that combination with the oxygen of the air, in which all ordinary combustion, with or without flame, consists. Continuous combustion, therefore, only takes place at the surfaces of contact



between the combustible gas and the surrounding air. If this surface be too limited, relative to the generation of gaseous vapors, or if, for lack of an air-current, the burned gas is not rapidly removed, the unburned gaseous vapors must pass off as smoke. Hence, only small, solid wicks can be used. Argand met this difficulty by making the wick hollow, and by providing for an interior air-current, as well as an exterior one. By this means, not only is a large development of combustion surface obtained, but, by means of Argand's glass chimney, the air currents are made to flow rapidly and uniformly, giving steadiness, as well as amplitude of flame. The increased heat of burning, by reason of the enlarged flame, also adds essentially to the intensity of the light. Flame being really transparent, the light produced on the inner surface is mostly given out and utilized.

As it is indispensable for light-houses that the luminous flame should be quite limited in volume, in order that a proper direction may be given to the generated light, the Argand arrangement was an absolute prerequisite to any intense illumination for this purpose, whether from sperm, colza, or olive oil, or from any other known lighting, solid or fluid. Argand, at once, produced his lamp nearly in perfection; and the chief, almost the only, subsequent augmentation of its power was due to the memorable research in which Arago and Augustin Fresnel, acting as associates, produced the burner with two, three, four, and five concentric hollow wicks, with an air-current passing up through each of the open, ring-like tubes or spaces between the concentric wick or oil tubes. Thus, any number of concentric wicks might burn together, until the imperfect transparency of the flame should indicate a limit. The effect of this invention has been to gather the previous cluster of separate lamps into a single central lamp, of decidedly greater power; and which may be made to meet fully all proper demands of the highest existing towers. In such a case, the limit of range prescribed by the earth's sphericity can be effectively reached in ordinary states of the atmosphere, by a burner with four or five concentric wicks, producing a flame from four to four and a-half inches high, and four and a-half inches in diameter—the wicks being one-fourth

of an inch high, and consuming about six-sevenths of a gallon of oil hourly.

The mechanical part of this light-generating problem has reference chiefly to maintaining a continuous flow or supply of the oil or other fluid at a constant level, so as to preserve unaltered the conditions of combustion, and thus prevent unsteadiness of flame. The well-known Carcel or mechanical lamp is a common type of this arrangement. An expenditure of ingenuity has been bestowed upon this problem, which can best be appreciated by inspecting the great number of patent specifications for this object in the French *Description des Machines*. Innumerable specifications for burners, oil-cisterns, oil-pumps, oil-pump valves, lamp-regulators, oil-supply alarms, etc.,—these give evidence to the difficulties and importance of the problem. The main result is, that there are now in use for light-houses, the clock-work movement lamp; the lamp of Henry Lepanto; the Wagner lamp; the hydraulic lamp, and the pneumatic lamp. We must not enter the maze of specifications; for scarcely has the watch itself outrun the lamp in varieties of movement, model, and mechanism. The lamps used on board light-vessels are, or at least ought to be, simple Argand burners, properly mounted, and supplied for bearing the instability of a floating mass, and furnished with reflectors. The same principles govern the shaping, formation, support, and adjustment of lamp-chimneys for light-houses, as in the common Argand lamps; though the enlarged wicks require them to assume proportionate dimensions, and make a free air-draft or ventilation of increased importance. The mechanical arrangements are usually so adjusted as to cause a flow, over the wicks, of about five times the amount of oil burned, which serves to prevent charring of the wicks, and obviates the need of frequent trimming and raising. The surplus is caught in a dripper, strained, and again used.

Practically, the chief materials used for light-house illumination, are sperm oil and colza, or rapeseed oil. The former is still used in this country; the latter, which is derived from a species of wild cabbage, is used entirely in France, chiefly in Great Britain, and is, indeed, altogether the main reliance of the European lights. Olive oil has

been pretty extensively employed, but is nearly gone out of use. Colza oil gives the intensest light; produces less charring of the wick; is less affected by cold; breaks fewer chimneys, and is, in most places, very much cheaper than sperm oil. Indeed, so decided is the superiority of colza over all other materials for light-house illumination, that very few lights in Europe are now burning anything else. Lard oil, cotton-seed oil, olive oil, various patent oils, both animal and vegetable, besides sundry organic compounds, evolved by modern chemistry, have been experimented on for this particular purpose, with results adverse to their relative availability, reliability, and economy. Carbureted hydrogen or coal gas, from coal, rosin, or oil, has been on trial in various light-houses here and elsewhere; but it is found to be quite too precarious, and the apparatus for its production and thorough purification is costly, and too complex to be worked by a common keeper. The same objections apply with increased force to the three intensest known sources of light. The electric light from the brush between two charcoal points in a powerful circuit, is entirely at the mercy of battery derangements, and of the wasting, breaking, or maladjustment of the charcoal points. The Drummond light from a ball of lime, made incandescent in the oxyhydrogen blow-pipe flame, is peculiarly difficult to maintain, because the incandescent ball is constantly prone to fly to pieces under the excessive heat. In Gurney's Bude light, oil is burned in an oxygen jet, instead of the atmospheric mixture; hence an oxygen generating laboratory, with all its essential resources and skill, is required; and this, in the hands of a common keeper, cannot at all be relied on. Besides other economical and mechanical objections to this trio of intense lights, they would be too small to give the required vertical and horizontal divergence without bringing the parabolic reflectors or dioptic lenses too near for their safety. The sum of the whole matter is, therefore, that as light-houses are all isolated, and kept by men of moderate skill, and as they yet require the utmost certainty of lighting, colza oil and sperm oil are the only illuminating substances which can now be safely and economically used for this purpose. Nothing is at present appa-

rent which is likely to change this fact, though, of course, none can foretell what inventions or discoveries are impending in this inventive and inquiring age.

We would call special attention to the great benefits attainable, by establishing in our own country the colza culture, for the production of colza or rape-seed oil. It is clear that sperm oil cannot much longer maintain its place in our light-houses; but we must soon resort, as England already has, to the use of colza oil. The whale fishery is growing precarious, and the absolute supply of sperm oil is sensibly diminishing. Meanwhile machinery is devouring it at an increasing rate, and the price is rapidly advancing. In 1841-2, the light-house sperm oil cost \$0 55 per gallon; in 1847-8, do. \$1 07; in 1850-1, do. \$1 17; in 1854, do. \$1 39 to \$1 58; and at the close of 1855, the cost of oil, delivered at the lights, was \$2 25. It is, therefore, almost imperative that colza oil should be introduced into our service as soon as an adequate supply can be procured. To become dependent on importations for this purpose, is a very unpalatable contingency; but unless the colza culture is developed in our country, such importation must soon be begun. There is ample reason to believe that this culture might be made very profitable, if judiciously and vigorously undertaken. Throughout France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany, it occupies an important agricultural rank, and is in some parts the staple production. In England, and to some extent in this country, colza is cultivated for fertilizing and grazing purposes, the oil from the seed being mostly neglected. The German population in Texas raise the colza, and express enough oil from its seeds to meet their domestic wants. In Mexico, its production is carried so far, that the lighting of streets and houses, in many villages and cities, is effected by domestic colza oil. It may, therefore, be regarded as proven, that colza oil can be readily produced in our country for domestic as well as public purposes, and that a large family consumption could be relied on at remunerating rates. Even at present European rates for this oil, the colza culture would probably be quite as profitable as that of our chief agricultural staples. But for light-house uses, a much higher rate

would now be justified, and the expenses of importation would by no means interfere with the economy of introducing it, at least in our lens-lights. As soon as the growth and manufacture should become systematically established, an enormous consumption for house-lighting might be anticipated. Shall we not, then, make haste to introduce so important a branch of production; one so needful for our light-houses, in case of not improbable failures in the whale fishery, and so essential, should we be involved in a commercial war? Would it not, even, be quite as wise for Congress to offer bounties for its initiation as it was thus to favor hemp and the fisheries?

We must now very concisely present the main features of the optical portion of the problem of light-house illumination. If, then, we conceive a simple, naked light, burning on the summit of a tower on an ocean headland, the rays would issue in all directions from the flame as a centre, though only those portions of them which proceed in directions where they might reach a navigator's eye could be of any service. Not only would all the rays in the hemisphere—whose centre is the light, and which lies above a horizontal plane through the light—be without useful effect, but all the rays which proceed landwards, and which strike the ground, would be thrown away. In ordinary cases, not one-eighth of the light generated would be so emitted as, without artificial direction, to be of any use. Calling the range of a light the greatest distance at which the earth's curvature, atmospheric refraction, and its own elevation, would generally permit it to be seen, it is evident that what is wanted is, so to direct all the light generated as that it shall entirely fall on, or pass just over, the water within a sector traced around the light, with the range as a radius, and limited by the extreme radii passing over navigable areas. The question, then, is how to direct all the generated light within these limits of useful effect, and especially along the extreme water horizon limit.

There are two modes of changing the direction of a ray of light, leading to the two species or systems of light-house apparatus, called the catoptric, or reflecting system, and the dioptric, or refracting. As the usual dioptric apparatus has parts which use internal

reflection, the whole is also called a cata-dioptric apparatus—the two terms being currently applied to the same arrangement. Both reflection and refraction, in this connection, take place only at the limiting surfaces of solid, homogeneous masses, shaped for their special ends. The line perpendicular to a surface at any point is called the *normal* at that point.

The law governing reflection at surfaces is, that the incident and reflected rays always make equal angles with the normal, at the point of incidence. By means of this geometrical law, all the rays from any radiant point could be reflected in obedience to any given condition, if we were only able to make, with accuracy, mirrors of any geometrical form, and free from absorption. In fact, only spherical and paraboloidal mirrors are used. A mirror presenting the hollow surface of a spherical segment, is the one most easily made; but this is only an approximate instrument for throwing out the rays received from a light placed in front of it, over the water spread out before it. The focal radii and the diameters at each point of a paraboloid, make equal angles with the normal at that point; also, all the diameters of a paraboloid are parallel to each other. Hence, the paraboloid (this surface is shaped like a shallow wash-bowl) is characterized by the property that all the rays proceeding from its focus will be reflected at its concave surface in a beam of parallel rays. If a light-house lamp be placed at the focus of a paraboloid mirror whose axis is horizontal, the reflected light will constitute an approximate beam of parallel rays, in the precise direction for the best effect at the limit of visibility. Unfortunately, the reflected rays make only a limited portion of the whole radiation. But, what is worse still, if the light and mirror are stationary, the luminous beam having theoretically no divergence, and practically not over  $15^\circ$ , it would require twenty-four lamps set in a circle to illuminate the entire horizon by paraboloidal reflection. Besides this, all metallic reflections cause a great absolute loss of light, by absorption; even silver, with the best polish Lord Rosse is able to give it, absorbing from 7 to 10 per cent. His great six-feet reflector gives not much clearer illumination than the fifteen-inch Cambridge equatorial reflector possesses. Thus, paraboloid

mirrors are very far from being a correct theoretical solution of this problem; and the practical departures from theory, in so far as they correct the abstract faults, annul the abstract merits of the arrangement. Both in theory and practice, every simple metallic reflector is radically faulty; for it must waste much of the reflected light, and must leave the front radiation wholly uncorrected. Except for this loss of light and front radiation, a series of lamps on faces of a revolving frame, each lamp with its paraboloid mirror attached, would make up a satisfactory revolving light; but no satisfactory fixed light is thus possible.

As might be supposed, it was not till the Argand lamp had given an intense concentrated light that spherical or paraboloidal mirrors were to any extent used in light-houses. Some rude trials of plane mirrors, and paraboloids built of plane glass facets, preceded Borda's arrangement of Argand burners with paraboloid reflectors on a revolving frame, first set up in the Corduan tower, in 1784; but, practically, the great merit of this combination belongs either to Toulère or to Borda, who, aided by Lenoir's skill, really initiated the existing catoptric system. Probably no essential advance from Borda's arrangement will ever be made by using metallic reflection only. None has thus far been realized; and, from the nature of the case, all metallic catoptric arrangements must leave much of the light unutilized. Borda's plan, though still much in use, only survives by virtue of organic inertia, and it is now rapidly giving place to one vastly superior.

A strict geometric law also governs the refraction of light at the surfaces of transparent bodies. The sines of the two angles made by the incident and refracted portions of a ray with the normal at the point of incidence, bear a constant ratio to each other, for each substance, whatever be the angle of incidence. Each refracting medium, placed *in vacuo*, is characterized by its own special value of this ratio, called its index of refraction, which may once for all be experimentally determined for each substance. Knowing the indices of refraction for the various media of a given combination, as a telescope, a microscope, or a light-house refracting system, the entire course of any ray

therein can be accurately traced. Given, then, glass of a known index of refraction, how can all the rays of a central light-house lamp be strictly utilized by its use, and what shapes and positions must be given it?

To Augustin Fresnel the world owes enduring gratitude, for his elegant and almost faultless solution of this practical problem. Prior to his research, lenses had been tried for giving direction to light-house illumination; but these trials were very faulty, either optically or mechanically. In England and Ireland, simple spherical lenses were placed before lights a hundred years ago; but their great thickness, and the bad quality of the glass, made them, on the whole, injurious to their effect. Buffon, who was much engaged in forming burning-glasses by which the sun's parallel rays are focalized, proposed to cut away the central mass of glass, and to reduce the lens to a series of rings placed around the central lens in *echelon* order. As his idea was to make all these in a single connected piece of glass, its supreme mechanical difficulty made it virtually impracticable. Condorcet was the first to indicate the plan of a separate formation of the rings, with which large annular lenses might then be built up. Brewster, when treating of burning-glasses, in 1811, presented a clear exhibit of the composition and action of annular lenses, and advocated their use in the inverse problem of parallelizing the rays diverging from a light-house lamp flame as a focus. As he did not fully embody his ideas in practical forms, and as he, apparently inspired with less than his accustomed ardor, failed to procure responsive action by the inert light-house commissioners, no fruit resulted from his advanced conceptions. Brewster, of all men living, can best afford to spare a single optical laurel, but even this he is not bound wholly to forego. In 1819, Arago offered to undertake for the light-house commission a systematic series of researches, with the express object of improving light-house illumination, and for this he applied to have Mathieu and Fresnel assigned as co-laborers. It was through the acceptance of this proposal that Fresnel, being duly detailed as an officer of *Ponts et Chaussées*, was led to that brilliant train of researches and inventions so admirably detailed in his Memoir, read before the Academy July

29, 1822, in which, not knowing of Brewster's conceptions, he takes up the whole problem *de novo*. He was already recognized as the profoundest optical philosopher of his age, and as a perfect master of the most difficult analytical implements. Among the many illustrious opticians since Newton and Huygens, we think not one has possessed so excellent a blending of all the qualities and powers needed for fruitful and complete research as Augustin Fresnel. As with Snellius and Malus, his brilliant career of research was prematurely closed, yet each of this illustrious trio made fundamental discoveries which only Young has equaled since Newton and Huygens. To them we may apply Newton's saying when Coates died: "Had these men lived, we should have known something." Huygens originated the watch, and the undulatory theory of light; Fresnel approached his merit, by inventing his light-house apparatus, and by discovering the formulæ of interference, double refraction, and polarization. Before the trained powers of such a man, the difficulties of light-house optics vanished forever. Not content with vaguely indicating desirable combinations, he determined, with precision, their exact form, dimensions, and modifications. He left but few improvements to be made, and even these he had indicated the mode of effecting. It is not amiss, therefore, to call the dioptric or catadioptric light-house apparatus, now in general use, the Fresnel lens—a name than which no worthier or more enduring monument could be erected. We will now indicate briefly the prevailing forms of these lenses.

The light is produced by a single central lamp-flame, proceeding from concentric wicks, varying in number from one to five, the focus being the central point of flame. Around this are arranged, for a fixed light of the first order, horizontal hoops or rings of glass, so shaped and placed as to throw out in a horizontal direction all the light received on them. Thus while the horizontal divergence is duly preserved, the vertical divergence is counteracted, and nearly all the rays are brought into a flat, star-like horizontalism (as when a chestnut burr is pressed flat), and the illumination is equally diffused over all points in the horizon. The number of these rings varies with the order of the light, and, in all cases, the thickness of

glass to be penetrated is so small that absorption produces only a slight loss. The middle ring, at the level of the flame, is plane-convex in cross-section, with the convexity outwards, and is of considerable breadth above and below the focal level. The rings just above and below this have a four-sided, approximately-trapezoidal section, and with the precise curvature on the exterior for parallelizing and horizontalizing the emerging rays. The several rings, above and below, are similarly determined. All these rings are limited by horizontal top and bottom surfaces, and their interior surfaces together make up a vertical cylinder: thus all the curvatures are thrown into the outer surfaces.† The horizontal glass surfaces in contact are cemented, and the segments of the rings are sustained by metal ribs placed radially, and connected with the main supporting-frame. This cylindrical refractor receives the rays for about  $30^\circ$  above and  $30^\circ$  below the horizontal plane, through the focus. It is surmounted by a dome-like arrangement of prismatic zones, so adjusted as to receive and horizontalize the rays between about  $30^\circ$  and  $80^\circ$  above the horizontal. These zones give a spherical triangle in cross-section. The light enters at the under side, passes to the superior face, where it is intervally reflected, and, after a second refraction at the outer surface, it emerges duly horizontalized. It is fortunate that interval reflection is attended with far less loss of light than in metallic reflection, provided it take place as in these zones, within the angle called the angle of total reflection. The cylinder of the main cylindrical refractor is extended downward by several zones of spherical triangular cross-section, operating like the upper zones, and receiving the light from  $30^\circ$  to  $52^\circ$  below the horizontal. Thus all the rays, except an upper cone of  $10^\circ$  angle, and a lower one of  $38^\circ$  angle, are received on glass rings, and thrown out horizontally and uniformly in each azimuth. The upper opening is needed for the chimney, and the lower for the lamp and lamp-attendance—very little light being thrown down in that space any way, because it is eclipsed by the lamp and wick. Such, in general terms, is a fixed catadioptric lens—the cylindrical refractor simply bending the rays horizontally, while the upper and lower zones combine



two refractions with one interval reflection. A cylinder of glass rings is underpinned with glass rings, and is crowned with a dome of glass rings, and all are upheld by vertical or slightly oblique metal ribs, horizontally connected. Sometimes there are thirty-six or forty of these rings in one apparatus. Any focal light in this magnificent glass cage—six feet in interior diameter, and nine or ten feet high—must shine, exclusively, for the benefit of those outside wanderers who skirt the horizon, and cannot waste its splendors on aeronauts and hovering angels. Star-gazing is under prohibition, and each ray must acknowledge king utility.

There are several important variations from this fixed-light combination, besides the modifications for different orders of fixed-lights. For a revolving lens-light, a regular polygon is assumed as a basis, on which to erect faces of glass refractors and prisms, operating as in the fixed-light, except, that all the light, incident on each face, issues as a single parallel beam, or nearly so. A central circular lens, at the level of the focus, is placed in each face, and is so surrounded by ring-lenses as with them completely to fill the rectangle of the face. This rectangle is surmounted by a dome segment of curved prisms, and is extended downward, by several like internally reflecting prisms. All these parts are determined by the condition, that the transmitted rays shall emerge parallelized horizontally as well as vertically. If the primary plan were an octagon, eight such beams would be produced simultaneously. To the whole arrangement, a clock-work gives a regular rotation around a vertical axis, thus bringing the beams successively to bear on an eye in the horizon, which sees a regular series of blazes or long flashes succeeding at stated intervals, characteristic for each light. A considerable duration is essential to the flash, hence the rotation must not be very rapid. There is, however, opportunity to give a considerable variety of distinctly recognizable appearances to different revolving lights, so as to avoid mistaking one for another.

The fixed-light, varied with flashes, is produced by revolving a combination of vertical prisms around a fixed lens-light, so as to parallelize a portion of the horizontally diverging rays, or it

might be made by inserting one face of a revolving-lens apparatus in the fixed-light apparatus, and giving a revolution to the whole. Such a light is seen most of the time, as if a steady fixed one; but a bright flash, preceded and followed by a short eclipse, occurs once during each revolution. This ingenious device of Fresnel gives one of the best characteristic distinctions of a light. There are many cases where the land-action of a light causes the waste of about half the rays. This is in part remedied by what are called holophotal arrangements, in inventing which, Alan and Thomas Stevenson have been distinguished. By placing spherical reflectors or prismatic combinations for effecting a like result, by two interval reflections behind the lamps, the landward rays may be thrown back through the flame, whence they will emerge as if original light issuing seaward. Innumerable devices, modifications, adaptations, and details of light-house optical apparatus have been made, to which we cannot take space to allude.

Suffice it to specify the sizes and character of the six orders of lens-apparatus. The first order lamp has four or five wicks, and the lens-apparatus or glass-cage is six feet in internal diameter, and from nine to ten feet high. This is eminently the sea-coast light, and it is adapted to the greatest ranges. The second order lamp has three concentric wicks, and the apparatus is four feet seven inches in inner diameter. The third order lamp has two wicks, and its apparatus is three feet three and one-third inches diameter. The fourth order has one or two wicks, and one foot seven and three-fourth inches diameter; the fifth, one wick, and one foot two and three-fourth inches diameter, and the sixth, one wick, and eleven and three-fourth inches inner diameter. These lights may be either fixed, fixed, varied with flashes, or revolving. These distinctions, with those derived from times of revolution, are chiefly relied on, and are quite sufficient, except in some overcrowded localities. Double lights, or two lights, either on the same tower or on two adjacent towers, are sometimes used for distinction; but this mode has the fault of requiring two lights to do what one may be made to accomplish. Besides, at a distance of one mile for each six feet of vertical

separation, two lights run together, and if they are on two towers, not only are they liable to blend at the same rate, but their opening varies with their bearing. Range-lights, consisting of two lights covering vertically to indicate a channel, or other important right line, are of great value in certain cases. Tide-lights, to show the height and stage of tide, are much used in Europe, but not yet in the United States. Thomas Stevenson gives the name of apparent light to his combination, constructed at Stornoway, by which a lamp on the shore illuminates a beacon, supporting a reflecting apparatus 530 feet from the light, whereby the beacon is made to show as a light to a distance of over a mile in a certain sector.

From what has been said, it will be seen that the catoptric and diacatoptric systems of apparatus are the only two generally available. Theoretically, the diacatoptric system has a very great superiority over the parabolic mirror system. Practically and economically, this advantage is equally great, as is proved by a vast array of comparative statistics, and by the fact that everywhere, where the subject is understood, lenses are rapidly replacing mirrors, but nowhere so rapidly as in our own country. The gain experienced from substituting lenses for reflectors, in some of the smaller lights of our establishment, has been found to be enormous: indeed, the cost of maintaining reflectors and providing oil and supplies of all kinds, was actually, in these cases, about ten times greater than for the regular supply of lenses, giving more effective lights. When all our lights are fitted with lenses, the quantity of oil consumed will be only from one-fourth to one-fifth what it would be with equivalent reflectors under the old system. Thus a reflector light of ten lamps consumed over 400 gallons yearly, while a fourth order lens only burns about fifty gallons. The importance of this economy will be better appreciated from the fact that our authorized lights would, if all fitted with reflectors, require 5,110 lamps, burning forty gallons each, or 204,400 gallons in all yearly; while the actual estimate for the year only calls for 148,150 gallons, giving an absolute saving, by the present lenses, of 56,250, which, at \$2 25 per gallon, makes \$123,562 as the pecuniary saving for a year. Of course, as our supply of lenses is increased, this sum

will undergo a proportionate increase. The oil saving for our 494 lights, in 1854, anticipated from a complete substitution of lenses for reflectors, was estimated at 130,720 gallons, or, at present prices, a value of \$394,120. Have we not good reason for pronouncing Fresnel a public benefactor? When the annual advantage to us alone, for a single scientific invention, is thus expressed in hundreds of thousands, we may well demand honor and recognition for those more abstract and recondite fields of investigation whence Fresnel drew his power to become a benefactor. Nor should we here forget to express our admiration for that excellent mastery of glass fabrication and manipulation, and for that tasteful skill in mechanical adjuncts, which has centralized in Paris the manufacture of light-house illuminating apparatus and lamps. Not only patronage but honor is justly awarded to men like Soleil, the mechanical and operative assistant of Fresnel in his inventive career, as also to such as Lepante and Letourneau.

If we have succeeded in conveying a tithes of the interesting information concerning light-house administration, construction, and illumination, which has been at our command, our expectation is fully answered. The superabundance of riches has been a great embarrassment, and the amplitude of the subject has made our effort seem like a hopeless attempt to coerce the towering and expanding genius in the Arabian Nights within his box-prison. A light-house not only epitomizes the arts of the engineer, mechanic, and optician, but it is an exponent of administrative organization; it is an expression of honorable commercial enterprise, it is an embodiment of national majesty, and, prouder than all, it is an untiring assertor of the common brotherhood and united humanity of the nations upon earth. Its friendly invitations, and still more friendly warnings, as, in faithful steadfastness, it shines out over the varying phases of the deep, give to it almost a human and vital interest. The quiet star-light which comes to us from remotest worlds, testifies to some unknown affinities which bridge the very depths of space; so, when the solitary ocean-rover sees, glimmering along the far horizon, a beacon-star of man's kindling, he knows that humanity, and kindness, and real philanthropy, have there a home.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

## AMERICAN LITERATURE AND REPRINTS.

THE threatened war with England has passed away, as we predicted that it would pass, and the relations of the two countries continue on an amicable footing, where we trust they will long remain. But now that the controversy is over, we wish to direct attention to an incident, evolved in the course of it, which may be instructive to some of the parties concerned. We refer to the fact that the excitement throughout has been mainly confined to the English side. While the London newspapers were declaiming volubly, and with extreme vehemence, against the blood-thirsty determination of the Yankees, to provoke a war at any rate, scarcely a man in this whole country dreamed of the possibility of such a thing, much less of its desirableness. A great majority of us, on the contrary, were very much puzzled to find out what the dreadful pother in the London prints was all about. Not a stock fell in consequence of it—not a soul lost his breakfast. Until the philippics of the *Times* appeared, the subject did not create any more sensation than some probable skirmish among the remoter Indians, or the menaces of a Union-saving speech. Even after the diplomatic correspondence had been all published, and the very spirited sparring between Mr. Marcy and Lord Clarendon duly appreciated, nobody felt alarm enough to get up a reply to the earnest memorial and remonstrances of the quaking British merchants and manufacturers. All the while in England there was a general apprehension, amounting, in some regions, to a dread of immediate active hostilities.

Now, what was the cause of this difference of feeling? Partly the mistaken notions which prevail in England, as to the warlike proclivities of our people—partly, the immense interests which are staked there in American custom and trade—and partly the dependence of public opinion upon one or two leading organs, which, having scarcely any competitors in circulation, may produce what impression they please. But a more efficient, though perhaps less obvious influence than either of these causes, is to be found in the different nature of the two governments. Eng-

land is, to a large extent, an aristocracy, and the control of public affairs is in the hands of a few men, who, conducting their negotiations in comparative secrecy, may precipitate a war before the country is aware, and even against its real wishes. But in the United States, where the policy of the government is more directly controlled by public sentiments, the people know that a war—and a war of such magnitude as one with England must be—could not be undertaken without their consent. The people of England were disturbed, therefore, because they could not tell what their rulers might do; while the people of this country were "as calm as a summer's morning," because they were assured that so long as they did not themselves desire a war, the occurrence of such a calamity was not probable—that is, not probable as coming from their side. It was the superior responsibility of government among us which gave us superior security.

Yet, the British public persist in refusing to see this fact. It has been taught by its travelers and journalists to believe that our democracy is a kind of wild and reckless animal, ever thirsting after somebody's blood—and it is consequently thrown in a fever of excitement whenever it is told that we are looking that way. We hope that it will derive from its recent experiences a better knowledge of us, and cease to get so ludicrously discomposed by every idle rumor of trouble with America. There was much good sense, too, in the advice of Mr. Disraeli, in his brief speech on the Crampton affair, when he told his countrymen that they had better make up their minds to the advancing power and greatness of the United States. It will not hurt them, if they do not meddle with it; and the time may come, in the complications of European politics, when they will rejoice in that national strength of ours which they now affect to deprecate and suspect.

—The death of so eminent a literary man as the French historian, Augustin Thierry, is an event which deserves more than a passing remark. He was a pioneer in that new movement of historical science

which has been imparted to it during the present century, and which has conferred so much lustre upon modern genius. Just previous to his time, history, in the true sense, was but little cultivated in France. The fine old chroniclers, from Gregory of Tours to Comines, had been forgotten, or were used for party purposes; the Benedictines and the Duchesses had few imitators; the powerful impulse given by Montesquieu and Voltaire had expended itself, and the popular writers had come to be such jejune and shallow compilers as Mezeray, Rapin, Velly, and Anquetil. Remarking this want of truth and animation in history, and the general neglect or perversion of the sources of history, Thierry was among the first to indicate the deficiency and to attempt an improvement of the state of historical study. It is said that he was led to his awakened interest in the subject by perceiving, in the romances of Chateaubriand and Sir Walter Scott, incidents and characters introduced for which he found no authority among the accepted writers on the times involved. Were the romances wrong or were the historians—he asked, and in proceeding to determine the question for himself, he discovered that, whatever might be said of the romances, the historians were clearly in error. This discovery put him upon a course of original research, in which he made himself thoroughly familiar with the actual facts, and duties, and relations of the earlier times of France, and the results of which were his brilliant letters on the *History of France*, which appeared in the *Courier Français*, about the year 1820. They were written with great beauty, zeal, and vigor; and, though they pushed certain theories, perhaps, to excess, were received with remarkable eclat and success. A few years later they were followed by his *Norman Conquest of England*, which exhibited even higher powers of historical investigation, sounder judgment, and a more artistic finish. At a later day he resumed his Letters, and, in 1840, issued his *Récits des Temps Mérovingiens*, which crowned his reputation, not only as one of the most accurate and industrious of inquirers, but as a writer of rare force and elegance. What added to the interest and surprise with which these later volumes were hailed, was the fact, that the historian had been smitten with the double calamity of partial blind-

ness and paralysis. Yet, the affliction did not diminish his ardor, though it impaired his activity in his favorite pursuit. He somewhere draws an affecting picture of his assiduous toils, in the midst of difficulties, in behalf of science, while he touchingly adds, that they were their own rich reward. As we design, sooner or later, devoting more consideration to the entire circle of Thierry's labors, we must dismiss the subject now with the simple expression of our grateful sense of the value of what he has accomplished, and of our regret at the loss of so distinguished and useful a man. Meanwhile, let the desponding student take courage from this noble passage at the close of the *Études Historiques*. "Blind and afflicted beyond the reach of recovery and hope, I will bear this testimony which cannot be suspected in my circumstances: There is in the world something better than material enjoyments; better than fortune, better than health itself—the ardent love of science!"

—*The Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith* is the title of a work published by Redfield, and edited, with a memoir, by EVERET A. DUCKINCK. It consists of an admirable biography of the wit and the divine, compiled from all the most authentic sources, and of selections from Smith's writings. It is a necessary work, excellently done. We say necessary, because the reduction of the mass of literature within some reasonable and practicable compass has now become an important literary labor. Every writer who is worth reading, and, therefore, perpetuating, has written a great deal that is not worth reading; and although, as Southey said, no man likes to have another choose his reading for him, yet he must consent to that choice, or go without reading a great deal that he would be sorry to lose. Besides, this is true mainly of scholars and reading men; the majority of men want only the best things of the best authors. Thus, of the nineteen full-sized octavos of Swift's complete works, how many are known to the mass, who are naturally desirous to know something of Swift! Everybody would read Gulliver—but the temporary political pamphlets are interesting only to the curious. This task of literary selection, however, although now a necessity, demands rare accomplishments. The editor must have a nice knowledge, not only of books, but of

men. He must be, in an unusual sense, a scholar. His notes must restore the form and color of the times with which his author dealt; and his life of the author must be something more than a genealogy and diary—it must be a portrait of the man. Biography, like portrait-painting, belongs to the highest walk of art.

Mr. Duyckinck is equal to his task. He has given a cheerful and vivid picture of the most English of modern Englishmen—the man whose severe good sense, wise humor, catholic charity, united with a total want of imagination, and a constant tendency to a somewhat low view of human nature, entirely free from cynicism, make him a typical John Bull. For, how is it, that, notwithstanding Shakespeare and the poets, John Bull always appears unimaginative? In saying that Sydney Smith inclined to a low view of human nature, we mean the feeling indicated; for instance, by the humorous contempt with which he always treats the Methodists and the Catholics. His argument always assumes that they were a weak, deluded, silly set of people, whom it was folly to treat severely; who might be scorched with sarcasm, but were never to be credited with any lofty moral conviction. He advises the government to invite the disaffected to dinner. He shone at dinners himself, and it would even seem that he thought dinners to be, in most men's minds, the final cause of life; therefore, his argument runs: Let a government dine its enemies well, and they will wipe their mouths, afterwards, its friends. John Bunyan, for instance, or John Wesley.

The force of his peculiar logic must have been irresistible to the pure English, middle-class mind. Sydney Smith was worth a seventy-four to England. He was equal to a dozen police brigades, and all the justices of the peace and quorums added to them. He was a great public benefactor. But the government could never find the place for him. They had plenty of places for nobodies. Look, now, at the bench of English bishops, and reflect that the man of the modern English Church, who most truly represented its spirit, who was also a man of most noble nature, and enlarged and liberal mind, a good Samaritan in every way, was left to live on in poverty, and finally reached a small clerical preferment. We do not say

that a clergyman ought not to be the best man he can possibly be, without any consideration of the worldly advantage; we only ask why an ungrammatical bigot gets to be archbishop of Canterbury, and the man who has every requisite for the office of bishop is quietly ignored? Is it because there is an ecclesiastical as well as political "circumlocution office?" Would it facilitate the reply to say that it is for the same reason that old women are sent to command armies? Sydney Smith, certainly, did not advance rapidly in church preferment; but with equal certainty, no man ever made more cheerful fun of his poverty, or was gayer under greater difficulties. To read his life is as refreshing as to contemplate a good deed. Mr. Duyckinck has admirably done what everybody will thank him for doing.

—*Paul Ferroll* is another publication of Redfield's. It is "a Tale by the Author of *LX Poems by V.*" and is a very handsome reprint from a fourth London edition. It is a remarkable tale—full of passionate energy and development, and almost without a superfluous word. Every novel-reader should know it. Every reader, curious in psychological revelations, will be fascinated by it. It is a book of the same kind of general interest as Bulwer's "Eugene Aram," but of an infinitely profounder reach. Eugene Aram deals only with the phenomena of a life affected by a murder of the grossest character. It is a purely superficial tragedy. Paul Ferroll is a great intellect dissected; the processes of a supreme will laid bare; a will and an intellect which have superseded conscience. It is the picture of a character without moral sense; a supreme and sublime selfishness, whose theory of the universe begins and ends in itself. The story makes you think of Goethe. You find yourself saying, "Goethe might have written Paul Ferroll." Possibly you find yourself asking, "Could Goethe have been Paul Ferroll?" We do not await the reply; we only commend this story as a piece of wonderful literary art, in symmetry and strength, and a work of marvelous psychological audacity. It is a tale of terrible interest. Godwin's "Caleb Williams" is a bauble beside it. The story is told with restrained power. The mind of the reader apprehends the catastrophe long before it comes, as in sultry days you feel the coming



of the storm you cannot see. It is because you are in the storm, because it is gathering all around you. There is not an incident which is not probable—but there is nothing conceded to conventions, either of art or morality. The story, like a statue—which, in compact power, it resembles—disdains explanation. If there be any moral, it is, like the perfume with the flower, inseparable from the characters and events. To our minds it has a moral, and a fearful one. No recent story has so great a moral.

—Ticknor & Fields have republished WASHINGTON ALLSTON'S *Monaldi*—an Italian story of love, and jealousy, and madness. Perhaps from his very love of art, and, therefore, of form and organization, Allston always shows a slight conventional feeling in his choice of subjects, and treatment of them. This is, we think, apparent in most of his great pictures, which are still great, and the greatest we have yet produced; and we find something of the same characteristic in this story. But every flower of so rare a genius has the greatest value. Like his little poem, "To Rosalie Singing," so this little story has an intensity and reality which sufficiently show his power. It is purely Italian. It is easy to fancy him writing it, if for nothing else than to prove to himself how entirely he had absorbed Italy. The author seems to be Italianized, and his work has all the lurid light and deep shadow of the passionate Italian nature. From its complete fidelity to the life and spirit with which it deals, *Monaldi* reads almost like a translation—or would read so if the exquisite idiomatic facility of the great artist's style did not at once place it among the specimens of the best English.

Where is Mr. Dana's *Life of Allston*? and why do not Messrs. Ticknor & Fields put into uniform shape with *Monaldi* his lectures, essays, and poems?

—The long-expected report of Commodore Perry, on the famous government expedition to Japan, after having been submitted to the incubation of Dr. Hawks, has been born. It is a portly volume, of which the typography is not worthy of its size and pretension, and filled with illustrations which, for the most part, are poorly executed. The letter press consists of the reports of the several officers attached to the expedition, and of the journals of the Commodore, which were given to Dr. Hawks's

revision; and, by the assistance of the competent pen of Dr. Robert Tomes, digested and arranged into a consecutive story. This divided parentage has taken away somewhat of the freshness of the narrative, but has not diminished the value of the facts. Like the preacher's sermon, it has passed through the heads of so many, that, before it reaches the hearer at the door, it is somewhat thin and dull; but the truths which are told are none the less sound on that account. Beginning with the departure of the expedition from New York, we are enabled to follow its course across the sea—first to Madeira and the Canaries, then to St. Helena, where we are entertained with a brief discussion of the propriety of Napoleon's treatment at Longwood—thence to the Mauritius, where we have something further of Paul and Virginia; next to Hong Kong, Canton, and Macao; then to the Loo Choo Islands, which are pretty thoroughly explored; then to the Bonin Islands, which are also pretty well explored; and, finally, after eleven chapters of narrative, besides a long introduction, to Japan, which is the principal object of our voyage. All the way, of course, we are told about the countries and the people; a great deal that is interesting, if it is not always new. The charts made by the expedition help us to the understanding of the geography of the route, and the wood-cuts, partially, to an idea of the physical appearance of things. Occasionally, when we light upon a passage extracted from the journal of Bayard Taylor, or some other accomplished man, attached to the corps, we get some vivacity of description; but such passages are not the leading characteristic of the book. The objects presented to us, however, are in general so novel, that we readily forgive any deficiencies in the manner by which they are communicated to us. As a record of facts and observations, therefore, the work has a high value. It adds much to our knowledge; and though not as racy and fresh in style as a work written from personal knowledge, it is yet readable.

This volume is the popular edition of the huge government edition of Commodore Perry's report. Being in one volume, it contains less than that, but is scarcely less valuable as to the materials it contains. The general objects attained by this costly expedition, we may take some opportunity

to speak of hereafter; but, meanwhile, let us state a single fact, as to the printing of this large government work, which may serve to open the eyes of the community to the nature of congressional jobbing. The Report is in five volumes, at the cost of four dollars each, or twenty dollars for the whole, and Congress having ordered some *eighteen thousand* copies of it for the use of Senators and Representatives (including three thousand for Commodore Perry and the Departments), we may set the cost of the whole edition at only \$360,000! This is for the printing, mind you—not the expedition itself; nor must it be supposed that these volumes are a gift to the nation—they are not: they are a perquisite to the members of Congress, or, rather, an appropriation. Each member has voted himself about fifty copies, one of which he will keep, perhaps—a few copies may be given to private friends, but the residue will be sold to the booksellers. This is a convenient way for each member to vote a thousand dollars into his pocket; but whether it is an honest one is another question.

—The second part of Mr. BENTON's *Thirty Years' View*—like the first, a huge volume filled with extracts from speeches, and from newspapers, and his personal reminiscences—opens with the administration of Mr. Van Buren, and brings the history of the government down to the death of General Taylor. As a greater part of the political controversies of this period relate to the struggle between the banks and the Government, for the mastery—a struggle equal in its importance to any which our institutions have been exposed to, Mr. Benton, who was deeply interested in the subject, displays unusual animation in his narrative. It is hardly possible that all his readers, many of whom must still retain the convictions and prejudices of so recent a contest, will agree with the views which he has given of that remarkable dispute; but they will certainly admire the earnestness with which Mr. Benton fights his old battles over again, and, perhaps, be instructed by his inferences from a later experience. The other prominent topic of the volume is the slavery question, which, though coming from a state where slave-holding is allowed, he treats with great independence, sagacity, and impressiveness. His object is, to show the slow

and insidious, but certain steps by which the modern dogmas as to the rights of slavery in the territories have grown up, and to warn the nation in time against the desperate schemes of those politicians who are trying to make the anomaly of a few states the constitutional rule of all the states. Mr. Benton exposes the iniquity with his characteristic boldness and enthusiasm. Like some of his predecessors, however, during the inflammatory excitement of the bank question, he is disposed to exaggerate the dangers of the slavery agitation. We do not think that the controversy is at all likely to lead to a dissolution of the Union. It may lead to very serious civil bickerings, and ought to be settled, if possible, in such a way as to prevent them; but the people of the United States have made up their minds to preserve the Union, and any party, whether at the North or the South, who undertakes to destroy it, will soon find itself in a forlorn hope. Least of all will the adherents of slavery be able to bring that event about. They will raise a great outcry, and proceed to some extremities; but let it be once decided that our national government is a government of freedom, and an overwhelming opinion will force them to acquiesce. The threat of disunion must always be the raw-head and cross-bones of our politics; but we cannot believe that it will ever be anything more.

In a notice of the first part of Mr. Benton's work, which appeared in this magazine, we do not think that complete justice was done to it, as a contribution to the historical literature of the country. As a narrator, it is true, Mr. Benton does not possess great facility: he is verbose, awkward, and diffuse; and, in his generalizations, he does not touch the roots of a profound political philosophy. But his sketches of men and events are unusually spirited; his glimpses into the secret motives of party movements are keen and suggestive of truth, and the episodic dissertations upon policy full of important remarks. The work embodies the results of observations made by a man of vigorous talent during an almost life-long connection with the government, and, apart from the digest of history which it contains, furnishes the most valuable hints to the future historian. The pen of a Thucydides, a St. Simon, or a Burnett, might have made it better, and yet it will always prove, it seems to us, a special

authority. How valuable are the brief notes of Madison, on the proceedings of the convention which framed our Constitution; but how much more valuable they would have been, if, like this work of Mr. Benton, they had been diffuse and elaborate? Contemporary newspapers will supply to the annalist much of the information which Mr. Benton imparts, but not in the same connection, and the same clearness.

—*The Last Seven Years of the Life of Henry Clay* is a continuation of Mr. Colton's *Life and Times of Henry Clay*, which was published in 1845, and brought the biography of that distinguished statesman down to the previous year—the year of his last presidential campaign. Taking up the thread of the narrative at that point, Mr. Colton completes his sketch of the man and his influence, up to the day of his death. He is such an ardent admirer of the Kentucky orator, that he omits no incident which can in any way add to the glory, or illustrate the character of his favorite. His accounts, to those who sympathize with him, will possess a powerful attraction; although to others, we suspect, they will appear a little tedious. Mr. Clay was a charming, able, and useful man, and his position in the political conflicts of the country was a most important one; but only his personal friends and most ardent supporters will care about that minuteness of information concerning him which Mr. Colton furnishes. In one respect, however, his volume has a historical value. It exposes those secret tactics by which, when he was at the head of his party, its acknowledged and long-tried leader, he was dismissed from the final reward of his exertions—an election to the presidency—to make room for a military chieftain, who had never been heard of in civil life, and whose principles were not in entire agreement with those of the whig party. Mr. Clay felt this wound deeply, and never forgave the authors of it, though he did not allow his personal grief to interfere with the discharge of his patriotic duties. The correspondence of Mr. Clay with Thomas B. Stevenson, appended to this work, treats, at length, of the intrigues by which the election of General Taylor was effected.

—*The Life and Voyages of Herodotus*, by Mr. J. TALBOYS WHEELER, is an English work, which, like the young Anacharsis of the French Barthélemy, and the Charicles of

the German Becker, endeavors to string together, on a slight thread of fictitious narrative, the peculiarities of the manners, and customs, and opinions of the ancient nations. In selecting the age of Herodotus for this purpose, Mr. Wheeler has undertaken no difficult task. Herodotus is himself so full of lively and picturesque incidents, and his works have been so largely illustrated by later inquirers, that no great effort is required to construct a couple of pleasing volumes out of the material thus afforded. We are not quite sure, however, that Mr. Wheeler has helped himself materially, or benefited his readers by the meagre vein of fiction which runs through his descriptions. The same information, conveyed as truth, would have been just as interesting, and less confusing to the un instructed reader. There is, in our minds, an objection to those works which mingle truth and fiction in their representations, which does not lie against a purely imaginary work. They are apt to complicate the two, so that we cannot tell where the one begins and the other ends. A purely imaginative work is taken for what it purports to be—a work of art, illustrative of times and countries perhaps, but in its main object, intended for amusement; but these historico-poetical compilations give us, generally, neither history nor art, or, rather, both inextricably jumbled. There is, however, so little fiction in Mr. Wheeler's Herodotus as to save it from the full force of the objection. But why is there any? A capital account of Herodotus and his voyages might have been written, which should be authentic in every particular, and yet full of charms. There is less necessity now for the romance of history, since Macaulay, Carlyle, Michelet, Thierry, Motley, and others have shown us that true history may be made as brilliant and fascinating as the most skillful novel.

—We have derived no little profit from the perusal of the Rev. J. LEIGHTON WILSON's account of *Western Africa*. He was, for eighteen years, a missionary among the tribes of the coast; during which time he made himself master of two of the native dialects, and enjoyed the best of opportunities for observing their manners, customs, and peculiarities in every way. His narrative is intelligent and agreeable, and of special value in the testimony which he bears, after so long and familiar experi-

ence, to the general capacity and improvidence of the negro race. Mr. Wilson thinks the prevailing notions, as to the ignorance and ferocity of the Africans, greatly exaggerated. He does not disguise the fact that they are heathen, with the vices of heathen; but he is far from regarding their state as so hopelessly degraded as it is often represented. They evince sagacity, shrewdness, and an aptitude for business; they are possessed of many useful arts, and display prudence as well as force of character in the management of their affairs; and though they have no written literature, they possess fertile imaginations, which are prolific in a species of unwritten lore, and are often excellent naturalists, etc. As to their gentleness, he makes this remarkable statement—that, during the whole time of his sojourn, traveling many thousand miles among them, by water and by land, among tribes, often, that had never before seen a white man, in times of peace and of war, visiting them in their homes and when on the way to battle, he had never once found it necessary to carry implements of defense, nor was he ever menaced or insulted in any way. He says that he passed

through the largest villages alone, by night and by day, and where he was utterly unknown, with as strong a feeling of security as he would have enjoyed in any part of the United States—stronger, we suspect, than some people are permitted to enjoy in the capital of this country. In a chapter devoted to the languages of Africa, Mr. Wilson imparts a great deal of curious information.

—The *Life of Fremont*, by Mr. UPHAM, is not a very effective book, either as a literary work, or as a political implement. It is not equal to the subject. Mr. Hawthorne made out of the *Life of Pierce*, with scarcely an incident of any moment in it, a really readable production; but out of that of Fremont, which is full of picturesque, romantic, and heroic endeavor, and which a writer of skill and imagination might have wrought into two or three striking volumes, little has been made. As, however, it presents the principal adventures of Fremont's astounding career faithfully, it has the merit of accuracy, if no other. The few paragraphs in Mr. Benton's book, on the subject, furnish essentially the same facts, but in a more animated and taking form.

#### THE WORLD OF NEW YORK.

WITH the thermometer at seventy-five in the sun, and a flattering breeze, blessed and to bless, coming kindly over these dusty trees to fan our temples, and frankly tumble our papers about, there is just a thought of ingratitude in the task of providing reinforcements of consolation and entertainment for besieged stay-at-homes against the assaults of another score of degrees—in thinking of the hot hand of Midsummer, with the cool fingers of Spring in our hair.

But here will be August presently, and it is time to look Fahrenheit in the face. We remember Mrs. Partington's failure with the barometer, nor hope, by "screwing of the darned thing" up or down, to make our own weather. Still, as we all have our moral thermometers as well, let us try what virtue there may be in hanging them in dim, quiet rooms, with a green bush in the fire place; or plunging them in water-ices; or sprinkling them with hock and soda; or, setting them round about with

peaches and cream; or, fanning them, if need be, and reading Sparrowgrass Papers to them, and all the pea-green budget of soothing summer books.

As for our springs and sea-sides and mountains, they are easy of reach by any practiced stay-at-home who appreciates the traveling facilities which a sofa affords; who has tried how far one may sail or ride on a pleasant book; how much one can hear of strange tidings in a tune, or see of strange sights in a picture. 'Tis easy, when you are used to it, to make a spa of your pitcher with a wish, or a shingly beach of your bath-tub with a stroke of fine fancy; to find a Niagara in your roof-spout after a thunder shower, or look abroad over majestic mountain scenery from your up-town skylight after tea. Any Mahomet can go to the mountain. Blessed the prophet to whom the mountain comes at his call; whose feet the little rills run to kiss; into whose lap the waterfalls leap laughing; whose home-spun carpet grows wild flow-

ers; to whose hand the clanging tide of Broadway tosses sea-berries and shells. Such a man is independent of the thermometer: he makes his latitude with a fan.

Who first invented fans? Did some cunning Egyptian compose them for the high noons of Cleopatra? Or was it the good Caliph Haroun-al-Reschid, in his golden days, who caught the luxurious hint from the flapping of his emblazoned banners?

Whoever he was, this world of New York owes the man immortal fame for the boon of quiet families, patient audiences, attentive congregations. The same fan, which at home lulls the loud baby into the wished-for consummation of a sleepy hush, saves the five acts that else would be damned, and renders even the Rev. Cream Cheese impressive. By the popularization of the serious toy, and the reduction of its cost by competition to a merely nominal price, the summer crime of great cities has been materially diminished in enormity and frequency; harmonious homes (Don't laugh!) have fallen within the attainment of the most humble incomes, and the stage and the pulpit have alike enlarged their scope of wholesome influence. Since palm-leaves began to be sold on Broadway for three cents each, the ways of Wall street in August have become, comparatively, ways of pleasantness, and almost the paths of politics are peace. The agitation of the vital allays the turbulence of the moral atmosphere.

So also with the umbrella, which has lent a hopeful expression to the statistics of insanity and softened the record of blows in hot blood. As in Chin-India, the Palmyra leaf and the gold umbrella might be judiciously adopted as the summer badge of New York policemen, and fans and sun-screens dispensed to the populace at public expense, as often as the mercury climbs above eighty degrees in the shade.

In every room of every house in Calcutta a punka swings from the ceiling. This is a long, light frame of wood, covered with long-cloth or fancy paper, having a flounce of muslin along its lower edge. It is suspended from hooks by three or four ornamental cords. Then another cord passes from the body of the punka over a brass wheel on the wall, and so through the wall, and over another such wheel on the opposite side, to the hand of a punka-wallah—one of a pair—who, squatting on the floor,

pendulates his charge continually, or so long as the apartment is occupied. Under these punkas you dine and smoke, read, loiter, and sleep, by day or night; and what with them, and the great Palmyra fans—as much as your bearer can featly wave with both his hands—and the latticed verandas, and the sprinkled mats, and an abundance of Boston ice—with all the sherry-cobblers that come of it—and the lulling palankeens, and the well-watered side-walks and drives, and the embowered “compounds” of the Chowringhee Road, and the breezy Midan, and the nabobish Esplanade, and the fruit-boothed Parade-ground with its nightly serenade, the City of Palaces has no favors to ask of the City of Hotels.

Within two or three years, punkas have been imported hither. At Gosling's excellent eating-house, on Broadway, you will find them, and they soothe heated brains at the Sun office. Go observe their mechanism and operation, and if, being an enterprising person with a mechanical turn of mind, you should hereafter take the East India Company's prize of ten thousand rupees for a self-acting punka, you will not forget to thank us for this hint.

In a city like ours the moral influence of ice is not to be overrated. At one fountain near the Park, last August, twenty-three hundred glasses of soda-water were sold in a day. On the same day, nineteen hundred dishes of ice-cream were consumed at a single establishment on the Bowery; and an Irishman, on the Tammany Hall corner, dispensed a hogshead of iced lemonade in an afternoon. We think it fair to argue from these data, that if, by any terrible chance, the supply of ice to the city had been cut off that day, there would not have been prison accommodation at night for the “strikers and doers of violence,” to say nothing of the run upon the hospitals and asylums for the insane. Should ever a soft winter and a short crop afflict us with a plentiful dearth of the “luxury,” it will be incumbent on the authorities to follow the example of the French government, in cases of a scarcity of bread, and buy up the stock of all the ice-houses, to dispense it to the people at the lowest price.

At this season, the truly religious citizen appreciates his vulgar blessings, and in the rainbow following at the tail of the public watering-pot, which perambulates



the town on wheels, sees as much of beneficence and beauty as in the bow-in-the-sky that cheers the tempest-tossed Cape-Horner, or the iris-scarf that floats about the feet of Hawaiian waterfalls. The city rainbow, at the Park fountain, is no less radiant with Almighty kindness than Noah's; and the bright little showers which the benevolent sky lets fall upon our thankful hearts these parching afternoons, are as full of refreshment and mercy as the spring that leaped forth from the dry rock in the wilderness at the tap of Moses' rod. Even as we write, the caves are dripping and the spouts outpouring. Our window looks forth upon six trees, and twenty yards square of grass and various verdure. How the poor patch of corporation paradise expands in the magic of this revival, exhaling the fragrance of clover and sparkling with the brightness of dew! What was just now no more than a parcel of highly desirable real estate—three Broadway lots, twenty by sixty—has suddenly become a far-stretching, proud domain, parked, lawned, fountained, gardened, and all.

But these are the gentler aspects of the civic sky. Our thoughts turn, sadly enough, to other cities and their floods—to Lyons, Tours, Angers, and Arles, in France, laid waste by the waters of the Loire, the Rhone, the Cher, the Authion—a thousand miles of lovely landscape, the most fruitful tracts—

"Thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, oh, pleasant land of France!"—

with all their happy hamlets, presenting a sad exception to the promise of the rainbow: forty thousand habitations utterly demolished; thousands of wretched creatures, human and brute, swept down into the sea; the very cemeteries upturned, the dead washed out of their graves and left hanging in tree-tops when the waters had passed; the streets of Tours and Lyons blockaded with the debris of dwellings and furniture; the people, homeless, famished, hopeless, mad, clinging to each other on the heights—a thousand poems, a thousand pictures, a thousand versions of the pathos of a flood.

Not without their passages of beauty, neither; for here we have the Imperial Miscreant, "the scamp and loafer of two continents," up to his knees in water,

mud, and rubbish, wreck and death, working away for pity's sake, like any honest man—even countermarching the baptismal fêtes (but too late, unhappily), in order to turn the appropriations to the relief of his ruined people.

Here we have presidents of secret democratic clubs writing to the Emperor that "in consequence of the gratitude and admiration excited by his Majesty's brave conduct, their associations are finally dissolved, and all engage never again to oppose themselves to the Imperial dynasty."

Here is Government voting its twelve millions for relief; and here are the people with their universal subscription.

"Here," says the *Tribune's* graphic correspondent, "are a Count de Somebody, a wealthy banker, a parvenu millionaire of the Bourse, with their thousands; and here are Ma'am-selle Lisette, the grisette, and Pierre Boudin, the mason, Rose Pompon (poor creature!), and the rest, with their two francs, and one franc, and fifty centimes. A fast young member of the Jockey Club sends in 200 francs: forty workmen, who went to a cheap restaurant in the Rue Montmartre the other day, called for nothing but bread and water to their diners, and sent in each his fifteen sous. Count de Morny set down 5,000 francs against his name. A collector of alms for the sufferers came last Saturday into a poor room, where he found a priest, and a man to whom he was administering the last sacrament; when, in the eagerness of his charitable zeal, he had half revealed the purpose of his coming, he became fully aware of the situation of things, and was about to retire in confusion: 'Father,' said the sick man, faintly, 'give my clothes to the sufferers by the flood, I have no more need of them,' and so fell back on the pillow and died. A poor old bed-ridden creature, in the 'hospice' for the incurables, managed to swap off her allowance of soup and bread for twenty-five centimes (five cents), which she sent in to the subscription. The fact is averred in the *Constitutionnel* newspaper. The same journal publishes a list of contributors, in which I read the grand historical and high-fashionable names of the Faubourg St. Germain, with hundreds of francs carried out against them. The Empress put down 20,000 francs, Madame Basque five francs. Good women both."

In the plate which is passing around among the congregations of the merciful, Queen, King, and Kaiser, Sultan, Czar, and Pope, have dropped their offerings. Surely our Republican "Sovereigns" will not be backward with a generous expression of their sympathy. Therefore if this should meet the eye of the Yankee Count de Somebody in the Fifth Avenue, or any millionaire of the Wall street Bourse, Ma'am-selle Lisette over the bonnet-shop

in Canal Street, Pierre Boudin of Bowery, in the sky-parlor of a tenement house, Madame Basque, or poor Rose Pompon of the corners, they are cordially invited to participate in the alms we would inaugurate. The Metropolitan Hotel, also, and the Shades, are expected to vie munificently with the Academy of Music and the Franklin Museum, and soda fountains to compete with bars for the succor of Lyons and Tours.

Although the perfect days bade us farewell in the last odorous sighs of flower-crowned June, we may be consoled for their departure by the rare enjoyment of midsummer nights, and the dreams, which are not all dreams, that come of them. Therefore we step into the shadow to sing the picturesqueness and the poetry of the latter gas-light: not Night among prattling streamlets, or frolic waterfalls, wildly gamboling with their spray-clad Undines—not her star-crowned Majesty abroad on the heights of purple hills, which fold the young but teeming valleys in a loving embrace—nor she of the amorous whisper, down in dim alleys of swaying foliage; but summer Night in a great city: the picturesqueness of a stirring thoroughfare—its moving pageant now lighted up by staring gas-flames in shop-windows, now plunging suddenly into profound obscurity—its march, march, march, of busy, and idling, and weary feet—the odd shapes and weird shadows which darkness flings about her in wanton fantasticalness: the romance of strange faces that are never seen by day—faces which have no signs of rest, with lidless eyes that never sleep—pinched and hopeless faces of penury—scarred, and scowling, and faithless faces of crime and warring passions—saddest of all, women's faces that never knew, or have forgotten, how to blush: the tragedy of tatters, and squalor, and disease; of hollow laughter and women's cursing; the pathos of decent want, with its careful thread-bareness, its painful gentility; of babes and sucklings, whose tiny fists and naked feet should be all dimpled and rosy with a mother's kisses, literally fighting their way, inch by inch, night by night, through the great battle, pricked forward by the cruel instinct of tenacity to life: and, lastly, all the mournful mystery of that part of a large city's people, who hide by day in bewildering by-ways and noisome

dens, to skulk forth, on errands of shame and crime, under the cloak of night—Night, so full of pity—who beneath her all-merciful wings hideth so much of madness, so much of evil!

Let the man but walk on Broadway these midsummer midnights, seeing with the eyes of a serious heart, and the most faithless will need no more saving sermon than he may read in every stone his foot treads upon—the most bored of ennuyés, no recreation fuller of fresh entertainment, more redolent of the spiciness of something new under the moon, than he may find in an hour's study of the out-of-doors aspect of this World of New York at night.

The Fourth of July went off literally like a rocket, and before New Year's Day the Chinese Trade in fireworks will have felt the accelerating impulse of its detonations. We doubt the absurdity of the assertion, that the anniversary of American Independence has done more to open the Flowery Kingdom to foreign intercourse than British guns or California placers. The fat comprador on the Victoria road in Hong Kong, and the caudated contriver of astonishing pyrotechnics, in the China-street bazaars of Canton, have already learned thus much of American history, and statedly glorify the Declaration of Independence over their order-books. We are not aware of any estimate of the quantity of crackers consumed in this country for the national jubilee, but have reason to know that the small roar is felt in Peking.

An admirable feature of the present fête was the pyrotechnic displays in the public squares. "Keep the people out of mischief," is a shrewd maxim of good government; and it is possible that not a few of the "fancy" class were wholesomely entertained with fiery wheels and serpents, Maltese crosses, bouquets, Stars of Columbia, and the national emblems generally, in the Park on the Fourth of July, who would else have been picking pockets, cracking skulls, or crippling fast horses.

In Union Square, Mr. H. K. Brown's Equestrian Statue of Washington was, apropos of the day, unveiled to the wistful gaze of the patriotic multitude, with ceremonies of a most slovenly sort, performed by some thousands of unsoldier-like men in soldiers' clothes. The fine address of

Dr. Bethune was as superior to the scene as it was worthy of the occasion. Nevertheless, we hail the event for the promise of it, and extol the elevated patriotism and public spirit of the gentlemen who projected the offering. Indeed, the gift is most timely. New York patriotism was sadly in want of a shrine. Let us, therefore, be duly thankful, and if we presume to express a wish that the base were less ponderous, or the bronze soberer, that there were more of ease in the attitude of Washington, and less of "woodenness" in the left hip and thigh of his horse, it is not in the spirit of thankless cavillers.

In one respect, certainly, Mr. Brown has attained a happy success—he has made the interest of the horse subordinate to that of the rider; thus, by a masterly discretion, overcoming the almost insurmountable difficulty of all equestrian statues. From this point of view, compare the Union Square Washington with Mills' Jackson and its equine posture-making, and the importance of this success becomes at once apparent. In Mr. Brown's work the majestic presence of the rider is the object first to catch and fix the beholder's gaze. The true proportions and fine attitude of the animal but enter into and complete the inspiring effect of the perfect statue. In the figure of Washington you have the lofty-minded, imperious master of an else willful steed, now curbed and subdued by a firm and practiced hand; in the horse you see only the proud bearer of a most noble burden. But in Mills' Jackson the equestrian element is essentially vulgar and hippodromic. His hero has no advantage, in the dignity of his rôle, over Mr. Franconi putting his favorite charger *Whas-a-his-name* through the "buck leaps."

But, my dear madam, here we are at Williams and Stevens', and as you are a true wife and a fond mother, we will show you a picture after your own heart—an engraving by Cousins after Millais. You shall behold this picture with the eyes of a tender instinct.

"The story?" It is in "the '45." A Highland adherent of the Pretender, having fallen into the hands of the enemy, has been thrown into prison. He is wounded, and his spirit is broken—no hope, only loyal devotion, is left to the man. But his true wife

beautiful, and staunch of heart as Jeannie Deans, has trudged, bare-headed, bare-footed, with her baby in her arms, over the hills for many a weary mile, to procure, by dint of courage, loveliness, and modesty this "Order for Release." And now is her hour of triumph. In her husband's cell, she shows the order to his jailer—an inflexible old soldier with no sentiment but that of duty—who scrutinizes the document with that jealous air of business which proves his fitness, by true talent, for his place. In what a not-so-fast way he holds the half-open door and bars the passage with his impassable authority!

But mark the wife—erect, but panting with fatigue, impatience, exultation—holding fast by a corner of that precious paper she has almost died to get; one arm around her husband, whom long-suffering and the tenderness of this moment have quite unmanned; one hand clapping his, to caress and cheer him; the other arm supporting the flaxen-haired darling who sleeps upon her shoulder—so tired—the primroses she gathered to pacify him with, as they came over the hills, dropping one by one from his chubby fist to the floor.

Poor soldier! how he must have suffered in his cell, to be bowed down thus on the shoulder of his brave little Jeannie, as though they had changed sexes for the nonce, after he has fought so well, and marched so far, and kept his heart up all the time. You never saw anything so woolen as his kilt and hose, or so life-like as the stuff of her petticoat; and as for the dog that is climbing up to lick his master's hand, you can plainly perceive his tail wag.

And now, to say that one swallow may make a summer under the sun, since three flower-pots have made a Summer Garden under the gas in Wallack's—to say that one lady of no particular age in Seven Ages, and another lady of no particular parts in Seven Parts, can entertain us numerously—to say that we can reconcile ourselves to the sanguinivorous propensities of Mr. Bourcicault's Vampire in the raspberry season, and to Ravellian gymnastics with the mercury at ninety—is to show that this world of New York is a good-natured world, and to exhaust the subject of theatricals in July.